FRANK FREEMAN'S BARBER SHOP.

"Is thee free Frank."

FRANK FREEMAN'S

BARBER SHOP;

A TALE.

BY

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PREFACE.

The man, who from convenience or caprice enters the house through a window, may, notwithstanding, prefer the building with a front door; and thus while readers, for the most part, commence at other places, they still demand a book with a preface.

To any one, however, who may linger a moment in our vestibulum, we would say, and with great brevity, that the essence of our tale is truth, while the embodying of the truth is fiction; that *nearly every* leading incident, *separate* from its place in the story, is a fact; that not a few of these passed under the eyes of the author; and that, in several scenes, he was a *quorum pars*—an actor.

In justice to himself and others, the author here states that no person, living or dead, sat, in any way, for portraiture in the leading characters

of the book; and that the very few real persons, who, under new names, utter here and there a few sentences, at which if living they would take no offence, are all now among the dead.

With these few introductory words, the author begs leave to usher his reader into the inner rooms of his literary edifice.

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CHAPTER I.

RETURNING HOME.

Our southern coast, as the reader doubtless knows, is fringed with a net-work of islands, many of which have not yet a growth sufficient for introduction to a school atlas. Some of these miniature lands are not inhabited and rarely visited; while others are, at certain seasons, resorts for "marooning"—a picnic sort of life passed for weeks in extemporaneous sheds of boards and canvas. A few of the islets are large enough for one or more plantations; and, hence, are like immense gardens in which are embowered lordly mansions with spacious lawns in front and comfortable "quarters" at convenient distances—a negro village of neat cabins, usually white-washed, and always each surrounded with its

own domain of truck-patch, and boasting of its hen-house, pig-pen, and other offices.

The intercourse throughout this terraqueous world is wholly by boats; and as sociality there characterizes men of every color, the population is sometimes all afloat; and then the wild refrain of the negro song is borne on every breeze. Indeed, were not the singers slaves, one must envy the merry hearts from which gush forth the strange melodies: nay, as it is, the negroes seem to sing as caged birds, willing to be free and yet loath to fly away even when the door is left purposely open. And that renders the boat-song so resistlessly powerful to move the soul with melancholy and compassion, and yet with emotions akin to those of fun and frolic. The listener shall often find while tears tremble on his eyelash, smiles are lingering on his lips—and that his face is mingled sunshine and shower.

About the beginning of December, in the year 182—, at the close of the afternoon, a boat was moving towards a small island some dozen miles in the distance, while the declining sun revealed its line of white sand, and was reflected from the upper windows of a house near the shore. Four athletic negroes, divested of all upper garments, were lazily and yet with great precision pulling the oars, while Joe, an intelligent black, neatly attired, in the bow of the little vessel, gave, at intervals, orders with his

voice, using a small baton or cane to keep time for the rowers, and occasionally point out courses—the cane being a mere badge of office.

Under the awning, at the stern, were two white persons—a gentleman and his wife. The gentleman was the Rev. Edward Leamington, by birth and education a New-Englander; but having a few years prior to the opening of our story visited the South, partly to see an early college friend of his fathers, and partly because his health demanded milder winters, he had, like several other true gentlemen of the North, been detained by southern hospitality, and won by southern beauty, having, as some of his early friends complained, degenerated into a northern man with southern principles. His wife was the orphan niece of his father's friend—a Miss Wardloe, who was mistress of the slaves in the boat, and also of a very old negress at home—Dinah—the great-great grandmother of Joe, now in the boat, and Carrie, his sister, at the parsonage.

Our friends were now on their return from the North, whither they had gone in the summer to pay a second visit to Mr. Leamington's mother, a widow lady living at Hopeful in New England. In consequence of these visits Mrs. Leamington had so modified and changed her views, as also by her intimate knowledge of her husband's true principles on the Slavery Question, that his mother had said:

"Edward, we have gained in our dear Mary all we lost in you." To which her son had replied, "Yes! my dear mother, and she is actually degenerated into a southern woman with northern attachments."

Looking affectionately in her husband's face, against whom she was gently leaning as he relieved the labor of the oarsmen by keeping the little helm in his hand, Mrs. Leamington broke a long pause in their conversation, by asking—

"Edward! can you rejoice as I do in sight of that home?"

"Certainly, dear wife; but why not?"

"You leave a home behind—and such a mother! I am going to my childhood's home."

"Mary, my heart is indeed divided. At Hopeful I feel an effort is necessary to prepare for my southern home; and when here, I wonder that an effort was felt necessary."

"Dear husband! where you are has become home to me; and, perhaps, if you were in the North the South would begin to feel like a strange land. Lend me the glass?"

After looking a few minutes Mrs. L. handed the glass to her husband and exclaimed—

"Edward! Edward! I really can see our two little darlings!—you look."

Mr. L. looked, and while looking said—

"I see boats—and people on the shore plain

enough; but I cannot distinguish! I suppose, however, Carrie and Dinah are as usual hugging Julia, and George is running back and forward between them and Uncle Wardloe."

"No doubt," answered the wife, "and I am sometimes at a loss to know whether our little darlings love us any more than they do these negroes!"

The reader will not be surprised to learn that our friends had without any fear left their children—Julia about five years of age, and George now nearly seven years old—under charge of her uncle and these negroes. If implicit confidence can be found reposed in any, it is by southern parents in old family slaves that have buried their mothers and nursed the children's children! Meet a bear robbed of her whelps; but attempt not to tear away the white babes from the black woman's heart! She would rend you, as if she were a raving maniac! And true it is, that usually the foster-children love their black mothers almost like their white; although here as elsewhere the affection is stronger and more lasting with the parent than the child.

As this is a tale of principles and affections the personal appearance of our lady and gentleman needs no minute description, and we may content ourselves with what Edward, (as his wife usually called him), wrote to his mother shortly after his

marriage, that, "he had married Mary for her heart and not her person; although her face beamed into a wonderous beauty from the excellence and active love of her heart!" And also with what this "Mary" had said during this very afternoon, and with tears in her eyes: "Oh! Edward, a woman might have well married you from ambition; but had your person changed, her ambition would soon have merged into love and esteem!" If, therefore, these persons were mutually satisfied with their own personal appearance, there seems no good reason that we would have been dissatisfied had we seen them. The writer, if he never saw them, has seen people almost exactly like them, and these were very good looking!

And now the lady, anxious to see her little ones without the glass, said, in a sort of half-supplicating voice:

"Boys! you are not tired—are you?"

"Law'r bless you, Missis—ole Virginnee never tire," said Jim, with all the mouth he had unoccupied, the rest being full of sausage.

"Won't you sing again?"

"Soon as Jim done his sassig," cried Ebony Bill, pushing into his own mouth the last ounce of a half pound of cheese he had been devouring.

"Come, Jim, come; chaw down the sassig massa

give you—Missis don't want to sleep all night in the boat," cried Lieutenant Joe.

Jim, who, with the rest for an hour past, had been hiding crackers, cheese, ham, and pickles, yet rowing with one hand, chattering and chewing, now contrived with an herculean shove of his hand to crowd into his *os sublime*—i. e. his particularly big mouth—a last foot of sausage, which choked his gabble, bloating up his cheeks like a tow-eating conjuror's, and starting his eyes out so far from home it seemed impossible they should ever find the way back. But one or two frightful craunches, and a single spasmodic gulp, and the sausage disappeared; the cheeks rounded into shape and plumptitude; the eyes backed into their sockets; when Jim, who was the special poet of his day, and sang the burden of the refrain, jerked up a water-keg to wash down dilatory remnants and clear his pipes, and suddenly, with a voice round, full, sonorous, and plaintive, burst into his extempore Boat-Song. The others, by way of chorus, did the "*ho! he! yo! ho!*" keeping time with the dip of the oars, and increasing the speed with the rapidity of the singer.

[EXTRACT FROM THE REFRAIN.]

"Oh! how glad dis niggah are,
Oh! he! yo! ho!

Him see his lubby missis dare!
Oh! he! yo! ho!
Pull de car and row her home—
Oh! he! yo! ho!
The lilly chiller see her come!
Oh! he! yo! ho!

"Lord bless kind massa too!
Oh! &c.
You brush his coat, I clean his shoe!
Oh! &c.
Good ole Diner kiss his hand!
Oh! &c.
His lilly chiller by him stand!
Oh! &c.

"Dey both far have been away!
Oh! &c.
Why so long from niggah stay?
Oh! &c.
Bring home your fadder and your mudder
Oh! &c.
We love de one just like tother!
Oh! &c.

"Unky Wardloe! come for missis!
Oh! &c.
You tarcoal niggah! mind the kissis!
Oh! &c.
De big bags see! I gwyne to come!
Oh! &c.
I gits de shirt! and you gits none!
Oh! &c.

"Pull! pull! pull quick oar!
Oh! &c.
Pull! pull! dat is de shore!
Oh! &c.
Dar run Carrie! dar sit Diner!
Oh! &c.
The lilly chiller all ahind her!
Oh! &c.

One chick-a-biddy never crows without his challenge answered, and one dog never barks a solo; so one boat-song wakes an hundred. And now mingling with ours, several other choruses arose in the distance; and directly a boat or two came from opposite quarters, and all within hail; when, as usual, the songs instantly ceased, and the clatter of a colloquy compounded and confounded of question and answer—brag and taunt—laugh, yelp and cry—outburst, baffling the description of steel-pens and steam-presses, to set forth to the eye or ear! Negroes let alone would keep an eternal saturnalia; and on many occasions the owners indulge them to their hearts' content, the presence of master and mistress being not only no restraint, but often a provocative and inducement to the most extravagant absurdities. Indeed, adroit compliment and wholesome rebuke are administered in these seemingly extemporaneous contests; and wise planters, by keeping their ears open, may often learn what is useful.

Take a specimen :—

1*st Boat.*—"Kaw! kaw!—dis de boat—"

2*d B.*—"Pshooh! your massa poor man: he hab two starved nigger—"

3*d B.*—"Who's your massa?"

1*st B.*—"Missis' husbun!"

2*d B.*—"Who's your missis?"

3*d B.*—"Massa's wife."

All Boats.—"Koo! kee! git 'long."

Two Boats.—"Tie up de niggah! flog 'um, driver."

1*st B. to* 2*d B.*—"Your massa stingee; he feeds his niggers wid crab and cotton seed."

2*d B. to* 1*st B.*—"Your missis very good yaller gal."

All Boats.—"Haw! haw! haw! O! shaw!"

Our Boat.—"Pull de oar! Massa Edward be kind massa! Missis lubly—her childer like her."

All Boats.—"Bless de Parsin—we come to Preachin."

This was followed by a simultaneous pull of all oars, and in all boats, and with the bursting forth of songs till all died away in the mellow distance. If any reader, in the midst of colloquy and refrain, never had his soul moved to sadness and laughter, then *ubi stomachus erat, concalluit!*—in English—*his viscera are as hard as a brickbat!*

The boat rather flew now above the water, than moved through it, and in half an hour was plainly in

sight of the numerous company on the shore awaiting its approach. As the distance lessened, those in the boat could clearly see the different groups, and soon could distinguish well-known individuals. The most prominent person was Uncle Wardloe, holding back Master George from running into the water with one hand, and with the other waving in eccentric flourishes his sombrero made of palmetto. In front of him, but to one side, her feet in the water, was Carrie, and done up *a la Africaine*, in a magnificent *white* turban, by way of heightening her color, already as black as nature could do it; while in her arms she was holding as high as possible Miss Julia, whose bloomer-decked pendants were moving with intense activity, and her unsleeved arms tossing in indescribable curves. Near Carrie, Dinah, so old that her hair was far whiter than her skin, was trying to sit in the chair Mr. Wardloe had ordered for her; but spite of this laudable purpose, she was constantly rising up to hold down Miss Julia, who seemed in danger of jumping out of Carrie's arms, if not her very frock and skin.

The shore was all turned now into waving hats and handkerchiefs, while some folks kissed their hands, and all, in every sort of bass and treble, cried out different salutatory congratulations; while the negroes roared out, "*Welcome, Massa! Welcome, Missis!*" as if trombones and clarionets were show-

ing in how many octaves good people could be assured their coming home gave delight; and then, the half-grown chaps, intending to welcome with all their powers, did ground if not lofty tumbling—some running on all fours, monkeys without tails—some rolling down the sloping sand, and some walking on their hands and standing on their heads, and not a few doing corn-stalk jigs and banjo dances with frightful energy of legs and arms.

Most of this on the part of the slaves was simple and unselfish joy; for the parson and his wife were truly loved as friends; yet it may not be concealed, that the blacks present were sure of receiving some memento of kindness, such as knife, kerchief, shoes, or shirt, or its cognate article! Mr. L. was far from rich; but Mr. Wardloe, and many a wealthy lady and gentleman, when he went away, put into his hands money for his benevolent purposes. As might be expected, the planters in this parish had a return in the good order, industry, and good-will this little outlay procured. Indeed, it had become a rule to do for the negroes all the good deemed possible—many persons waiting favorable opportunities of freeing the slaves; while some, believing that revolution only could change institutions and habits, still felt themselves happier and more secure by having around domestic friends instead of foes.

However, we must allow the parson and his lady

to come ashore; yet, down South, landing comfortably depends in many places on the state of the tide —sometimes on the state, too, of the mud. In high tides, you may easily step ashore; but in low tides, as at Evergreen, the name of the island we have reached, the whites are carried in the arms of the slaves, as are also favorite mulatto girls, and the black wenches that wear shoes and stockings. Where mud is deep—that is, from ten to thirty feet—landing is a more elaborate and artistic matter. From four to six negroes are necessary. Two interlace their arms, the hands grasping the wrists; and on this human chair sedan you sit, affectionately throwing your arms around Pomp's and Cæsar's necks. Next a negro apiece props the chair-men, while two more push the rear, and frequently an additional propper pushes the rider. And the whole is done with amazing celerity, since to avoid sinking into the mud requires speed and strength. A mammoth would be a very unsafe carrier. In sandy places, a single negro that is used to the business, will pick you up as a nurse does a baby, and carry you with dangling feet safe and dry to land.

But this evening, the instant the oars were lifted, not only did our four boatmen spring up to land the parson and his wife, but into the water, with trousers tucked and rolled to the impassable line, rushed men and boys by the dozen, pushing, pulling, and some

tumbling, most laughing, and all crying out, "Missis!—Massa! I tote you! Get long, Bill! Don't hab him—he let you drop—he lilly child! I'm jiunt—I tote cotton-bale!" On which, as there was at least danger of being well splashed, Mr. Leamington, waving his hands, and thus causing cessation and silence, spoke:

"Thank you, my good boys! Thank you! You shall all carry us."

In a moment two arm-chairs were woven, and our friends were comfortably seated; and then, each chair having a long line of backers and flankers, the whole rushed to shore like a many-headed black sea-horse, bearing away two white swans! But before these could alight, a tempest of agglomerated robes, and hugging arms, and kissing lips, poured around, from which they with reluctant hearts struggled forth with disordered dresses, smiling faces, and loving eyes.

We shall not stay to introduce any of the company; and our prime hero is not here. The "lilly children," who had been exchanged between father and mother repeatedly, were now half-quiescent, George hanging to his father's coat, and Julia still hugged in her mother's arms, the group being completed by Mama Dinah in her chair, and holding Miss Julia by the ancle.

"Ma!" said the little girl to her mother, looking

inquiringly into her eyes, "what makes Mammy Dinah cry?"

"Oh! Missy July! I no real cry—I'se so glad to see dear olo—olo missis' child come home! I gwine laff now!"

To this Mrs. L., with a tremulous voice replied—

"Dear old Mammy Dinah, my own mother, your old—old mistress, couldn't love me more—"

"Ma!" asked the innocent one, "won't *you laugh* soon?"

Here Carrie came to the rescue by calling out—"Miss July! Miss July! see your brudder! Massa gib um lilly watch—he laff enuf."

And up ran George, exclaiming, "See my watch! See me, Mammy Dinah, see me! I'm big man now!"

"Bless him! he be big man bimeby," said the old negress, kissing the boy's hand as he held the watch near her face; on which the little fellow, as her mouth was destitute of teeth, replied as he often did, to this assurance—

"Then Mammy Dinah, I'm going to make you ever so many new teeth!"

Let us hasten, however, to end this chapter, by saying that most of the company remained till after tea to witness the distribution of the gifts—a time when the patriarchal character in our southern institutions ever makes the generous-hearted spectator from other

parts forget the evils. To such as prefer goading sores to healing—who sprinkle in pepper rather than apply emollients—who vote out evils and the good with them, and even though evils worse and more should arise, and without any good—to these, pictures where overseers brandish whips, and slaves crouch in chains and breech-clothes, will be more agreeable. These, however, are not in our line; but they can be obtained in latitudes where "women excel in strength of conscience," and wear bloomer dresses; and where men sneer at religion and mock at governments.

But, notwithstanding the uncharitableness of some, it may yet be pleasing to others to know, that this day, as all others at Evergreen, the entire family—black and white being present—ended with

PRAYER AND PRAISE.

CHAPTER II.

SEVERAL SCENES.

Mr. Wardlor, as was frequently the case, stayed all night at Evergreen. He was a gentleman of large property, and yet, like many such, was often in want of ready money; but which, when in hand, was soon used in generous entertainments and benevolent bestowments. Passionate and easily offended, he still rarely executed a threat, and readily retracted his own errors, and forgave where others showed the least sign of regret and sorrow. He admitted all the actual, and many possible abuses of slavery; and yet, living where slaves were comfortable and happy, he believed abuses were generally less than were represented, and that all such might, and perhaps would, in time, be corrected; hence his indignation against northern editors and authors who portrayed slavery as an unmitigated evil, and not to be mitigated, and slave-holders all as dealers in souls

and bodies for gain, ever flourishing the lash and clanking the chain, was absolutely fierce. Prior to the great insurrection fomented by bad white men, he had advocated the most lenient measures; but having barely escaped massacre with his neighbors, he had, for awhile, sought to prevent the recurrence of such a danger by greater strictness, if not severity.

His negroes had ever been not only well treated, but much indulged, and he felt their conduct as an ingratitude: yet soon his good sense and own instinctive love and desire of liberty, made him see that the blacks had conspired not from want of gratitude but love of freedom. He never could forgive the diabolical villainy of hired agents; yet before long, he treated his negroes with his former kindness, preferring as he often said, to trust to love rather than fear, and to die a victim to principle and not an object of hate and vengeance.

He loved Edward Leamington as a son, spite of the behavior of Rev. Mr. Tibbets, and his dislike of Northern ministers generally: not being aware that Edward was slowly, yet surely, although not designedly, forming the uncle as a prominent advocate for a great scheme of good to the negroes—a scheme regarded now with suspicion and ill-will in the South.

"Edward," remarked Mr. W., at the breakfast

table, next morning, "you stayed so long this time, I feared the Philanthropists had kidnapped you."

"Oh! no! on the contrary, they were willing to send me back as an agent, since I had *converted* Mary."

"Converted! the Good Lord deliver us from their sort of converts:—snivelling hypocrites! However, if passed through your hands, Edward, I might possibly trust a negro to their care.

"My converts, dear uncle, might still want a higher power to keep them in the true path on this perplexing subject. But, uncle, when shall we visit my most excellent Mrs. Freeman?"

"Did you not receive my last letter?" interrupted the uncle.

"Why, what did it contain?" asked the Parson anxiously.

"She is dead!—I wrote you word."

"Dead!—the letter never reached us."

"Yes, she is dead, and a sad loss to us all," continued Mr. W. But what will add to your distress, Edward, the executors, according to the will, must, in settling the estate, sell the negroes; and poor Sarah, Frank's mother, is in great distress.

"In distress!—why?"

"Frank must go south-west. He deserves this; although for poor Sarah's sake, I am truly sorry."

"But, why, uncle, must *Frank* go? Cannot the planters buy him as well as the rest?"

"They can; but they will not.

"Will not!" exclaimed Mr. L., surprised.

"No; they will not, and they ought not: at least not for Frank's sake.

"Why Frank is pre-eminently intelligent, active, trustworthy."

"All true enough, Edward. But the planters are afraid of him."

"Afraid of Frank Freeman! Why they might as well be afraid of me."

"They would, Edward, if you were a negro, and had been concerned in the insurrection, and that while a mere boy—"

"Frank never was concerned in that, uncle."

"Mr. Leamington, we have better means of information than you."

"Forgive me, dear uncle. I have no information here. I only express my conviction that Frank Freeman could not be engaged in such a nefarious scheme."

"At all events, Edward, we do know that Frank gave at least a hint to that infernal Tibbets to be off.

"Admitting that, dear uncle, and that Frank might have wished, may yet wish for freedom, because such wish is in all invincible, natural—"

"Yes, yes, natural! Mr. Edward Leamington; but we do not like being murdered in our beds from Frank Freeman's 'natural and invincible love of liberty.'"

"Dear uncle," said Mr. L., soothingly, "I know that anything is possible; but it is, to me, so wholly improbable that Frank could stain his hands with the blood of murder, that I will never believe it till it is proved; and I never will believe any proof could exist. And all this makes me ever watching and with prayer to find ways and means for fixing a time when the prospect of an honorable freedom may be before our slaves' eyes."

"Edward--I am too hasty; but yet you are too enthusiastic. Why should slavery be an evil if all negroes could be as happy as all are in this parish? I am not convinced that slavery is wrong *per se:* it is the abuses we should reform."

"I fear the system, dear uncle, creates the abuses and is inseparable from them. Innate desires are not planted in vain: the desire meets its correspondent here, as the senses themselves."

"Well! well! it may be so in metaphysics; but all that is mere trickery. At all events this sort of argument will never induce us to buy off Frank."

"Uncle, I do not ask you to go logically here; only follow your heart."

"Pshaw! Edward, you know my weak point."

"Rather your noblest."

"No! I won't be flattered now, Edward. Frank must go. I have promised, and they made me give it in writing, that I will not buy him—do not urge me, Edward." Saying which, Mr. Wardloe fearing lest after all Mr. L. would now out-general him, arose, and making some excuse left the room.

Mr. L. after a few moments withdrew to his study to make preparation for the approaching Sabbath. All attempt at writing was, however, vain. His mind was in too great tumult. The sudden death of Mrs. Freeman, a widow lady most exemplary, in the prime of life, and in the midst of usefulness, almost confounded him! She had no children; but the heirs could not come into possession of their inheritance till the property and estate were sold; and this rendered necessary a sale of all the negroes, including Frank and his mother. And this was sad indeed! for into what slavery would he go, who had been only a slave in name—trusted almost as Abraham had trusted his steward! and what would that poor mother do—sick and helpless—when her son, her only son, her only child, her comfort, her glory, should be torn away and delivered over, where all report proclaimed that tender mercies were cruelty!

Mrs. Freeman had, just before Mr. L.'s departure the last summer, intimated a wish to have a confer-

ence with him on his return, saying, it referred to her will, and that she would communicate an important secret! She had gone, and that secret was buried with her—although Mr. L. had no doubt it referred to Frank, and that it had been her intention possibly to give him his freedom!

And now came rushing like a tempest all the perplexing questions and doubts clustering around the southern institutions—the natural rights of man—and his own duty. His mind was logical, his reasonings acute, his distinctions nice, and, above all, his conscience tender! The more he thought and reasoned, the darker was the night of doubt and scruple, till his very brain seemed verging to madness! He trembled at the horrors that seemed inevitable if the negroes were enlightened; and yet he trembled more at thought of shutting from them the Light of Life!

Christian negroes he was well assured, while hope and prospect of national and successful revolution were wanting, would abhor all conspiracies and massacres, and "serve as unto God;" but should the mass be enlightened and not Christianized, he saw, from the past, how these might be wrought upon and mis-directed by the selfish politician—the scheming agrarian—the fanatical—the pseudo-philanthropic—not to struggle as a nation simply for Right, but to murder at every opportunity, for Revenge!

And now came fresh to memory that adventure in the boat, and that awful answer of the negro chief! and his night alarm from the watchers!

But, perhaps, the reader would know more particularly to what we allude.

Not very long after Mr. L. assumed his pastoral charge in the South, he was compelled to leave Maroon Island early one Sabbath morning. A small boat was manned for his use, with four negro oarsmen and a driver—an African. This was the year after the great insurrection, when more than sixty black men perished at the gallows. Gloom and discontent were visible enough in the party, at being deprived of the rest and holiday; and our Parson, then a comparative stranger, with no very agreeable feelings took his seat among his *dark* looking associates. Little was spoken; and the negroes lazily and sullenly worked their oars, till the tide at its ebb came rushing through the reeds and tall grass along the narrow inlets to the ocean, when, on coming to a stake in the mud, crowned with a death-head in shape of a horse-skull, the boat was turned inward to the land. Alas! this proved to be a cut neither short nor easy, and above all, wrong! And suddenly the boat grounded, while the water went wholly to the great mass-meeting outside—the Parson and his congregation left in their Bethel reposing on the mud!

"I must preach to these poor fellows," thought Mr. L. Accordingly, seated with his "beloved" four in front, and one behind, he delivered in substance the following:—the first and the last sermon by him held forth on blue-black mud, full twenty cubits from bottom!

"I am sorry, my kind boys, accident made it necessary for you to row me to Salt Marsh to-day; for I know how you all value Sunday, and I am told you love to go to meeting. But, my kind friends—yes, friends,—(because the blacks and I are always friends when we get well acquainted,) we can talk a little here about religion as well as in church. (*Ears erect and eyes right.*) I'm a minister, as maybe you know? (*Affirmative looks.*) Well, my friends, we differ in some things; but, blessed be God, we can all be one—can't we? Yes; we can all be Christians and have one Lord, one faith, one baptism. Our Lord Jesus Christ is the Saviour of the black men as well as of the white: he died for you as well as for me: he loves your immortal souls as he does mine.

"In Jesus Christ we can all be Free! Oh! blessed thought, my friends!—Yes, Free! Free from Hell! free from fear of Death! free from the power and the love of our sins! And then we all shall have one Home! Ah! that Home is so happy, so glorious, so enduring! My friends! there is no hard

labor, no toil, no weariness in Heaven! There are no *Slaves* there! We shall live there with new hearts, and all be Brothers—all loving, kind—just like God's holy angels! Then it would be a sad thing to lose our souls—would it not? (*Yes! kind Massa!*) I beseech you, then, repent of all your sins, and take Jesus Christ for your Saviour—shall we not all go to heaven together?"

"Yes! kind massa! God bless you, kind massa!" responded the congregation. But the driver, a grand-looking negro, added with emotion:

"Massa! we didn't want to tote you to-day. 'Tis our holiday, and we wanted to go to meetin'—we belong to the Baptist meeting—but now, bless God, we are glad we come!"

Established thus in that strong citadel, the Black Man's Heart, our parson thought it a fine opportunity to say something that might prevent his congregation from any participation in what he deemed criminal conspiracies; and so with tearful eyes and unsteady voice, he resumed:

"Thank you, my kind boys! Now let me say, don't let *bad* white people from the North deceive you. (*Faces clouding.*) Oh! do not let them excite you to rebellion! (*Faces black.*) Do not let these persuade you that the people up there will help you. No! no! the people there will help the whites here and not the blacks; and if they come

down to help, they are enough to eat you all, and not leave a mouthful apiece!"

During this, the congregation hung their heads and with averted faces; but now up rose that grand-looking driver, and folding his arms across his breast, oh! with what lofty manner and sublime look, he emphatically uttered the deep heart of all:

"Master! Liberty's Liberty!"

Leamington was awed and silenced; and that look and that answer were riveted on his soul! But he secretly execrated the accursed villainy that had, taking advantage of such sentiment and such hearts, goaded the blacks to murder many a true friend sleeping; and secure because sleeping among negroes treated well, and more like children than slaves! And from that hour, Leamington's ears ever rung with that negro war-cry, while he dreaded the damnable intrigues of some northern agitators; and all the more, because they affected to have the sanction of Christ!

On reaching his destination he was, for the first time, carried to land on the ebony sedan lately described. That night he was to pass with a gentleman and lady, whose house, two miles from any other, was in the midst of one hundred negroes, several of whom had been implicated in the plot. On retiring for the night our hero occupied a room on the ground-floor, its doors and windows opening

into a verandah; yet, peaceman as he was, he noticed with some satisfaction two guns, and both with double barrels, so that with the aid of a good conscience also, he went to bed, and was quickly in a sound sleep.

But hark! at the noon of night a rustle at the door!—then a supressed whispering—and then stealthy steps! Up sits the parson! What does he see, though? Nothing—the room is pitchy darkness. But softly leaving the bed, and creeping to the corner, he seizes a double-barrel, and magnanimously resolves to sell life, and not die like a chicken; waiting the bursting open of the door to deliver his fire. All, however, is now quiet, and soon is heard a sleep-betraying kind of breathing, which before many minutes wakes into a very decided snore! Well—if others can sleep outside why should not our hero sleep within? He went to bed and sunk at last into a second slumber.

He dreamed, however, of noises and whisperings and light steppings, and at last was sitting up in bed again; and sure enough there all were as before! But, before he could interpret the signs, came again the sleep-denoting breath, followed immediately by the most audible snore! "Oh!" reasoned Mr. L., "they don't intend to murder me, or why so long about it? It is nothing wrong," and down he lay, when, strange enough, off he went into a comfortable

snooze, from which he awoke not till long after day-break.

"Friends," remarked he at breakfast that morning, "I was greatly frightened last night."

"Frightened! indeed! why how?"

He narrated the incidents of the night; on which both gentleman and lady simultaneously answered,

"Ha! ha! ha! he! he! he!"

Mr. L. looked suprised and confused; nor could he join in the laugh, when his host exclaimed,

"It was only the night guard! ha! ha! they change every hour, he! he!"

"Night guard! do you have a guard? Why, who are they?

"The drivers, and the *most trusty* negroes!

Good nature and politeness helped our Parson to laugh with his friends; and there was also something so intrinsically and mournfully funny in sleeping with one's throat bare, surrounded by "most trusty negroes," a few months after sixty of their race hung on one gallows for planning a massacre over all the islands!

These, and many other matters, were now recurring to Mr. L., when his wife hastily entering his study, said—

"Oh! Edward! poor Frank is here; and he begs most earnestly to see you."

"Mary, what shall I do? what can I do? I will come down—no—let Frank come up."

Accordingly, in a moment or two, Frank Freeman stood in the Parson's study. And never, saving the Parson himself, had stood there a human form superior or equal; its symmetry faultless, and the figure commanding and uniting strength, agility and grace. The countenance, spite of its complexion, a jet black, was noble in expression, yet pleasing and inspired confidence. Nor was the inner man any contrast to the outer; the soul was a jewel and in a fit casket. Frank was ardent and impulsive; and being of a confiding and unsuspicious temper he could be led into error by those he trusted. His talents were of a high order; hence, and because of his very favorable opportunities, Frank, and not merely in contrast with negroes around, was a good English scholar; that is, he could read well, pronounce well, write a very legible hand, and cypher well in the ordinary and simple rules. Besides, being always employed as a steward and overseer, and meeting and doing business with gentlemen of fine education, his style of conversation was good: in fact, saving his color, he was on a par with the whites generally, and spite of certain philosophers and ethnologists Frank—Negro Frank—was better in all respects than some white men.

"Buy me! oh! buy me, Master Leavingston." p. 41.

The Parson taking Frank by the hand said,

"Well, Frank, what's the matter?"

"Ah! Master Leamington what shall I do? Must I leave my dear old mistress' home?—must I leave my mother?—must I go where slavery has its horrors?"

"I can hardly realize such a supposition, Frank; surely some way of deliverance must be found," replied Mr. L., rather expressing his wishes, however, than his belief.

"There is but one hope, master."

"God be praised, Frank! is there one hope?"

"But one, Master Leamington—and that in you."

"In me! Frank!

In you, dear master; but I fear to name it. Oh! pity me! Our despair makes me bold. But if *you* cannot save me—there is no other hope."

"How can *I* save you, Frank!

"Buy me! oh! buy me, Master Leamington!"

"Frank, I cannot!—I dare not!—I have solemnly vowed to God never to buy or sell a human being!"

"Then, indeed, there is no hope! no hope!—She will die! Oh! master, for God's sake redeem me! Here on my knees, I ask this, even more earnestly than I could ask for life—Oh! save us."

"Frank! Frank! a vow registered in Heaven cannot be broken."

"Then, master, let me die here! In mercy kill me."

"Frank, this is God's will! we must submit."

"I cannot! I cannot! Oh! master I cannot listen now. My soul is crushed! Oh! redeem me; the God of Mercies cannot be angry with you. Buy me! oh! buy me! voluntarily and joyously will I be your slave for ever. I cannot be denied. Deny me, and I must die!"

Leamington could not answer; and he dared not turn away. But there knelt the negro! the anguish of a despairing soul in his looks, and his powerful frame quivering with emotion, and near him stood the white man holding in his own the clasped hands of the supplicant, while from his downward bent face tears were falling on the black's, who went on—

"May the God of the oppressed bless you for your pity, dear Master Leamington. And that God never can wish you not to redeem a man to save his mother's life! No! master! you could not have vowed had you seen all. Oh! for Christ's sake, master, save me."

"Frank, I will see you again. Let me have time to think—to pray. Give me time, my poor boy."

"Only save me, kind master, and I will serve you for ever." And with that the negro left the room.

CHAPTER III.

THE VOW—TWO SECRETS.

The remainder of the day commenced in the preceding chapter, was spent in earnest conversation between Mr. and Mrs. Leamington. Much of the night was spent in prayer. Next morning, Mr. Wardloe, fearing further application in behalf of Frank, departed before the family arose, leaving kind messages, and a promise of his return in a few days.

During breakfast our two friends were silent, unable to talk on common topics, and unwilling before the servants to converse on the topic now absorbing them. But shortly after, committing the children to Carrie, they withdrew to the study, where the conversation was resumed.

"My noble-hearted wife," said [illegible]rd in reply to a proposal—"were it not for my [illegible]n vow I could accept your most generous offer—your real sacrifice.'

"Dear husband, your sacrifice would be greater than mine—but we can make them. I am no theologian, Edward, and I cannot answer you with arguments; but my heart feels you would not offend God by an act of humanity. Surely, no vow can bind you if it prevents help to a sufferer—can it?"

"Perhaps, dear, I am morbidly scrupulous. Oh! wife, help me, if you can, to think I commit no sin—that my vow may be disregarded—and I will love you more than ever! None can tell what I have endured! The poor kneeling slave!—his clasped hands!—his earnest, piercing eye, looking into my very soul!—I dare not—I cannot reject him! And yet I fear to sin; although if I do reject him, his look will haunt me till I die!—it will be more terrible even then than the frown of death!"

"Oh! my Edward! your vow was taken without an intelligent view of possible cases. You would never—no, never, have vowed with this case in view. It may be excepted now. How often have I heard you say, 'God is the Infinite Reason of the Universe:' and *that* reason must approve, if ours does. God is Infinite Love, Edward! and my woman's heart feels you may venture; and my heart, I know, is here better than your logic."

"Mary! *my* feelings are the same as yours."

"And they cannot be wrong. Dear husband, remember how often you have said that 'hiring other

men's slaves encouraged slavery as much as buying.'"

"I think so yet."

"Why, Edward, the slaves we sometimes hire are not so happy or so well instructed as those we own."

"That is true, Mary. Indeed, the hired slaves have several times privately asked me to buy them; and I always, for their sakes, poor fellows, did wish we owned them. How sad they often looked when their time was out here! Oh! dear wife! what an evil is the system!"

"I own it: yet surely, husband, that does not forbid our alleviating what we cannot cure?"

"Oh, no! no! Ah! if some honest and good men of the North saw as I now see, their judgment would be changed. I feel heartily ashamed of what I once thought and said. Well, I mean right. I will, although with trembling, venture. But now I fear our ability to outbid the dealer."

"Fear not, Edward! I know when I could not say this: but I have better learned my duty and my privilege. Edward, with divine help, I will sacrifice all! Christ says we should *die* for one another; and Frank is a Christian!"

Edward did not answer, he only interrupted this true Christian woman by folding her to his bosom. And then he felt he was absolved of his vow and that God approved. In a few moments, however, he spoke:

"God has given us a heart to do, and He will find the means. But, dear wife, a sad suspicion now and then, spite of all my convictions, steals over me, that, possibly, before his conversion, Frank may have been concerned in that conspiracy."

"Never, Edward! never!"

"How can you speak so confidently?"

"You must be told now, although Frank's life even now would be risked, if the secret becomes known to the blacks. Before we went North this summer, Mrs. Freeman without intending it, led me to believe Frank had disclosed the plot to her, and when she perceived her unintentional disclosure, she whispered, 'I will see Mr. Leamington on your return—I will tell him a great secret; but do not for the world allow yourself, my dear friend, on any account whatever, to speak of this, it will most assuredly cause great evil." I solemnly promised, but Frank's own good absolves me from *my* vow.

"My dear wife, Frank shall be redeemed, if I die a beggar! To-day I will see Mr. Wardloe and make an effort to obtain some aid."

"It will be unavailing, Edward. Uncle believes Frank to be guilty. It would not do to tell him the little I know. It might not convince him, nor could he keep the secret if it did. It might cost Frank his life. Our only help is in God.

"Well, Mary, I will, at least, try."

"Dear husband, let us once more lift up our hearts together to God. I feel that He will help us."

And these children of God, deemed by some vile, and reprobate; and cursed, in the scornful indignation of meetings wrought to fury by a speaker playing the orator, and for sport showing the occasional cruelties enacted here and there in the South—these knelt and implored the divine aid and guidance in redeeming a brother. Aye! ye men of the Church, in the North and across the water, ye will some day blush and shed remorseful tears, because ye misunderstood, and misrepresented, and abused your southern brethren! Ye will ask to kiss their hands, and beg to be forgiven!

* * * * * * *

Toward evening, Mr. L. was at Eagle Island, called thus from being a favorite resort of bald-eagles and all sorts of birds that live by their *talons*. Here taking a short path from the water's edge, he quickly met Mr. Wardloe, who was promenading in the piazza: when, salutations over, both entered the parlor, and Mr. L. opened the conversation:

"Uncle Wardloe, you will not refuse me?"

"Edward," interrupted the uncle, "you put me on guard, and well; for there is little I can refuse you. Still there is one thing I must refuse."

"Uncle, I fear I lack caution; and yet the best way to approach you is, to be open and direct."

"To another I would say blarney! but I cannot to you."

"And yet, uncle, if I ever spoil from praise, blame yourself."

"Come, Edward, what's in the wind? If I *can* help I will."

"Of that I am as sure as of my existence. Yet I am half afraid to do my errand."

"I can guess it?"

"Yes—I come about Frank."

"I feared so. But, dear Edward, I pity—but I cannot help. The fellow just escaped hanging; he ought, at least, to suffer what he may get southwest."

"Uncle, I *know* Frank is innocent!"

"Sir, he is not! How do you know better than I?—better than the planters?"

"Be not angry with me, dear uncle."

"I am not angry, sir,—no, sir, you are mistaken. Frank, prompted by that infernal Tibbets, would have helped murder us in bed! in deep sleep!—your own wife, my adopted daughter!—Good heavens! she might have suffered worse than death! Accursed traitors! Would to God I had seen them swing with the rest! Tibbets will never die a natural death!"

Mr. L. felt his uncle's anger and indignation were natural; although he himself knew Frank was innocent; but as he made no remark Mr. W. went on—

"Tibbets! infamous villain! how with the smile of an angel, and the form of an Apollo, and the manners of a Chesterfield, and the eloquence of a Cicero, he won our regard and confidence! and yet he was only the paid hireling of some diabolical, Yankee secret association—philanthropic cutthroats! The Infinite Justice will overtake the whole crew!"

Greatly agitated Mr. W. walked for some time up and down the room, when suddenly turning and taking Edward by the hand he exclaimed:

"Edward! forgive me! All northern men are not Yankees. You have taught me, without your knowing how or when, that the North has its noble, generous, pious, gentlemanly sons!"

"Dear uncle," interrupted Edward, "I have nothing to forgive. I value your good opinion more than I can express; yet, the North has many men vastly better than I pretend to be, or believe myself to be. Nay, as to myself I know I have been changed for the better by my life in the South. Uncle, If I have innocently moved you I ask forgiveness myself."

"Edward, we are one in heart, even when we seem to be two. I will be calm; but the remem-

brance of our past danger makes me often forgot myself. I have spoken of that clerical scoundrel by the name of Tibbets; but we have some reason to believe that was not his real name. He came to the South under that name, however; although I am glad, for your sake, that some persons think he was not really a clergyman. The captain of the packet, who died two years ago, told somebody that the fellow had booked a lady as his wife; but that she had a separate room.—— Why, Edward, are you sick?" suddenly exclaimed the speaker, abruptly breaking the narrative, as he saw Mr. L. fall rather than sit down in his chair.

"I have stood too long."

"But you do not look well; let me ring for Carlo."

"No! oh, no! Do not ring; I shall soon recover. I was up late last night."

"I *must* ring."

"I beseech you, uncle, do not ring. Go on, uncle, you said Tibbets was not his real name?"

"Yes; Captain Woodward, poor fellow, he's gone now, said the lady was an angel for beauty; but that she was not really his wife, nor yet his mistress—Edward! Edward! I *will* ring—I know you are sick or you would not groan."

Edward was sick. He had fainted.

CHAPTER IV.

DISCLOSURES.

Early next morning Mr. Wardloe was on the shore, looking intently towards Evergreen, when, at last, the boat so anxiously watched for, was seen speeding towards the landing. In it was his niece, and among the other negroes, Frank Freeman. Before the lady had fairly got to shore, she exclaimed:

"Dear uncle, what is the matter with Edward?"

"Not much now," answered Mr. W: "still he insisted that you should be sent after last night, before his recovery—"

"Recovery! you alarm me!"

"No, no; don't be alarmed. He is well enough now."

"But what is it, dear uncle?—do not keep me in suspense."

"Well, I will tell you all. I spoke maybe too warmly; and yet it could not have been that, but something connected with that infernal and accursed Tibbets' name, which agitated Edward so much that he felt sick—and had something like a—fainting—"

"Let me go instantly to him. And, dear uncle, as a favor to Edward, let Frank remain till Edward can see him."

"Oh! any thing for his sake: still, E[illegible]rd must be cautious what steps he takes about Frank."

"Master Wardloe," entreated the negro, in a respectful tone and manner, "I begged permission of Mistress to come here and wait on Master Leamington; pity me, Master Wardloe, and let me do something for him!"

"Well, well, stay;" answered Mr. W., pretending to look indifferent; and then, with his niece on his arm, he proceeded towards the house, while Frank followed with some light luggage, and sat down on the piazza awaiting further directions.

The uncle and his niece immediately entered the Parson's chamber, where, pale and with a look of indescribable and melancholy tenderness, he sat, and partly reclined in an easy chair, while a slight cough, now and then, sent a hectic flush into his cheek. He opened his arms, and his wife sank sobbing on his breast. The uncle, wiping a sudden

tear from his eyes, left the room. Soon the wife tenderly exclaimed:

"Edward! my own Edward! what is this?"

"Be composed. I was not sick: I am not sick now."

"Oh! then, why did you faint!"

"Uncle Wardloe should have concealed that, Mary."

"But what was it?"

"I will tell you; but can you bear it?"

"Any thing, rather than suspense, Edward!"

"You shall know all. But will you not love me less, Mary?"

"That is not possible! Oh! Edward, some secret grief is corroding away your life; and you have concealed it from me!"

"I have tried to conceal it from myself."

The wife looked anxious; but she made no remark, and he went on.

"If, Mary, I have concealed anything, it was for the sake of others. But, with my whole heart have I ever loved you, as man may love a *second* time."

"A *second* time!" exclaimed the wife.

"Yes, Mary; but even as I love my own self—yet—may I go on?"

The wife was evidently disquieted, and yet confidingly she met her husband's eyes, while she softly said—

"I have no fear—go on?

"Mary, you are my *second* wife!"

Spite of herself Mrs. L. breathed more easily and said rather lightly,

"Is that all!" and, she added, very slightly moved, "That was nothing, Edward, to conceal; you were, surely, as others, free to marry again?"

"Yes! free, indeed! I was divorced! But even then, I married not till *she* died!"

For a moment the wife shuddered; and then with something like a convulsive start, she exclaimed—

"Thank God! Edward, oh! dearest Edward! for a moment what frightful thoughts, like a blight of withering madness, were in my mind."

"Then you do not love me less?"

"As God is my witness—no! But may I now hear all?"

"All, Mary; yes all. But if the narrative forces me to weep for the lost—the fallen—will you forgive it?"

"Forgive it! I will weep with you as I do now! Edward, yours will be angel tears, such as pity may weep in heaven! Yes, weep for her, though the gushings of a first love mingle with pity's tears!"

"Ah! had you seen her in girlhood! and then in her woman's first bloom!"

"Was she very beautiful, Edward?"

"Dear wife! I might with more truth say, imitat-

ing the courtier in audience with Queen Elizabeth, that *she* was the most beautiful among the women of the North, my own Mary among the women of the South! And she was once, perhaps, always pure-minded; but she met a devil in an angel's guise! Oh! if the violent in my nature ever wakes, it is at thoughts of that traitor! When I name him, Mary, you will see that the confiding may have been betrayed and yet not be *so* guilty."

"Who can you mean, husband? interrupted Mrs. L., surprised at the tone of her usually calm husband.

"Tibbets!

"Miscreant!" cried the wife. "An uncle believes, his hour must come. But why did not that name ever agitate you before?"

"That is not his true name. No! no! I see it all now. That miscreant is Charles Somerville. But thank God, *she* is dead! Yesterday, when your uncle accidentally described his person, and manners, and eloquence; and told that he had sailed from the north with a lady, not his wife, nor yet his mistress, the truth at once broke upon me; my emotion overpowered me—I lived over the horrors of the past in a moment—my contrary efforts were useless—I fainted.

"I wonder not at that, dear Edward," soothingly said his wife.

"But what can that mean that Captain Woodward said—'not his wife, nor yet his mistress?' and that 'she had a separate room?'"

"Perhaps she was alarmed and penitent in time, Edward. Perhaps, after all, she never sinned?" replied Mrs. L. kindly and proudly.

"It must be so! No, no! She died, after all, unstained! *She*, the pure, the proud, never sinned! May God have granted her repentance unto life!" fervently cried the husband.

"Amen!" responded the wife.

After a pause Mr. L. observed—"Yes! yes! the atrocious scoundrel that would steal away the wife of one's bosom would, indeed, excite rebellion, and prompt slaves to massacre and pillage!"

"Is not the reverse also true, Edward? Will not the wretches that excite these slaves to murder, steal your wives and violate your daughters?"

I fear so," replied he. A moral sense so prevalent does in time come to regard even the marriage tie as weak. Under pretence of higher law they sometimes abrogate all law. However, we must not judge too severely."

"True, husband; but our experience of what modern philanthropists are always doing towards us and among us, inclines the southern people to judge a little more severely than perhaps you would.

But Edward, have you spoken to uncle on this sad subject?"

"Not a word, Mary. I would not for any consideration he knew this; and I will not even resume the conversation for fear of betraying myself, although desirous of learning what else Captain Woodward may have disclosed. And now, all else I have to disclose to you is, that immediately after hearing of her death, some two years after the legal divorce, I came South; and finding no one knew of my former marriage, and that disclosures might harm surviving friends and help no one, I have kept the whole a secret till now. And, but for this accident, I should, perhaps, have carried it to the grave."

"You did not succeed about Frank?" asked Mrs. L. willing for her husband's sake to change the subject.

"No; and I will not name that matter to him any more."

"I think it useless at present, husband. Frank is here, however; for he begged so hard that I ventured to bring him, and have uncle's permission that he shall stay."

"I am glad of that; for this is the day he was to come to me—can I see him now?"

"Certainly, if you are well enough."

"Oh! it will make me better."

In a few moments after this, (Mrs. L. having left the room meanwhile,) the negro entered the room, and remained standing in that respectful attitude so characteristic of good sense in the presence of superiors. Nor did Mr. L. ask Frank to sit down; for good sense made him see it would be mischievous to master and servant, to depart from the customary modes of intercourse.

At first, his kind feelings disposed him to dispense with the many little services offered on the part of the black servants; but this placed all in awkward and embarrassing situations: so that he soon found true benevolence, as well as prudence, counselled—in Rome act as Romans. But to the very last Leamington, (and many of the native Islanders,) would cause a little negro begging as special favor to *run*, by holding to the hind bar of his sulkey, and thus to be jerked along, under an impression that this was at least half-riding—such little negro, in the tad-pole state between child and boy, he would cause to mount and ride on the foot-board. Often too, when in town at night, he was sent to his boarding-house under the protection of General Leander—a negro that had seen the Revolutionary heroes of the South—when the Parson would invite the guard to walk up along side. This, of course, the General would affect to obey; but then he always uncovered his halt-bald pate, and hat in hand,

kept bowing and grimacing about two feet behind his reverence. The Parson, however, would go along, nearly side-foremost, chattering away about the "old times," and ever and anon dropping in words about the other life, till the General and all the General's cronies thought "Massa Leamington as good as the folks that used to be in the ole war times!" and the General himself declared at home—"Lord bless Massa Parson, I love him 'most same as old massa himself, or ole missis too!"

But stay, our black hero waits all this time to be spoken to: he stood, however, only a moment when Mr. L. addressed him—

"I am glad to see you, Frank: how is your mother?"

"Thank you many times, Master Leamington: we are happier—but my mother is feeble as usual. Dear master! you are not so sick, Mistress Leamington says, as she feared—

"I am better—much better, Frank. Our pilgrimage is, at best, short and wearisome; yet Sarah will stay longer than some."

"Master! God grant you may live many years. What would the poor slaves do without such as you, master! My mother will live, I know, longer if I may be with her."

"Frank! as far as that is concerned, she shall not die: we will, if possible buy you—we——"

Before Mr. L. could finish or prevent, the negro had stepped forward, and falling on his knees had seized his benefactor's hand! Then kissing it with fervor, and clasping it against his breast, he solemnly looked up to heaven and prayed:

"May the Lord God bless and reward you!" He then added—"Master! I will be yours."

"Stay! stay! Frank! No vows—we are all too weak."

"Master! if I desert you."

"You shall not utter a vow! I insist on this. No, no! Frank, pray—Lord! lead me not into temptation!"

"Master! master!—may I not thank you?"

"Yes: that is right; but remember, Peter denied his loving Redeemer; and who are we? Are we stronger than Peter? Rise up, Frank; you may sit down in that chair—I have something to say to you."

The negro obeyed, awed by the words and manner of the Parson, who, in a few moments, went on:

"Frank Freeman! you are a man, and, I hope, a Christian; but you have faults among your many good qualities. Among other things, you are impetuous and ardent; and, being very confiding, are easily betrayed into things not only wrong—but you might be into things criminal; so watch yourself. I shall, God willing, attend the sale next Thursday:

I will bid against the dealer till every dollar we both can command or raise on our little crop, or from pledging books and ornaments, is gone. That is all we can do. If that will not do, *we* cannot save you; but that we will do, because besides other important reasons, we know you saved many lives—never mind, Frank—do not interrupt me—yes, Frank! you saved my Mary's life."

A dead pause ensued;—the Parson stopping to master his emotion, and the negro now bowing down his head and covering his face with his hands. At length Mr. L. continued:

"Yes! noble fellow! and I believe you may have saved her life at peril to your own. Mr. Wardloe suspects you for a share in the plot; unjustly suspects, indeed, but beyond our power to disabuse now. But he intends to buy your mother—"

"God bless Master Wardloe for that!" interrupted the negro, unable to remain silent.

"He is among the best of men, Frank!"

"Oh! Master Leamington, I cannot help speaking now. May the Lord bless him for that! Let him hurt me; and yet he would not if he knew all."

"Nature will speak out, Frank, in all alike. You see I have a part of your secret, but it is safe. Will you now tell me all about the rebellion?"

"I will, Master; for though I may desert you, I well know, you, Master, never can betray me."

"God helping, we never can. Go on, Frank."

The negro now sat up erect, and his countenance assumed, as Mr. L. thought, that lofty look the boatman had when he uttered his undying sentiment, "Liberty's Liberty!" and he thus commenced:

"Master Leamington! this subject always affects me strangely. I cannot always speak as a slave; but I shall always speak respectfully. I feel sometimes that God and myself are the only beings in the universe, when I reflect on the past; and with that feeling comes an awe, and a thrill, and a strength into my soul, that makes me willing to die for you, Master Leamington—yes, and to die for my countrymen in bondage! I am a negro, but I am a man! But when I think of the kind white folks here—some, dear master, kind as fathers and mothers—I cannot let these go, after family prayer, with all the dear little children and little smiling babes—go trusting to us all and lie down in their beds—and I well know that when they shut their eyes, it is the death-sleep!"

Leamington sat—his eyes fixed on the speaker! Reader! the white man had caught the influence of the grand—the lofty—the poetic—beaming from that dark but most expressive face! And in that moment the two felt they were knitting into one heart! Colors had vanished—it was now—Man and Man!

"Master Leamington!" continued the speaker, rising from his chair without thought on his part, and

unnoticed by the parson; "I could not know that Mrs. Freeman, and Mr. Wardloe, and Miss Mary, were that night to lie weltering in a bloody bed—and remain silent—and my deluded countrymen be no nearer freedom than before!"

"Noble man!" burst from the parson.

The negro started, but went on:—"But I am no traitor! I never joined the conspirators; nor did I know what was intended till very near the time of perpetration. Mr. Tibbets—and purposely, I think, to have me enrolled—sent me to a certain place in Moss Swamp to select, as he said, a deer station. I went an hour too soon; and there noticed what awakened my suspicions of I know not what. Ah! Master Leamington, we are not bad, but the love of Liberty makes the black man wish for Freedom, and as ready to strike as the white. I noticed what made me now suspect that Mr. Tibbets had other business here than distributing religious tracts and preaching. But I well knew it would be in vain, if the blacks should be induced to rise! I knew it would make our condition worse than ever. Before any one should come, I crept away in an opposite direction.

"Somerville deserved death!" exclaimed the parson, much excited.

"Master Leamington!" said the negro in wonder. "Why did you not seize him?"

"Seize who, dear master?" asked the negro anxiously.

"Tibbets, I mean—why, what did I say? Oh! never mind; go on, Frank."

"Well, master, I crept away in an opposite direction, and by a circuitous way reached home as Mr. Tibbets was going out, who, on seeing me, said it was time for me to go to Moss Swamp. I said, boldly, 'Mr. Tibbets, go into your room instantly,' and I whispered, 'your life is in danger.' When I followed him—for he went at the word into his room—I said, 'Mr. Tibbets, ask me nothing; I know all. You told mistress this morning you wished to go to the city to-day for some books. She ordered the boat—I go with the gang—you have not a moment to lose.'"

"Why did you not seize him?"

"I feared for my own life. If Mr. T. could have passed a sign to certain negroes—some yet live, and near us, but most died—I should never have lived to save any. And so I determined never to leave him, or take my eye off him, till he was on board a ship; and that I saw plain enough he intended to be, if one was about to sail when we reached the city. I helped him to pack. Then I told him to go down to the landing, when I kept behind him with his luggage. When in the boat, I called a young negro, and ordered him to send me four lads

so young that I was certain Mr. Tibbets had never tampered with them. They soon came, and we were quickly rowing away, he from certain death, I possibly so."

"What if the negroes had found you in Moss Swamp, Frank?" inquired the parson.

"Ah! master—some secrets I cannot disclose; but this I may say, that then I would have been forced to join them and take an horrible oath, or I would never have come out of that swamp again!"

"Oh, villain!"

"I do not think Mr. Tibbets was the best of men, Master Leamington; but then he preached and prayed well; and he showed us our rights from the Bible; and he told some it would be right for black men to fight for freedom. Perhaps, he was politically right; and may be he thought it right to trap me on general principles."

"Beware, Frank! But what happened?"

"Well, master, I kept between him and the negro lads, on pretence of helping them to row; and but little was said till we approached the city, when Mr. T. said, 'Frank, my fine fellow, I received a letter from my sister yesterday.'

"He has no sister!" cried Mr. L.

Frank looked inquiringly, but as Mr. L. made no further remark, he proceeded—"And then Mr. T. said, he must go North instantly. Then he also

said—'tell Mrs. Freeman good-bye for a few months,' adding, as a feeler, 'what a pity you were not free, Frank; you might take a trip with me.'"

"Oh, miscreant!" exclaimed Mr. L.

"Master! it was a critical time for me; for I answered with much warmth—'And leave my mistress to be—to be alone—and without saying farewell!' For fear of betraying my purpose I determined not to talk, and, therefore, I set the lads singing."

"What if Tibbets suspecting, had betrayed you."

"Life for life, master; I would have pitched him into the sea."

"Right!" exclaimed the parson, a little triumphantly, peace man as he was.

"I was not converted then, master. I gave Mr. T. a look now and then that kept him in fear. On reaching the wharf he leaped ashore; and I set his trunk out and instantly made a sign, when the boat pushed off a little, and Mr. T. hurried away to the packet, fortunately on the point of sailing, while a negro porter on the wharf followed with his trunk. Our boat rowed off very slowly, and long before we rounded Low Marsh Cape, I saw the packet under weigh."

"On reaching home, Frank?"

"I asked mistress to let me tell her something in a private place. She ordered me to follow her after awhile into the little parlor. I did so; and seeing

me very much alarmed, she asked with great kindness and anxiety,

"What is it, Frank?"

"Mistress," I answered, "you have always been more than a kind mistress to us all. You have brought me up as you would a relative; you have given me a good education! And now, dear mistress, I will save your life, if it cost my own! 'Frank! what does all this mean!' she now exclaimed. On this I narrated what I am telling you. And then she lifted up her hands and cried, "Oh! can a minister of the gospel be so vile! (Minister of the gospel! was a sudden exclamation of the parson in parenthesis.) Frank, God is my witness! for this, you and your mother shall be free; but you must stay with me till I die, and I will so manage this that the poor deluded slaves shall never guess how the plot was discovered. I am, indeed, afraid that if any suspicion arise that you got off Tibbets, the whites may suspect you; but that suspicion will save you from the blacks. It was fortunate Tibbets said yesterday, in hearing of Pete and Charley, that he intended to go to the city that day.'"

"How did Mrs. Freeman manage?"

"I do not know, master! I tried to act naturally as before, and never saw mistress alone afterwards. I kept always among the blacks. This brought me into more suspicion with the whites; but that saved

me from being murdered by the blacks, and no proof could be ever brought of what had never happened —my having anything to do with the plot. Soon, however, Mr. Wardloe, and Mr. Hyndshaw, and Lawyer Jenkins, and several others, got at the whole plot, and so the lives of the whites was saved; but, master," added the speaker with great emotion, "it cost many a poor negro man his life, and many are in harder bondage in the Southwest. I am no traitor! Ah! that dreadful day! Good God! master, I saw them under the gallows—some my bosom friends! we were little boys together—we were merry together once! I saw sixty of my countrymen quivering corpses!"

The emotion of the negro now prevented his utterance, and the parson actually sobbed out. Recovering, the black went on.

"But they died bravely—ah! like men! And when the leader, Woburn, the last that died, when he stood on the drop and cried, 'Welcome, death! I die for my countrymen!'—Master! master! for a moment I wished to utter the same triumphant cry, and die with him."

"Somerville, there is a God in heaven!" exclaimed Mr. L., "But vengeance is mine, I will repay, saith the Lord!"

The negro wondered at the name. He had his own

thoughts; but he made no remark. The parson turning to Frank now said:

"Frank! I will redeem you, if all I have can do it. And it will cost all; the dealer shall not get you without a struggle!"

"Master! I will work like a thousand men to repay you! I will never"——

"I will not hear a vow! Pray, but do not vow! The heart, Frank, is deceitful above all things, and

DESPERATELY WICKED!"

CHAPTER V.

SUPPOSITIONS—HECKY'S RECEIPTS—AUCTION.

I WAS once upon a time—or perchance it was a dream—in a land of robbers. My mission being peaceful, I was permitted to traffic in goods, my money the while increasing, till a return to my native land was contemplated. On the morrow the vessel would expand her wings for the wind to bear me homeward! and, alone in the evening, I sat on my piazza, when a troop of bandits approached me, and the captain advancing, said:

"Merchant, we have spared and protected you: now behold that man in chains—will you buy him for a slave?"

"Never! I deal not in slaves!"

"We offered him this last chance for his life: he

believed you would buy him: you refuse. Farewell! The man dies."

"Is there no other alternative, captain?"

"None."

"I will buy him. Your price, captain?"

"All your money, except what will carry you both home to your land."

"Captain! that will ruin me!"

Here the prisoner said, "Captain! may I advance and say one word?"

"You may: be brief."

"Merchant!" said the supplicant, "save me: I will serve you forever! I am willing to work for you till the end of life; although that cannot repay you. And I know that by the laws of your land, I can never be free; but *I* prefer Slavery to Death!"

I consented to buy and keep him. Reader, did I commit a sin?

Hark!—a rude gong-sound! Behold! a man, wild, fierce, cruel, besotted, is offering tobacco before a shapeless wood! While kneeling, the cry of war comes:—ah, see! he is knocked down, bound, hurried away and sold for a slave. One of his own race, a superstitious and bloody king, becomes his master. The king intends to sacrifice him, that he may carry a message to his royal ancestors; but suddenly changing his purpose, he sends him to the

coast, preferring cloth, beads, gunpowder, to a slave. After the Hell of the slave ship, he is bought by a Southern planter; and his life is not only a thousand-fold better in all respects, but he becomes a Christian with the Hope of Immortality.

Was the purchase on the white man's part wholly a sin? Was the evil wholly unmixed with good? Was the negro's soul bought? Did the owner deserve to be massacred in the deep slumbers of night?

What vessel is about to weigh anchor at midnight? Look! men are silently carrying packages and bales from yonder warehouse! Ah! ha! thieves! Police! Police! Too late! they are off! Well, they touch at Smyrna, and there the crew are seized with the plague, but crying for mercy, they recover. Deeply penitent, they resolve to sail back and make restitution. But alas! the goods are tainted with the plague! Alas! what shall be done! One sailor says, "take back the goods instantly: every hour we keep them is sin! Do your duty—leave consequences with God!" "No! no!" rejoins another, "cleanse and purify the goods first! Let us not add Pestilence to Robbery!"

Reader! which was the proper course? "Pshaw!" cries one, "prepare the blacks for freedom or Liberia; but send them north to be educated!"

That sapient scheme may be tried, please your lord and lady-ship, *when* the South utterly and obstinately resolves never in any way to do the work themselves. As *soon* as all humanity and philanthropy and common sense have died out South, then may the sole surviving Philanthropists and Patriots of our land open all the North for the Great School Room!

Aye! when the South are all spiritually, morally, politically dead—let the negroes rise and take their land! That deadness will be the sign of a successful revolution, and the negroes as a nation may look to God for success!

Once more before we go to the man-auction and the episode of Hecky's receipts. What signify the turmoil and consternation in Squatterville? Writs! warrants! surveyors! lawyers by the score! Why, the ancestors some two hundred years ago settled there—or squatted—but there are defects in the titles! The present inhabitants thought all was right, and are a good, honest, industrious people. They do not well know how to live in any other place or way; and yet they have no legal right to the land! Shall we turn them off at once? and that whatever may be the consequences to them? Or shall we give them time to make preparations and arrangements?

However, Mr. Leamington is ready and his wife looking from the piazza, cries out,

"Oh! there comes Uncle Wardloe, Edward!"

"I shall tell him at once then, Mary, that we have made up our minds to bid for Frank."

"Nephew," said Mr. W. on coming near, "take me in your boat; for by joining our gangs we shall get along faster, and it will be easier for the boys."

"Certainly, Uncle; I intended to propose that myself."

For a while the two gentlemen sat silent under the awning, the boat shooting onward like an arrow; for the negroes had learned that Frank would be saved, if possible, by the parson. The blacks never knew the truth about Tibbets; they believed he had in some way learned that mischief was brewing for himself, and that he had thrown himself on Frank's generosity to aid his escape. On the other hand, by that very act, Frank was supposed by the whites to have been in the plot just at that time in some mysterious way discovered; and that was the belief among the negroes themselves. Frank was, in their view, now become a kind of martyr to his principles; hence the whites, even those that did not believe in Frank's guilt, were compelled for the sake of example, to rid themselves of a negro thus viewed by his color; nor dared Frank's secret friends, for his own sake, do openly much in his favor. Still Frank was so much respected, that most would rejoice if Mr. Leamington succeeded in redeeming him.

"Edward," at last inquired Mr. W., in a low voice, "you have made up your mind to buy Frank?"

"Entirely, uncle."

"You must depend on yourself."

"We have both, uncle, counted the cost."

"Frank is not a bad man, Edward; but, he could by cunning advisers, be induced to desert you."

"All men are fallible, uncle. I can trust Frank as far as I can most men."

"Take him North. He will desert you, although he will be sorry for it."

"We will hope for the best. I shall, of course, greatly need his services, and I do believe he will try and pay me."

"He will undoubtedly. I know he will; but, nephew, if Frank thought he could do that sooner by deserting you, he would. Even Tibbets had plausible arguments that I know weighed with Frank. Seeming or truly good northern men would influence Frank: a known villain he would knock down."

"I grant this; but I must run the risk. Should he even run off—I will *never* seek him. When he pays me, I shall set him free."

"Well!—but are you aware what price you may have to pay?"

"Perhaps as high as $2,000, uncle?"

"More like twice that figure, nephew."

Mr. L. was silent; for $3,000 would take his all!"

The uncle continued—"I honor you from my soul, Leamington. But depend on it, the dealer who now expects to get the very best negro on these islands cheap, will be maddened into fury by opposition so unexpected, and he will run you to your last dollar."

"May God help us then! If Frank must go, it is the Divine will. But what sort of a dealer is this?"

"Rather ask, Edward, is he worse than the class?"

"Are they all bad, uncle?"

"I have never known one—excuse me—that was not a devil black as hell!"

"Uncle!"

"Yes! just so. I hope Frank—if he falls into this fellow's hands—may the first fair opportunity knock his brains out."

"Dreadful system!"

"Edward! show us any fair, open, practicable system for universal emancipation, and the South will erect you a monument, and call you Pater Patriæ."

"And must Frank be in the power of such? Uncle, help me or not—I will bid for Frank till I am a beggar. Uncle! and I say this solemnly, did you know all, you would rather sacrifice your whole

estate than that negro should be sold to leave this parish."

"What could I know?"

"That this man to save your life has risked his own."

"Edward, you are deceived. But do not speak so loud. The negroes are trying to hear what we are saying. If this were true, Frank should never be hunted by that hell-hound! But I have better reasons for my distrust than you know—Hush! do not let us talk any more: they have, I fear, heard Hush!"

The effect of the parson's half revealed secret, and his solemn words were great: and may have had some influence in directing subsequent events.

Our party were among the first that reached Cane-Brake Island; but boats were continually arriving till 2 o'clock P. M., the time of sale. Several slaves belonging to the estate were to be sold; but these by permission had all selected masters, and the courtesy and humanity of the parish, by a kind of "higher" and unwritten law, allowed arrangements to be made and consummated at the auction; the value of the negro being fully paid. Very often the negroes were indifferent who of several good masters owned them; when auctions became lively and exciting. Rarely did good negroes fail of obtaining the masters they wished; and families were still more rarely separated.

In fact, judicious planters well knew that if good negroes preferred them as owners, it would be advantageous to both parties; and, besides, the planters were pleased to be popular and have a good reputation among the slaves. Combination often prevented a bad white man from owning a good negro; while on the other hand, a wicked negro would be turned over to severe and cruel owners that served the community as a public whipping post. Men there were, who, like jails and stocks, are endured as a necessary evil, but never esteemed.

Our parson, on a time, fell in with such a rude dispenser of justice; and then the reverend gentleman strangely forgot his equanimity. The hero gave the account to his wife, on returning from the ecclesiastical tour. We shall condense

THE NARRATIVE.

* * * * and he and I sat in the stern of the sail boat, a fine breeze on the beam. The four negro children sat with their mother on the forward seat. Tom was in front of us and he managed the sail. Mr. Grim wished me to steer, and so we dashed on for about an hour, when, on approaching the more open sea, the wind, for some time gradually increasing, became what Mr. Grim called, at first, a good stiff breeze. I, at sea, used to think such a high

wind; but in a small sail boat I felt more alarm. Of a sudden, Mr. Grim snatched the rudder from me; and then I found when his arm touched mine he trembled like an ash-leaf.

No word passed among us, after this, save a constant order to Tom—"Hold on! hold on!" and then "Hold on! Wrap it round your arm!" Clara, with her children, now crouched down into the bottom of the boat, while wave after wave tossed the vessel up as a speck of cork. I committed myself to God's mercy! "It is getting worse!" abruptly cried Mr. Grim. "Hold on hard!—Mr. Leamington, the next hundred yards!—aye! there they come! Hold on! hold!—" On, indeed, they came—the waves! Up—up—we rose—the foam-crest hissing in our faces! They rushed under into a yawning gulf! Others came! My head grew light while I looked down the curving valley—above, a rushing cataract! How the little boat quivered! But merciful God! —the waves had no power beyond their commission; they threatened, but could not drown! and soon the frail bark was darting beyond the wave-mountain of the centre sea—and we were safe!

"A great danger, Mr. L.," said Mr. Grim.

"Yes," I replied, "and a great deliverance! Let us thank God." After all, thought I, this is a better man than they say;—but ah! Mary! I soon changed my opinion.

We went into the gin-house where many women and children were picking cotton. In the centre of the house stood a tall, gaunt, white man. Across his shoulders hung, like a belt, a carter's whip—its horrid lash like a snake with a long thin tail, and a bloated body! It sickens me yet!

Suddenly and angrily Mr. Grim addressed this male-fury in the snaky coil:

"Why the d—— don't you make them work, Hecky?"

"Make 'em work! answered the surprised yet humble overseer: if, Mr. Grim, you think I don't do my duty, *look at their backs!*"

O God of Mercies! Mary! is the lacerated flesh of trembling women and sucklings to be the only evidence of having done work enough! Yes! yes! the opinion of our parish about this man is too true!

Not far from them sat a young negro wife, cowering and trembling, and nervously picking specks and briars from some cotton. Grim's eye at that moment saw concealed in the roof above her some rods, used perhaps by the poor creature to expedite her task and save her from Hecky's horrible receipts! These rods were forbidden, as their use hurt the staple of the cotton. In a moment, Grim snatching out the rods, and, with awful words of wrath, rushing on the slave, he yelled out:

"Take that! and that! and that!—you d—— infernal nigger."

"Mercy! massa! for lub of God!"

"'I'll mercy you!—you black b—. There's some mercy for you." (Mrs. L. here burst into tears.)

The slave, Mary, rose in her agony and fright—I saw then she would soon be a mother! And so did Grim. But still there was no mercy! Becoming furious, he ferociously kicked the supplicating woman—and in her side! (Mrs. L. here, amid her sobs, uttered something very much like an execration.)

Yes, dear Mary! I began to forget myself now! The feelings of boyhood came upon me! I felt bad—angry—maybe, revengeful! But now we all went out to the field. Good God! how different all was from ours! Oh! the cowering, shrinking creatures, with terrified looks! A devil's look was in some! Alas! alas! I fear I felt too much like a devil myself!

Hecky went ahead of us. Four negroes were approaching. All stopped. Hecky unwound his serpent lash! The negroes stripped off their shirts, and each as he came up—stopped—threw up his arms above his head! I *saw* it! I *heard* the accursed thong! My blood boiled—I was becoming a tiger!—I lost my prudence! Ah! ha! and this was Hecky's "receipt"—this showed his watchfulness and care! I now hurried on, and with my

own eyes I beheld those *receipts*—raw cuts into which I might have put my finger—and scabs on healing wounds—and scars that marked the burning stings of the lash before!

Grim marked my changed manner; he saw the workings of my soul—and he attempted to apologize—to explain—to soften! But my burning words could not now be stayed! Mary! I looked him full in the face—I fear I clenched my fist—but I cried out:

"Man! if I were a negro, and my brother cut your throat, I would *never* lay, even for *that*, the lash upon him!"

He started—amazed! He answered something confusedly, I know not what; but I only earnestly and solemnly re-said my words!"

Here Mrs. Leamington cried exultingly—"Noble husband! Oh! how Uncle Wardloe would applaud if he knew this! Oh! how Col. Hilson would clap his hands! Why, Edward! did you not know that Grim is a New England man—the very one they here, by way of eminence, call—the Yankee?"

To which the parson had answered—"Is it possible! Well! how true, that *our* people do make the worst masters! However, what I said must have re-called Mr. Grim to better feelings, for even that day he offered voluntarily One Hundred Dollars to our Church Enterprise!"

But let us go on with the auction. Among many others present, were two persons with the dress and manners of gentlemen. They are evidently strong and active men; they are fine-looking and courteous. Who are they? Not planters of the parish. Who then?

Two regular slave dealers.

Beyond doubt, the insides and outsides are often corresponding. Still practical phrenology and physiognomy differ slightly from the books. Bumps and organs of charts are often fumbled after in vain, to make science accord with fact. Beautiful sepulchres hide ugly bones and rotten carcases; and a witching song is heard often where a warning cry would have done more good. A first chop phrenologist, for a "*consideration*," sends his neighbor an apprentice or clerk according to the developments; but the cautious philosopher, when he wants a store boy, says, in his printed advertisement—"none need apply unless they *come well recommended!*"

Upon the whole do not go by developments in choosing slave dealers more than pick-pockets and gamblers; for all may dress in fine black cloth and look like the clergy. Down South ask—"who is that fine-looking gentleman?" before you make his acquaintance. However, Mr. Wardloe and the old ones knew these; and, save for trade purposes, they always gave them a wide berth. Most in our parish

hated a slave-dealer as much as Roanoke Randolph did. What Mr. Wardloe thought of such has been seen; the law of libel prevents the author from speaking his own sentiments.

Still, an honest man having no party to serve, nor office in view, can see an immense moral difference between the planter or farmer who lives among his family of negroes and the regular slave-dealer. All the domestic and household virtues may dwell where the blacks serve, and the whites govern and direct; where one contributes bodily labor to sustain the community, and the other care, protection, supplies, instruction. Rarely would a slave in the South be silly enough to take his freedom till the death of his friend exposed him to the claws of the dealer. The writer has seen many—very many cases in the North, and can readily imagine others, where the black, nay, the white man, might count himself happy and fortunate if he had an owner. Many men would be happier, safer, more useful to themselves, and positively more respectable and honorable under tutelage the rest of their days.

He must be an idiot or a knave who superintends an invisible rail-way to transport North *every* black, that has an ambition to be master of a swill barrel, or lord of a rag-pole for gutter-poking! Pshaw! "will honor set a leg?" never; nor will a nominal freedom. If we could obtain a fellow like our

Frank by the under-ground road—the sin and meanness of *stealing* him away, instead of *buying* him off, would seem less! But to run off a poor simple-fool of a negro from comfortable quarters and a bellyful! to shiver about in winter under a quaker hat with no brim! and in two [illegible] boots begged or stolen from different legs, which torn and shabby boots slap and wallop about the thin shanks of the miserable booby! and th half-grinning creature, while he wipes his nose on the sleeve of Rev. Dr. Abolish Goodman's old shabby cast-off coat, wonders, while he crams into his nasty wallet the slabbered remnants of the pious Miss Chequerem's kitchen—if this is liberty!

Many a crime, as the grand French lady said at the guillotine, that *guardian* of *French* rights, many a crime is committed in the name of Liberty; and it may yet be found even an atrocious crime in itself and a horrible ruin to many deluded negroes, both as to soul and body, to run them under any and all circumstances into the mere name of Liberty!

But the slave-dealer!—that speculator in human limbs and sinews!—the wretch that looks at a man's jaw as at a horse's!—that twists a man around as a machine for digging and hoeing!—and strips off his shirt to know if he works without Hecky's Receipts! and would learn his amount of activity, and strength, and religion, and conscience, as so much labor-

prompting and trust-begetting energy!—that soulless creature—yes, that accursed one—that thing of wrist-cuffs! and leg-bands! and voice-stiflers! to keep the purchase from running back—not to freedom—but the old home of his hoary grandfather!—to the bosom of his mother!—to the love of his wife!—to the sight of his cabin and his little ebony babes!—and to hush the song, "Oh! take me back to ole Virginnee!"—and stifle the cries of a broken heart!

I knew in the far west a man like the dealer. He caught a young wolf. He tamed him at home; and he gave him food and he gave him water; and he nourished him as a pet! Then one day—I see it all now!—he took that poor, tame, humanized wolf into the dark forest behind my house, and there he set the hounds upon him for a hunt! And the hunted wolf!—what did he? He ran home to his old box! He thought he would be safe with his owner—but that *man* set the hounds on that *beast*, there—in his home! I heard the wolf-pet moan—I saw him die!

Oh! ye noble, generous, planters of my native south-land!—the dealer *is* no necessary evil. Ye can if you will—and surely ye will!—make laws that shall forbid your slaves from being sold away from their homes! Let them ever remain in the neighborhoods of their youthful days. This will disappoint your enemies and the enemies of our

Union, and it will strengthen the hands of your friends and of freedom!

But it is two o'clock! See! the auctioneer is at his post! Under the most favorable circumstances a sale of human beings is not pleasant to the sensitive; but here so little of the disagreeable exists, that we cannot promise much of a scene, nor say,—"If you have tears, prepare to shed them now!" The whole matter of adjusting the exchanges had been satisfactorily arranged between the black and white parties; though, for form's sake and to obey the statutes, bidding and knocking off took place:—but the whole was a mere mock auction. To the negroes it was a holiday. All were done up in their best: and receiving presents from the administrators and also the selected owners; and being not only allowed by the custom, but excited by the whites, the scene instead of a tragedy, became absolutely and irresistibly merry, ludicrous and noisy.

The scene can neither be penned nor painted; and fragments have no life. One might as well expect to excite your risibles by cutting off the leg of a black in the most alarming antic of the compound-double-shuffle corn-stalk dance, and holding it forth! Still morbid appetite demands, now-a-days, soda-water after the efflorescence has subsided; and here is some:—

"I 'clare if that a' niggah ain't gwine to run off next dark night—Don't buy um, Massa Dibbles!"

"Why, Clara? How do you know?"

"Kase he says you only give four pound hom-minee for brekfus, and he want six."

"Why Clara, Bill slanders me, he forgets the ten pounds of beef."

"Oh! Massa Dibbles, never mine dat black wench—she mad kase I wont tote her off to yankee plantashun and marry um ———"

"Bill! you blame ugly sinnah! Massa Dibbles when you gwine for flog um, gim me two cow-skin."

Chorus of darkees.—"Oh! shaw! possum up a gum tree, nigger in the holler."

"Massa Steel! look out, don't no time hit Pete on his skull."

"Why, Sam?"

"It strike fire!"

This allusion to Mr. Steel's name was thought so witty that the planters echoed the laugh of the blacks; but Mr. S. replied—

"Sam! you stupid rascal, you'd better beg me to buy you ——"

"Kase why, Massa Steel?"

"Because I'll whet you up till you get sharp as a corn-knife."

Poor as was the pun, yet it set the negroes into a tempest of outcries; while Pete, Bill, Sam, &c., did the most ferocious double-shuffles; during which Bill coming nearer Clara, hugged her along for a dozen yards.

"Oh! ho! oh! I'm a gone darkee! Oh! Susannah!"

"Poor Nicky! What you cry for? Want your mammy?"

"I'se sold to a very *poor* man! He got only two hundred niggers!"

"Poor Nicky! I kum over Chrismus—I fetch you sum sugah candy!"

When folks are determined to be merry, wit is not necessary for subject of laughter; hence, both colors having reached the giggle point, as at a fashionable party, they all roared out at anything or nothing. But some to-day were always serious, and who, the reader knows—Mr. Leamington, and the negro Frank and his mother.

Sarah was, indeed, safe with Mr. Wardloe; but that mother's breast, while thankful for herself, was disquieted in a storm of warring hope and fear. As the critical moment arrived when the auctioneer would name her son as the last to be sold, Frank standing by the sick woman, whispered, "Mother! the hour is come, but let us hope in God!"

Opposite these, stood Mr. Leamington. The intense workings of his soul played upon his countenance, and convinced Frank that no monition from himself or mortal man was needed to keep the parson to his purpose! Frank never looked upon that embodied grandeur and goodness, but he felt first awe and then determination; now he could have knelt to him and then died for him!

Beyond the auctioneer stood the two dealers. They had bid for no negro yet; hence, as they appeared in the parish only because some private intelligence assured them of a great bargain, it was plain enough that without some unforseen interference, Frank was doomed! However individuals might secretly believe and wish, all would respect the secret tribunal that had condemned the suspected negro to exile and slavery; the usage of the times. None of the planters, who were secretly pledged, would now dare openly to bid. All, however, stood aloof from the dealers, and with ill-concealed disgust; while the blacks, safe under the wing of

their masters, eyed the fellows with scorn, and often with anger. Had they not known it would not be for a moment tolerated, they would have broken into audible taunt and scoff. Two dealers travelled together for safety; their united strength, agility and courage, with the aid of weapons, made them a match for twenty men.

On Mr. Wetherll's beckoning Frank to the place assigned, the noise of the negroes was instantly hushed, and all the company crowded into a narrow space; though some, with feelings honorable to their hearts, had to retire to conceal their tears. Frank, after all, was trusted and loved! and many were secretly wishing for a redeemer!

"What is bid for this—this—fine—negro?" asked the auctioneer, very much as if he was selling his brother, and felt ashamed.

"Nine hundred dollars!" answered the principal dealer."

"Nine hundred dollars is bid!—Nine hundred dollars—is no more bid?—for the prime negro of the whole parish!—no more!"

"I bid one thousand five hundred dollars"—was now solemnly and firmly said from an unexpected quarter, to the left. All eyes were turned thither; when surprise was visible in most faces—anger in none. Indeed, some female faces suddenly lightened

up, as if a sunshine had chased away a cloud; and —"*Thank God!*"—was a murmur distinctly heard!

Mr. L. by his bid meant to show a war to the knife! and so the dealers understood the matter. True; they had come for a bargain, and they never cared to waste money; yet vexation, pride, revenge, and a special vindictive feeling now against Mr. L. and the negro, fixed, and immediately, their purpose.

"Two thousand dollars is bid! If that is not sufficient we can go a *little* higher for a first rate article!" On which both gentlemen dealers lay before them two well-stuffed pocket books.

Frank started with alarm! His mother was looking upward; she saw now, nothing on the earth, but her moving lips showed to whom she was crying!

Edward Leamington cast an imploring look towards where, a moment since, Mr. Wardloe stood. Good Heavens—he was not there!

"Two thousand dollars is bid, two thousand dollars, two thousand dollars, is no more bid? only two thousand dollars, going at two thousand dollars—go-i-n-g—at on-ly two thousand dollars!" drawled forth the auctioneer, making every letter as long as a slow and hard word—his voice trembling with fear, his eye wandering as if in a despairing hope—"for the last time, go-in-g at ——"

"Never!—two thousand five hundred dollars is *my* bid,—"

"And three thousand dollars is *mine!*—fire away! Prime article! I like its looks!" cried the dealer, excited, and yet cool; for something in Mr. L.'s side glance after Mr. Wardloe, had given the fellow a belief that the parson was near the bottom of his purse.

"Three thousand do-ll-ars is bid! Three thousand do-l-l-a-r-s i-s b-i-d—on-ly three thousand dollars!! *Will* no one bid any more?" said Mr. Auctioneer, in a supplicating, remonstrative tone; and yet no higher bid! "Go-i-n-g!—gen-tle-men!—I ca-n-n-ot wait"——

"I beseech you, Mr. Wetheril, give me only five minutes to think," interrupted Mr. L., shaking like an ague.

"Go on with the sale! Let's have fair play!" angrily cried out the dealer.

"I add to my bid," hurriedly called Mr. L., "all my library—all my wife's ——"

"I am very sorry to say, Mr. Leamington, the terms of sale are cash only, or notes with approved security," replied the auctioneer.

"Go on,—then—will you?" reiterated the dealer.

A moment before Frank had stepped across to Mr. L. and handed him a paper; then, to gain time, he advanced towards the auctioneer, and falling on one knee, he said in a voice that melted all but the dealer, "Master Wetheril, for the love of mercy and

humanity,—stay!—stay! oh! stay one single moment ——"

"Knock the nigger down!" cried the dealer in a fury—"and go on with the sale!"

"Going, at three thousand dollars,—once—twice ——"

"Four thousand dollars! four thousand dollars! stop! stay! four thousand dollars!" came convulsively from the parson.

"Unfair!" cried the dealer.

"Going at four thousand dollars," hurried on Mr. Wetheril, wonderfully improved of a sudden in elocution, only he spoke too fast now—"going, once—"

"Give *us*, if you can, *fairly*, a moment!" interrupted the dealer.

The auctioneer held his hammer! The excitement was intense! Then came from the auction table "*Twice!*"—when the auctioneer said, "Gentlemen, have *you* a higher bid? I pause one minute!"

The two dealers talked together earnestly a few seconds, but at last the principal said with a sneer,

"None!—too much religion here!"

"Three times—gone!"—then whack went the hammer and

FRANK WAS REDEEMED.

Reader! the outbursting cry of joy and thanksgiving startled the wild fowl from their sea-cradles, and they soared, screaming towards heaven; while the frantic leaps and gestures of the shouting negroes as they snatched the parson up in his chair, and bore him around the yard, amidst planters'' congratulations, and the smiles and tears of planters' wives and daughters, showed how the

Heart estimates goodness and love!

CHAPTER VI.

CHRISTMAS.

Does the reader ask what paper it was Frank handed Mr. L. at the sale? Let him recall the conversation in the boat between the uncle and nephew. Well, that was not without good effects on Mr. Wardloe. Perhaps it did not wholly satisfy him as to Frank's innocence and heroism; it impressed, however, a soft spot in that worthy planter's bosom, which he affected to call his "weak part," but which others, with more propriety, considered his noblest part. Mr. W. did many unexpected things in the way of generosity, and where his friends looked for indignation, he, to their surprise, expressed pity. He even gave a picayune where he at first determined to give a pickling.

After the rebellion Mr. W. became chairman of

the Vigilance Committee. Here he suggested and advocated stringent and summary measures; and volunteered to serve in the extemporary police, although exempted by the wishes, and even requests of his neighbors. Still it was happy not only for the negroes, but the owners, that a man with a weak spot in his heart, should be executioner as well as law maker and judge.

As a specimen of his violent measures, behold Mr. W. once among the patrol! He is well armed, pistols in his belt! dirk in vest! and cowskin in hand! Aye! let him catch a "nigger out that night without a pass!"

Look out, Sambo! here comes the patrol! Quick, into that bush! You silly ostrich, hide both ends! Too late!—now you'll get it.

"Let fly!" exclaimed a young policeman, "there's one ——"

"Hold!—I say!—don't fire!" cries Captain Wardloe; who thus calls to the negro:

"Come here, you scoundrel, you! Where's your pass?"

"Oh! Massa Wardloe, don't let 'em go for to kill me! oh don't! I'm Sambo!"

"Well! well! I know your Sambo, but where's your pass? What's your master let you go out for on Sunday night without a pass?"

"Lor bless Massa Wardloe, I's bin down to

meetin', and I tinks I'd git back to massa Chambers 'fore time ——"

Here police interposed:

"That's the old game, Captain! He ought to have at least two dozen, to teach him to pray a little faster. Captain, indeed, it will never do to take such excuses ——"

"By no means, gentlemen! So come along, Sambo—I'll give you a couple of dozen myself."

"That's right, Captain! Pay it into him well, let him finish up meeting quicker next time. We'll push on to Hedge's corner, there's always something along there," and away rode the patrol.

Now Uncle Wardloe hated to flog a negro; then what made him volunteer? Well, let us listen!

"Sambo, you are a most silly fool of a nigger! You must at all events have two little whacks to teach you sense and show at home; but mark you, jackass, after that, I shall pay away into this gate-post; and mind, I tell you, if you don't then roar out to make the patrol hear, why then if I don't *make* you roar, this is no cowhide. So strip off!"

Sambo performed that operation gracefully enough, saying. Lor' bless you, Master Wardloe—I'll holler like t' very old scratch for sartin; but, massah, please do the little cracks very lilly bit—indeed, massah, I no tell lie, dis time." And there stood ebony, shirt in hand, and back bare; on which

exposed part Mr. W. inflicted two lilliputian stripes, yet done rather harder than Sambo conceived was in the compact; for, squirming about and twisting his mouth into whistling shape, he cried out, much surprised, and a little vexed:

"Oh! gramince! grashis! - ..sah! I'se whipped for sartin!"

"Let out, you black rascal, then!" replied Mr. W. in a low voice, while he administered to the innocent and unsuspecting gate-post a whack with a vengeance, pealing wood and leather, on which Sambo performed "the let out!"

"Oh—ooh! Lord *bless* you, massah!—don't kill me."

Whack! — "Holler right!" — whack! — "you rascal!"

"Oh! let me go!—I'll never *pray* no more!—Oho! good massah! Oho-o!"

"Louder and right, you black fool! pray as much as you like!"—Whack! whack!

Sambo did not do it quite naturally, nor up to agony point; and so Uncle W., half in fun and half in vexation, gave darkee himself the next two whacks; which, of course, did not sound so horribly as on the gate-post, but they brought the real roar out of Sambo, and kept it up to high scream point during the remaining punishment of the gate. Indeed, the fellow

squealed now so very like piggy himself, that when the captain overtook his party, they said:

"Captain, save us from your cow-skin! Why, you have spoiled Chamber's negro for a month—you cut the poor rascal as if you were chopping down a tree!"

It was fortunately dark; and they could not see the captain's face, when at the hazard of betraying matters with a laugh, he answered—"I shall charge the vigilance committee the price of a cow-hide."

Reader! I well know that there are many Uncle Wardloe's in the South. I heard one thus answer Mr. Greenin from the North:—"You are a slanderer, sir! Hundreds and hundreds of negroes here never had a lash on their backs! Come down, sir, to my plantation; call up *all* my negroes; strip off their clothes; examine for yourself; if you find the smallest sign of a stripe, I'll pay you any sum!"

But Mr. Greenin went home prejudiced! He helped to kindle the fire of indignation meetings till sham saints, and mock patriots, and false philanthropists, were ready, for love's sake, to do nothing but hate! and for freedom's sake to overthrow a free country!

However, Mr. Wardloe was nearly as inconsistent the opposite way—and he would help at a pinch. He still had some lurking suspicions about Frank's share in the rebellion; because the following had

happened at the execution of the sixty negroes: When Woburn was about to be hung, he had said to Mr. Jenkins, his counsel—"I am about to die for my brethren in bondage; but I see a man that will at some time lead them to liberty in my place!"

Here Woburn had looked towards where Frank was standing; on which Mr. Jenkins asked—"You do not mean Frank Freeman?" And then Woburn replied—"I will betray no one by name; the man, however, did not actually *join* us this time—he cannot *avoid* it the next."

Jenkins was a humane man. He consulted with Mr. Wardloe; but not long after he was drowned by the upsetting of a boat; and so the matter had remained in Mr. Wardloe's mind, filling him with suspicions and misgivings. Yet at the sale, when he looked on poor Frank and his mother, and then at his nephew standing alone in his moral grandeur, and noticed the anguish of his mind; when he recalled his strange fainting, and thought that to be in some way connected with his interest in Frank, and that Mr. L. honestly believed he owed Frank a great sacrifice—half-blinded with tears he stepped from his place, and tearing a blank page from his pocket-book, with his pencil he wrote hurriedly:

"Can't stand it!—bid more!—bid a ——." At that "article" the uncle heard Edward's tremulous voice, in the expiring of hope, say—"*all my library!*

my wife's ——;" when he dashed down after "a"—$1,000! More chance made a *one* before the zeros; for Wardloo let the pencil take its own way now. Had it trembled into a 5, Wardloo would scarce have known the difference.

The dealers having witnessed Frank's movements, were after that last bid, $4,000, convinced the contest was hopeless; and therefore it was, as has been seen, abandoned. And hence our folks in due time all separated and went home to prepare for Christmas.

We old school people can remember as far back as the ancient holiday doggerel—

> "Christmas comes but once a year,
> And when it comes it brings good cheer;"

but the negroes of our parish fully illustrated its meaning; and Mr. Wardloo was one of the few that knew how to set forth a proper Christmas table.

Christmas is the *grand* saturnalia in the South. From three to four days *and* nights are given as holiday, during which every indulgence and license consistent with any subordination and safety are allowed. The land swarms with peregrinating blacks; as if the great black ants of the western Gopher hills had visited the island world to look at the crabs and craw-fish. The world lives out of doors, every body

being turned into charcoal and done up in fantasticals.

Each island turns into a vast dance house. It is the era of the Africantische—a genus of the poetry of motion—out-leaping all other polkas and hammer-the-floor affairs imported by the modern long-beards. It includes all sorts of single, double, compound, complex, implex, riggle and twist, forward and stop-short, back-again and go-a-head dances; in which floors are heeled into hollows—thick soles kicked against ebony shins—legs are here, arms there, heads down and feet up; while corn-stalk fiddles are scraped into agony, and calabashes emerge into banjos; and all and everything is a joyous uproar of jolly and unmeaning laugh er—wild refrain—silly song—absurd brag- jack-daw gabble—mill-clatter raillery—day and night—and night and day—all society seems resolved into chaos—the darkness only being visible!

The Maine spirits go South then; for Sambo and Congo, and Loango, do something then besides smelling at a cork! Ah! w.. o man! the "nigger" gets as drunk as you! Rum is an ultra-democrat—it levels down! Glorious liberty, however, of the free North! the white has the right to be drunk every day, to turn swine and roll in a gutter; but the poor negro slave has license to do this only once

in the year! Go---Northman! give Darkee the right to be a hog every day!

The present Christmas in our parish was to be a special time. The year had been prosperous; cotton was a fine "blow;" negroes had behaved well; planters had made money; and Mr. Leamington had redeemed Frank. The dealers—a sort of vagrants with Cain's brand on their hateful brows—had been defeated; and, hated and cursed in secret, they had gone away with their chains, and cuffs, and gags! Oh, planters! how joyous would be your Christmas, if ye would make laws to keep your negroes ever at home!

Many dinner parties were given to day; but *the* dinner was at Mr. Wardloe's. Here, of course, were Parson L. and his wife, and Dinah, and Carrie, and the children—not that the *colored* folks were to dine *a la abolitione*, but that they went to Eaglet Isle by express invitation. The darkies were to have a special "kick-up" to themselves.

Behold a saloon fit for a prince. The table runs through its longitude, perhaps, forty feet! The guests are seated, each with his *shadow* behind the chair—two dozen other waiters at a distance. That looks like business: every guest has something to do to-day, and will need his own helper; and, indeed, each guest, before he was let off to-day, felt in

need of two or three mouths, and the loan of some patent digester!

Being limited in the number of pages, we cannot, in imitation of modern ways, give the whole bill of fare; but the first course was, of *course*, soup. Then came the feathered part of creation, but without any feathers:—not vulgar barn-house creatures, but turkeys, pheasants, and ducks, with several sorts of backs, canvass included: and these roasted, boiled, fricasseed, with and without oysters and with proper gravies. And beef, if not *a la mode*, yet in every other mode. And hams, tongues, oysters fried, boiled, stewed. And other meats concealed in dresses as effectually as if done by M. Parlez, and served under hard names. And vegetables:—leeks, onions, squash, kershaw, (no pumpkin)—sweet potatoe in all its glory—rice in all its forms—pickles of all sorts, sizes and colors, and in bottles and plates. But time would fail to tell how many other edibles crowded the table till plate touched plate! Dish chimed against dish! Spoon jostled fork! and knife pushed spoon!

Now began the war! It was eating, eating! moistened with a *little* drinking!—and interrupted by talking!—and mingled with the clatter of china! —the ring of glasses!—the rattle of the cerealia arma! —the popping of corks!—the bubbling forth of rosy spirits and the loud foaming of barley-corn fr 'hs!

All which continued one good hour—and then came recess! And while the guests stopped to blow: off went plates, viands, liquors as by magic, and then table cloth No. 1 being removed, revealed cloth No. 2, and ready for

Second Course.—And this was tempting as a baker's show-window, where urchins stand on a cellar-door, and look affectionately on all the pies, tarts, puddings, jellies, and innumerable flour doings, frescoed, iced, bronzed, and in every mode of ancient and modern architecture! And now the spirits mocked at Temperance! The alcoholic legion was there in full force; they stood, rank and file, sixteen in number and name! This was before the birth of Teetotalism. Still, water was there. It was in bowls, however, where floated orange leaves, and into that odorous water folks from time to time dipped finger-tips, which were wiped on scented towels hanging from ebony holders! Water was like silver in the days of Solomon—not much estimated! Another hour was *consumed!*

And now cloth No. 3 was ready for the fruits. Here the tropics emptied their horns of plenty, to allure the sated guests with flavor, fragrance and beauty—but man cannot eat forever. Yet orange, and pine-apple, and pomegranate, and fig, and marmalades, and grapes, and guava jelly, and preserved limes, and almonds, and peccans, and filberts, and

cocoas—and other such, were tasted, or looked on with approving smiles, which said—"we would if we could!" Away then went the half-honored dessert, and No. 3 being removed, stood in its polish—

The naked table! For what? Aye, for what? Why for wines and cordials and elixirs of life! The drinking was to be done. And sure enough that battle began as if there had been no war before.

But what of the parson and his wife? They had disappeared, my dear Mr. Waters, with the last table cloth. And, although they had done nothing but nibble the last hour, and sipped the least possible at every toast and compliment, they were crammed and had a little headache, and faces slightly flushed. The fact is, a southern Christmas Dinner *is* a dinner; and when the host is Mr. Wardloe, and the occasion the rescue of Frank, you will need nothing more in the way of eating and drinking, that day and the day after!

The conversation was not more edifying than northern affairs of the sort; yet the Parson was toasted and congratulated till more than once he rubbed his eye hastily, as if a gnat was on the lid or lash. But when the ladies had gone, Mr. L. rose and spoke as follows:

"Gentlemen of the South:—That happy time is near, when science and art shall render the inter-

course between the South and the North daily and hourly. We shall be more than neighborhoods—we shall be vicinities; we shall shake hands and talk orally, every day. Then we shall not take our reciprocal views from books and papers, from prejudiced persons, from cliques and parties. From the first I felt at home here; if I had ice in my blood, your kindness long since dissolved it. The too great heat in yours, would temper into a generous warmth—but less inflaming. Hence the union of our excellencies would form a character to preserve the blessed Union of our states, forever. (Applause.)

"I felt our hearts were one that day! I am no soldier, gentlemen, but then and now, I felt—I feel—if fight I must—my sword must be drawn for our whole country! (Great applause.)

"Now, gentlemen, may I, pleading my cloth, and my well-known and frequently avowed views on social habits, be allowed to join the ladies?"

"Aye! aye!"—with three cheers for Mr. L., was unanimously responded. Upon the Parson's withdrawal, Mr. Wetherel, the auctioneer, arose:

"Gentlemen! I have knocked down many a black fellow in my way—but bless my soul, if I ever knocked down any poor fellow with a heartier whack than Frank!"

"Wetherel," cried Col. Hilson, "why the dickens didn't you knock down that insolent dealer?"

"I would, if you'll buy him."

"Aye! I'd buy him for the pleasure of tossing the scamp over to my negroes. The fellows would like such a hunt."

Mr. Wardloe regarded this as rather commonplace, perhaps; or he wished, maybe, to keep within bounds and please Edward; but he here arose and proposed:

"Gentlemen! let us drink *good afternoon*, and join the ladies. And so the company concluded the session.

The reader will naturally ask if the negroes had no dinner? Yes, verily. Except a few house servants who were to have a dinner to themselves, and who were, in fact, too tonish for field and common darkies, the others had a time of cramming, truly awful. Their affair came off at the "Quarters"; where they stuffed and drank, and sang and danced, as if Slavery was the Life of Lives. Sentences in whole, or in part, were now and then caught by the white folks in parlors and saloons, which were indices how the tide of fun was setting: thus—

"Two bale bid—only two—gwine—gwine."

"Massah, buy Frank for nigger parsin—"

"I's de niggah to cut shine round Carrie—"

"Oh! gosh! Ole Diner promis Frank hab um gal; you black crow—"

"Den I gwine to leave dis quiet place—*too much religin here!*"

This allusion to the disappointed dealers, was followed by three times three, and brought a smile over the white faces.

"He de slave chainer! gib um cow-skin—how de gemman make track when Massah Parsin holler out 4000 dollar!"

"Hurraw! for Massa Parsin—"

"Hurraw! for Massah Wardloe! He flog Sambo! Sambo, he cry—'I'se whipped for sartin'—"

"Huh! haw!"

Much of this delicate flattery was doubtless owing to the state of the stomach. The half-starved, ill-clad, idle free negro of the North cannot flatter. He can only cringe! And what can we expect? He is virtually a slave, and without an owner! A few men of genius and talent and morals (melancholy pyramids, alone in a desert) stand grandly up—Black Men among White Men! But why fight indignant against Destiny, when they can be Rulers of Destiny! Go, ye black men of talent and morals and knowledge—go! Make a deathless name in abolishing heathenism and slavery in your own land!

But the boats are ready; and now away homeward glide our happy parties. The merry laugh and

the boat song are still heard when the crews disappear in the haze and behind the waving grass, till faint, and yet fainter, and then like a moan, die away the voices in the distance.

CHAPTER VII.

DEATH OF DINAH.

To the imaginative, the Sunny South is Poetry. Its name touches mysterious chords, waking response in the soul to sounds that float on breezes odorous from groves of spice and orchards of lemon and orange. The light is all mellow and roseate; the air is cooled by winds from the ocean, where they heaved his bosom and sported with his foam crests, and now stir branches whose evergreen leaves decked with new blossoms are shading fruits—some rounding into form—some ripening into pulpy texture and luscious juices.

Luxurious repose and lordly indolence reign in the land of the pine groves, festooned with the moss-woven drapery. There the weary repose: the invalid is screened from biting winds! Hence, it is often supposed that clerical gentlemen of the South live in a dream-land; that their ministry is exercised among

the wealthy, with whom they visit in carriages, and with whom they live in an endless variety of tasteful and costly delights!

Never mistake greater! The fresh-fledged theologic that goes South under the influence of poetry, wakes, suddenly roused into most uncomfortable prose. The business of a true minister there is not among the rich, but the poor! Know it—ye fanatics! The rich in the South despise the minister that neglects the poor! The master abhors the pastor that forgets the slave! Hear it—ye miserable slanderers! The most laborious, pains-taking, self-denying, apostolic men, are the white ministers of religion in the South!

Curse away! They bless. Cast them out of your Alliances! They remain in the Church. Enjoy your literary breakfasts! your tobacco and wine! your Indignation Meetings! These self-denying brethren are among the poor Africans, watching for their souls, and fitting them for Heaven. Your excommunicated brethren are toiling in the midst of fevers and swamps, not to establish or overthrow governments, as ye, but to build up the Divine Kingdom. You may preach rebellions; but it is not their office to open rendezvous and raise signal flags for runaways. They turn slaves into the Lord's Freemen. The southern Christians hear your taunts and your scoffs; they pity and despise you.

Do *you* dare give *them* lessons in duty? Go—beg pardon for your presumption, and learn of those unambitious men, how in similar circumstances apostles behaved! Enter their churches: behold Ethiopia there! Consider their order, their decency, their dress, their serious faces, their devotion! Listen to their hymns; and without your whispering, envying, squabbling choirs—your opera singers—and your instruments of music! Follow them to the Table of our Lord! And will *you* dare after that to villify and mock the white ministers that have done all this! Blush for your effrontery, and mourn for your wickedness!

Our friend Leamington was emphatically the Negro-Preacher, while he fully met the demands of a rich, and refined, and intellectual community. He was the idol of that community; and mainly because he was the idol of the slaves. On Sabbath days he had special sermons for the negroes. But owing to the Sabbath Schools, and the domestic instruction of owners, they could understand and appreciate, in a degree, his elaborate discourses. In fact, many slaves could read well: some could write; for in spite of law and by connivance of law-men, nearly every gentleman and lady in the parish was a negro teacher.

True, the blacks sat often on carriage boxes as

white men in livery do north; but then the church doors and windows being open, Mr. Dark could hear as well outside as Mr. Light inside.

But Mr. L. limited not his negro labors to the Sabbath. He was instant in season and out of season: in the fields; in the quarters; by the road; on the waters—teaching, rebuking, exhorting. He was with the blacks in hours of sickness, of sorrow, of death; hence his word became law, his requests commands.

Mr. L.'s salary was large; but owing to his many benefactions, his gifts to his mother, his northern visits, his necessary style of living, he was usually poor in this world's goods, though rich in faith and good works. He was disinclined to accepting important presents; hence his wealthy friends feared to send other presents than tokens and mementos in the way of books and articles for a centre table.

Arrangements had been made by Mr. L. with Mr. Wetheril and the executors for the payment of the $4,000, which was done with comparative ease; because on the day of payments Mr. L. received from Mr. Wardloe a cheque not merely for $1,000, but, according to that gentleman's usual *weakness*, for $2,000. The note inclosing the cheque had this written with a pencil:

"Nephew, I send $2,000—I know your scruples. But I will *positively* take no denial. See here—

don't refuse the additional—I'll pitch it in the fire, if you send any back. You'll have it hard enough with the remaining $2,000. Yours, &c.,

H. WARDLOE."

Well, here was a calm after a storm. Folks sailed about now in smooth waters. Frank was overseeing and directing to the parson's content. Sarah was nestled away for life at Mr. Wardloe's. By a fall, some years back, she had injured herself internally so as to produce an enlargement of the heart, threatening death at any time, but specially in excitement. Dr. Harrison thought she might now live a dozen years.

Uncle Wardloe was happy. His acts of "weakness" seemed always to give him fresh health and spirits. And since the negroes had revealed, in their frolics, that Sambo had let "the cat out," Mr. Wardloe would himself relate the matter, and with pretty good mimicry do honest Sambo's surprise at being "whipped for sartin." And now when "Chambers' nigger" met Mr. W. he would venture, if Mr. W. looked smiling, to say—"Massa! how live oak post bellar that ar night!" adding, "God bless you, kind Massa Wardloe!"

And Mr. L. was happy. To a stranger, however, it was evident that the balmy South had not proved all it was hoped. A slight occasional cough; a very little pain in his breast; a blushing spot now and

then perceptible on his cheek, foretokened what his friends would not allow themselves to contemplate. Indeed, Mr. W. and Mrs. Leamington, the more the symptoms increased, would only say—"After all, how much better Edward is than before he came South!" But good people, and especially the Christian negroes, would say among themselves, "Massa Parson! he too good to last long! he like a lilly child,—he go bimeby to his Heaven[illegible]ther!" There was, indeed, no ground to fear a speedy, much less a sudden change: he might live for ten or more years. Some apparently worse had lived longer than that.

Mr. L., however, knew that he was in all probability not to live that long: that *his* sun would set at noon! And it was this made him work while his morning lasted; for this he desired so earnestly to save many souls, and chiefly, among others, the negroes who would be "jewels in his crown!"

But this sunshine at Evergreen was overcast with shade! Death of a sudden came, not indeed to our friend, nor as a messenger of terror! He came as an angel of beauty with a cherub's form and a seraph's voice; and for a saint waiting his escort to her home!

The family is summoned to the death of Dinah!

The parson and his wife have been with this aged slave daily since their return: not to alleviate pain, nor to soothe a troubled breast, nor to administer

medicines; but to prepare her for the entrance of the valley and the passage of the stream. The pilgrim is more than a hundred years old! She has merely lived life out; and she is now calmly, joyously, yes! triumphantly, awaiting the death-slumber! Sickness she has never known!

Dinah was a native African; and her face and arms were scarred and seamed with sacred marks, by which her regal ancestors were distinguished and known as children of the gods! Several years ago she told this story of her early life to her beloved master, our friend:—

"My fader, dear massa, was de king along de goold coast. I remember him on the big river; he very proud and grand, and have many warrior, and make many war, and bring home much slave and prisoner. He kill some to de gods and he sell some to de dealer. Ah! massa!—I bad den! I very proud! I feel big when I see hunder black man took into to de bush for make sacrifice! But I, poor blind hethun—I know now de cross of Christ!—I's differunt now—I could die for de poor black man now!

"One time, massa, de king, my fader, go out to git slave for de wite man; he come and say to my fader, me want two hunner more slave for cargo—me gib you eber so many gun, and bead, and cloth. And den my fader he call his soljer-men and he go in de dark night, and he burn great big village, and

he kill great many poor lilly chiller with de mudder, and bring back much fine big black man. I stan and see em come; but, massa, when de prisoner prince stan up and say to my fader—"king Congaree! kill me—no sell me for slave! I feel my heart kiss de gran prince! I lub him—he look so!

"And den dat night I go lone to de hut—I creep wid knife—I cut de grass rope—I say "me be your wife, I'm king's daughter!" And he say back—"I lub you for eber! I die for you!" And den we run to get bote; but de bad wite man he dar, and he take us both for slave! But de prince he fite like big lion!—and dey kill him on de sand!

"De wite dealer he keep me in de ship—and my fader he tink I run away wid de prince to his country. I's had much big sorrow, dear massa! But me glad for all dat—'case here I find Jesus; and 'de lite affliction work out de 'ternal glory!'"

Ah! reader! the human heart has the same chords, and they vibrate in all, the same! Is he a good man that will not call another—brother!

Dinah could not read; but by a constant repetition of any text she heard, from the pulpit or elsewhere, her memory was so stored that a stranger would readily believe she *read* the Bible. But now her Lord and master—her elder brother—had come! This saint of the Most High God, was going Home!

She sat in her large arm-chair, as the whole family, hastily summoned, entered and *stood* around, for not even master or mistress would sit there!

Near her great-great-grandmother, kneeled Carrie, her head on the knee of the old negress; while Joe, her brother, stood behind, his head on the back of the chair.

George and Julia clung to their mother; but when Mrs. L. after a while, sank overpowered on a chair, the children fell on their knees and buried their faces in her lap.

Frank and the other negroes stood behind this group, filled with reverence and awe.

None thought of color in that hut! Christ was there! Solemnity reigned, and without terror! The dying saw no darkness in the valley she had now entered! and the stream beyond was calm, its waters bright with gleamings from a glory partly revealed!

Dinah smiled, as she beckoned to Mr. Leamington, who was advancing, and she then took his hand, which she raised to her lips and kissed most affectionately, saying faintly,

"Farewell!—most kind massa! I going home, massa! I soon see *you* dar!"—

Here Mrs. L. sank down on a chair, and covering her face sobbed convulsively; while Mr. L. said with solemnity—

Death of Dinah. p. 120.

"Farewell! dear Dinah! Let God's will be done! When we *do* cross the river, may thy spirit be one to meet us."

On hearing the sobs of Mrs. L., the dying, as if her soul would cling to her mistress, cried:

"Missis! Miss Mary! I hear—I no see you! I nursed your mudder! I nursed you, missis! Your mudder angel now! I go see old missis!—glory!—I go—now."

"The Lord Jesus be with thy spirit," said Mr. L.

"I got de cross in my arms! Massa! Missis! I no see you now—dark! dark!"

"Lord Jesus receive her spirit."

"Amen!" sobbed the wife.

"Amen!" said the negroes.

"I—cold!—See! Jordan on fire!—Glory!"

"Son of God, receive her!" repeated Mr. Leamington.

A sigh quivered from the half-parted lips! A smile fixed on the stiffening features!—then, was the hush of death! But—

An idolator was saved! A slave was free!

In a few moments Mr. L. becoming sufficiently composed, and standing near the seeming sleeper, although he was ever and anon interrupted by the irrepressible outburts of feeling, said:

"Dinah is in Heaven! She found only a narrow

stream, and only a shade in the valley! The light of the city was on the water and gleamed into the path leading down thither! Children!—all of you!—you have seen a Christian sleep in Jesus! This room is more glorious than a palace—God has been here! Imitate all that was honest, faithful, obedient in Dinah; trust in her Saviour; so when you die all will be peace! May God grant that we may die the death of the righteous, and that our latter end may be peace! Thanks be to him who gave her the victory, and who is ready to give it unto us!—Amen!"

"Amen!" was the united and solemn response.

* * * * *

The funeral was appointed for the third day, that all the negroes of the adjacent islands, and especially the communicants, might make preparation, and have an opportunity of being at the burial. All the arrangements were committed to Frank.

At an early hour on the day appointed, the boats arrived from all directions, and filled to their utmost capacity. There was an utter absence of the usual garrulity and refrain. Instead of noise and song, hymns were heard in many boats; and in none was any conversation bordering on levity. Not that all were pious blacks or even specially moral; but this was a kind of national funeral.

The daughter of a negro king was to be buried! Her royal father ruled in Africa more than one hun-

dred years ago; she had delivered a prince from bonds, and then she had seen her first love die, and in her defence, and on the golden sands of the far-off river, away in the negro land! Old and gray-headed negroes were in those boats, who, that day, amidst all the soberness of religion, and the solemnities of death, and the humiliation of bondage, sat upright and folded their arms, and looked, themselves, like negro kings. Many of these were from the land of deserts—the mighty Sahara! And they, too, had each a—History! The soldier's eye would have discerned in those athletic forms, and muscular arms, and far-wandering eyes into a land of early dreams, and in the firm, set teeth—an army, which with the white man's discipline and weapons, could stand and defend a Home! But, stay—we are burying the dead!

The younger negroes were awed! They were going to lay in the grave one that had known their fathers' fathers—that had looked on their ancestors beyond the ocean—that had outlived the ancients—and that had heard the boat songs of the dead!

Reader! white men were in those boats. The negress that played in youth with the early lords of the islands—that had nursed their own mothers, and fondled and protected themselves in infancy—that told them fearful tales of her own early life in the idolators' land, and terrified them with legends of

witchcraft and incantation,—imitating the look and howl of conjurors and priests—that could give chronicles of the long past, and had history of their kith and kin—aye—that had dropped tears on the faces of their own dead—she, now, at the end of a century, was to lie down with the rest.

And now onward went the long procession—master and slave together—to the black woman's burial!

Mr. Leamington led the procession. Next, Mr Wardloe supported his niece, and then came Col. Hilson, Dr. Harrison, Mr. Wetheril, and about fifty additional gentlemen and ladies. The chief mourners (and mourners they were) Carrie and Joe, walked sad; but having adopted their grandmother's white children, each held one by the hand. Then came Frank; and then the coffin borne by young negro men. Then followed the hoary-headed negroes—chieftains and warriors once—and once, alas! all idolators, but most of them, now, believers. The younger negroes of both sexes closed the procession.

The spot for interment was a swelling ground near the edge of a pine grove. Here, in the part allotted to the slaves, a few head-boards marked the graves on this recent plantation. The proper place for Dinah's grave was on a far distant island; for there lay the negroes that had been her youthful companions; but the great inconvenience made it necessary

that she should lie among the dead of a new generation.

But now the living, uncovered, are around and looking into the pit. Hark! the cords! The coffin is at the bottom! And Mr. Leamington, after a service from a book, addressed the company, thus—

"Beloved Brethren:—Methusaleh lived almost a thousand years—and then—he died. This is the dream-life. It is passed like a tale that is told, and swifter than a weaver's shuttle. To-day we rejoice over the new-born; to-morrow we weep at his grave. It is but a step from life to death, though ten centuries are between.

"But who lives one century? Strange act—we have laid in the grave a woman of an hundred years. To us, on looking forward, like an eternity; to the antediluvians, the maturity of their youth; to all, when passed—nothing!

"Shall we weep that this African is here at rest? No. But if we do weep, be it for joy on her account—in mourning for ourselves. Boundless love of Christ! The dark soul of a pagan was bright with the light of life. Yesterday, she was prostrate before idols; to-day, she worships before the Living God.

"Let fall the earth gently on her coffin. We shall all go to her; she will never come to us. But, dear and beloved friends and neighbors, masters and servants, let us by repentance unto life, and faith in our

Saviour, be ready, as she was, when the summons comes! Amen."

And then, like the voice of the forest, came from that assembly the responsive—Amen. Then outswelled the hymn—

"When I can read my title clear,
To mansions in the skies,
I'll bid farewell to every fear,
And wipe my weeping eyes."

No organ was needed to sustain that song. It gushed from the heart! It pervaded the dark retreats of the pines, where the moss draped the scene as for the pageant funeral of some illustrious dead.

A prayer followed the hymn, offered by Mr. Leamington, master in one sense, servant in another; at the end of which the train turned towards the parsonage, and—

The negress awaited the Resurrection!

CHAPTER VIII.

ETHNOLOGY—EXTREME-MEN—SORROW.

It may, possibly, be true about worms, that they turn when trodden on. We know that spitted on fish-hooks, they will wriggle; but beyond doubt, bad men, when thwarted, will seek revenge.

This general remark does not apply to all slave-pedlars; because some born to the business are as conscientious in their merchandise as dealers in mahogany logs, or black walnut furniture. To these a negro is born to be bought and sold; and hence it would be opposition to a divine ordinance to regard blacks except as material, or stock, for trade and speculation.

Accidental evils are inseparable from this, as any other lawful traffic. The bleating calf must be abstracted from the cow's very dug—else we must forego early veal. And mutton could never be roasted if flocks of sheep were never thinned out. But it is plain *these* creatures were made for man's

use; and shall we rashly conclude negroes are not in some way fitted by Providence to benefit man! The accidental evils to these creatures are not owing to us: indeed, their sufferings, it is to be presumed, are more in appearance than reality.

Slight griefs are the noisiest. Griefs and sorrows deeply seated rarely use words—never cries. But it is well known the black creatures, when separated, scream out, and cry, and roar, even, till it is almost ludicrous to hear. Shall, then, such outcries, like the bellowings of other animals, known to have a kind of muscular, and convulsive, and instinctive grief, be placed on a level with the decorous tears and heaving hearts of men—uncolored!

True, marvellous stories are told of speechless grief, and even anguish depicted in the looks of black creatures; but who is ignorant that horses and oxen never cry out or complain when unmercifully lashed, although they look as if they did not like it? Yet, after all, suppose the black creatures approximate man's feelings and looks this way: it is clearly one of those mysterious and near approaches other inferior animals make to men in reason, but which never constitute them reasonable creatures.

Let any man, even if he have no extraordinary powers of mind, carefully study under a modern ethnologist, and the scholar must soon be convinced, on the *os sublime* principle, that man differs from

black creatures radically. See the black's downcast eye, when he is approached by a man with a cow-skin! Look at the heel—will any call that projection human? Why, the creature lives on corn! and stands bare-headed under a meridian sun in dog-days! And what sort of English does the creature talk? Plain enough; the Thing is only in the transition state, any how: the caudal incumbrance has barely vanished; and the creature is neither Brute nor Man. He is simply—a Nigger! And he must be treated like a Nigger!

Such are, beyond doubt, a few of the running reasons passing ever through a gentleman slave-merchant's mind, enabling him religiously and conscientiously to deal in the black-stock. And *better* reasons could he get. What better if he ransacked all the books of travels through Africa, written by savans? Hasty and narrow-minded folks say the slave-dealer is blinded by the love of gold. What blinds philosophers! No! no! let us be careful about judging lest we be ourselves judged!

Perhaps our disappointed dealers may have deemed Mr. Leamington an illiberal cynic; for, not long after, appeared in the "Black-Right Democrat," an extreme South paper, the following:

"RELIGION AND REBELLION.

"Wake! free democrats! wake! The devil has turned preacher, and converted the islands into half-and-half! This mongrel saint-land has a quadroon church, and a mule for a parson; and the holy ones speculate in saints and monopolize trade! Gentlemen traders, you'll find there no more bargains: the palmy days are over. Cattle are high there. Let a Tibbets cut *their* saintly throats; their chief saint looked as if he wished to cut white men's. Traders, wake up! Down with monopoly! Drive out the white niggers; we'll manage the black.

LIBERTY."

This choice morceau, (so happily imitated by the "White-Black Nationalist," the organ in the North, of ultra democrats, in the virtuous indignation and fitting epithets poured upon men of the same views as Mr. Leamington,) produced different effects in different places South.

The gentlemen dealers and pedlers, for instance, gave our two a dinner with toasts; during which, after the rounds of decanters and other spirit-holders, speeches of intense patriotism burst out, full of fire and fume; and abounding with daggers, and dirks, and bowie-blades, and similar sharp and pointed figures. And these air-guns and gas-pops

were aimed at the whole North above Mason and Dixon's as far as Iceland; but at the Yankee North most pointedly; and in general at the most horribly be-cursed traitors and hypocritical black-coats, canting fools, whining bible-readers trying with their d— and G— d— foolery to turn apes and niggers into men!

The whole of this grandiloquence, however, is repaid with compound vengeance and interest when the extra-patriots and philanthropist in the opposite zone flare up and swear, in their way, at the whole South and every white person there as engaged in a God-defying, diabolical, soul-destroying, body-lacerating attempt to turn men into apes. The happy effect of which antagonism is to keep the waters of strife always at boiling point, and to preserve a keen edge on the temper by the hard friction. Beyond this waste of steam and wearing of tempers all great meetings usually end in great processions, great speeches, great resolutions, great dinners, great expenses, and great gas!

At Evergreen and other adjacent places, some were amused at the antics of the honorable company of traders; as people are generally at the North, with the buffoonery of the no-government folks; most of whom do the farces there, for the love of the fun; saving the agents, bill-stickers, and others, who contrive, for the profit, to keep the poker at a red heat.

Individuals on the islands uttered characteristic sentences and exclamations. The parson, for instance, when he read the article in the paper sent him by Col. Hilson, said to his wife—

"Oh! what an escape for Frank! What horrible profanity! I dare not read any more."

At the Club House on Sand Plains, Mr. Wetherel, bursting into a laugh, cried out in his best style—

"Who bids for this Democrat? Nothing bid! Going, for nothing—once—twice—"

"One kick!" by Col. Hilson.

"Only one kick! by Col. Hilson! Only one! Worth a dozen, and cheap at that—going, at only one—"

"Bring the writer, and I'll give two dozen," said the Colonel.

"Two dozen cow-hides!" cried Mr. Wardloe.

"Well laid on a live-oak post!" added Dr. Harrison.

This being the first Club House, allusion to the memorable night of the patrol, brought down the house in thunder; on which Gen. Brooksea, holding his wine-glass, arose and gave—

"THE MAN WITH A HEART."

This emptied all cups, and started Mr. Wardloe to his feet; but instead of a sentiment he delivered a speech:—

"GENTLEMEN:—I crave indulgence when I say this

is among the happiest moments of my life. I know I have often *smiled* where a *frown* was proper, and *melted* where justice demanded rigor. But after all, in this I only represent this part of the South.

"Gentlemen, I know your hearts ever incline to any plan or scheme bidding fair to meliorate, if not remove, the evils of our political state. And yet I am proud to say, that except in one point, and that imaginary more than real, here, in our island homes, the African is happier by far than ever he was in his own land, and happier than he can be in the Union as a nominal citizen.

"Hence, when I read the bitter and unjust taunts against us by those lying Northern speechifiers—(*heart* began to wax warm against *head*)—my indignation becomes uncontrollable! Good heavens! to apply such Billingsgate to the generous and noble men, such as are now around me—is too much to bear. Aye! gentlemen, had I such sneaking poltroons tied to the post—I tell you, gentlemen, post would be unscathed, that time—but I give—

"HEARTS SOUTH AND NORTH."

Out came three times three, with sundry poundings on the table, rattling the empty glasses—but we must leave the club.

Let the good hope from one fact—that the attempts to sunder seem to unite. It was so among our Islanders. While matters are essentially sound at core,

there will be an adhesion of parts in that; and we may by mutual kind and honest advice and forbearance heal this, rectify that, and discard something else. And then we bear that loquacious tribe—the mere speech-makers. Everybody must have a vocation; and it would be a pity the body politic afforded no arena for oratory and elocution.

Every village and hamlet, therefore, has its little Theatrum, where young beards may do their first speeches, and the budding combs do their youthful crowings. And these always find their early themes in the bad roads, the dirty streets, the negligence of dog-catchers, the sad condition of the poor, or, the theme of themes, in the aristocratic swellings of some unfortunate fellow that has worked like a horse all his life, and got, at long last, a larger house or a finer coat than his neighbors. What! if ruts are not filled, if streets remain unpaved, if the beggar still buys rum with his charity sixpence, if the aristocrat takes his oysters and ices—the grand good is gained. The youthful orators have had their—practice.

Thus our common country smilingly and rather approvingly bears with the large boys, whose sole vocation is indignation oratory. Times come when oratory and eloquence of the very first water are needed; as, for instance, what should we have done had the Fugitive Slave Law come upon an unprepared, unpracticed set of speakers. But, as it was,

what Demosthenian, Ciceronian, Hastingtonian, Patrickhenrian doings on that platform! What severe flashes of heat and chain lightning darted out! What astounding peal after peal of earth-shaking thunder, a second and a half after! Above, the great eagle hovered—his eye fired with the orator's hot indignation! And when the speaker burst into full gust, the mighty bird with a remarkable muscular action of his claws, let fly all his barbed arrows at once!

Our souls shuddered! Farewell, South! good-bye, North! Disunion now and forever!—two or more, hereafter, instead of *E Pluribus Unum!* Our songs of triumph will be hushed! none will sing "*Hail, Columbia*," more, nor whistle "*Yankee Doodle!*" Mighty speech! it has shivered into fragments the blood-cemented column of our fathers, and scattered into mere spangles the stars of our banner!

But—still there we stood! And the South stood! And the North stood! And the Union Column stood! And the brass bands were blowing "*Hail, Columbia!*" and the news-boys were whistling "*Yankee Doodle!*"—and, we had had the sweating all for nothing!

Yes—but the Orator had—Practice in his Profession—and Praise from his Party!

However, let us not forget Mr. Leamington. He

soon recovered the shock given him by the Black-Right Democrat; yet another was at hand that aided to shatter that clay tabernacle into a speedier dissolution. For, some weeks after this, he received a letter from his native village in the North. He knew the writing well; and as usual he kissed the superscription before he broke the seal. Yet, as he kissed the writing, disquietude was in his look; for, while that writing was, indeed, his mother's, it was not as usual—but was irregular, and tremulously done.

Why this? The letter will show.

"*Hopeful*, December 25, 182—.

"EDWARD, MY DEAREST:—May the Lord sustain you!—and He will. But we have both been long prepared for this:—Dr. Jordan thinks there is no hope of my life beyond next summer! Edward! can we not meet once—the last? And your dear wife—my much beloved—my only daughter, since Sophia preceded me home!—will she not come again? Ah! Edward! if I might go to my rest—in your arms and hers!

"And oh! if I could kiss and bless the dear little ones—my grand-children—never yet seen! Come all—and if the Lord will—come lay me with the beloved ones!—near your best of fathers!—and the other three!

"Alas! this is too sad writing! The doctor thinks if you came early in the summer—but my poor palsied hand writes worse than ever! Oh! Edward! Edward! And shall we all pass away so soon? But keep up, for *her* dear sake: *she* will need a comforter then! Yet—joy!—oh, joy! she also knows the Shepherd that leads by the still waters, and will sustain——

"Farewell!—yet surely we shall meet this last once—

"Your mother,

"CHARITY LEAMINGTON."

Reader! is the earth a place to build lasting hope on? Every letter moves some heart with fear! The postman's knock ever startles the middle-aged. It rings in the dreary caverns of the soul, haunted with shadowy forms of the past. It says—look away to the Future!

Our friend thus reflected as he sat in his chair, his head resting on one hand, and the mother's letter in the other—the letter wet with his tears.

"Oh! my mother," said he to himself, "sudden, indeed! if not unexpected wholly. Yes—God willing—we will come. We will lay you in that spot—and—yes!—I shall soon pass away! Oh! my Mary—my babes!—could I only live for you! Fondly—purely—have I loved her:—perhaps, not so

selfishly as the *lost* one! She, perhaps, repented! ——Somerville!—villain!—Nay, nay—I had thought all that passed! Oh! poor wretch, how will *he* die? Eternity!—Eternity!—how dreadful! Somerville, repent! oh, repent! I do forgive you all now—even as I hope I am forgiven!"

Here Mr. L. rose, and fell upon his knees; and he prayed not with words, but with throes of the soul! When he arose he washed his face; and with something of the usual composure on his countenance, he rang a bell, which was soon answered by Carrie.

"Carrie, my good girl," said he, "tell your mistress I should be glad to see her."

"Yes, master," said the girl with a curtsy, while she remained looking inquiringly and affectionately.

"What is it, Carrie?"

"Ain't kind master well?"

"Thank you, Carrie—but I wish to see Mrs. Leamington."

The negress waited not an instant now, but going into the lady's presence, she began:

"Oh! missus! I fear poor master ain't very well! He look so sorry—he make me cry!"

The next moment Mrs. L was in the library.

"Why, Edward, dear—is anything wrong?"

"Mary, my love, our dear mother has written; it was her letter, Frank brought—alas! her health is much worse! Indeed Dr. Jordan has fears ——."

"Edward! let us go and see her!"

"Oh! dear wife! truly you are her 'dear daughter,' as she names you in this very letter. Indeed, she has requested that we come and see her—yes, Mary, this last time."

"Oh! we will go, and immediately."

"That happily, Mary, is not necessary; it will do if we can be at Hopeful very early in the summer."

"Would she not, Edward, rejoice to see her little grand-children?"

"That, indeed, is also her request—but ——"

"But what, Edward?"

"We must take attendants."

"That is not necessary. I will take care of our children myself."

"Never! I know your fears about Carrie and Frank; but they will not *easily* leave us."

"Not easily; and yet they *might*. Dear husband, I fear everything of late; and such disaster would so affect your spirits, and would so retard the attempts our southern friends here are beginning to make towards emancipation schemes. I confess I do fear exposing even *these* two to the sort of temptation there awaiting them."

"Yes, such a thing would grieve me, Mary; yet, they will, I hope, bear the trial."

"No common tempter, husband, will ever influence Frank and Carrie. But the very excellence of

these will subject them to arguments not usually set before common negroes, and arguments harder for the generous and noble to answer, than any others."

"I know this," interrupted Mr. L. "But still I cannot, I will not, allow you to go in any other way than a southern lady, come what may. You must go as the niece of Mr. Wardloe; and no loss or grief to myself shall weigh against this determination."

"Always yourself, Edward! I would willingly, for your sake, go unattended and be my 'own help,' but I yield obedience, as a dutiful wife, and will go, therefore, as a southern lady goes when accompanied by her children." "How shall I be received, though? We have never yet taken north any slaves."

"My mother, dearest wife, will receive you as a daughter; the truly religious, as a woman and a Christian; persons of good breeding and good sense, as a lady; but if any choose to forget their own Christianity or politeness, I shall fall back, like an insulted southern, upon 'our reserved state right,' and retire 'from the union;' yet we have little to apprehend."

"Well, my patriotic Edward, I go as you wish; for united *we* stand, divided we fall."

The spring was now well advanced; but yet nearly six weeks later than this, our friends had heretofore

set out for the north. Now, if possible, they determined to start in two weeks; and immediately preparations were commenced. The children, greatly delighted, were curious to see a part of the world where only white people lived; Julia wondering if Frank and Carrie would turn white; and if so, how they would be made black on coming home; while George wished to know if they would take a boat along to travel over and upon the rivers.

Mr. Wardloe was in very low spirits, because the children would be absent. He did nothing but wonder what he should do till they returned. He more than once insisted Mr. L. should prevail on his mother to come and live in the South, saying, "It would never do to let such a woman die merely for want of a good climate;" and then seizing his niece in his arms, he would, half-smiling and half-tearful, bid her observe—"how Edward himself had improved!"

On one occasion the niece answered—"Oh! dear uncle! my mind is filled with forebodings—but does Edward really look better?"

"Oh! he is only agitated; he *can't* be seriously worse, you know! If his mother was only here, he would be well at once."

"Perhaps so, uncle; and yet I sometimes imagine Edward himself does not expect to live long."

"Poh! poh! niece," interrupted Mr. W., "Ed-

ward *must* be better than he was, you know. Then Frank will take such care of him—why, Frank watches him to death."

"Ah! if, maybe, Frank after all should not come back with us!"

"Oh! he will!—that is, if the accursed fanatics let him alone. Indeed, I think they'll fail with him anyhow."

"That is my hope, uncle. And yet I do not so much mind Frank's being coaxed away, as the ill-effect on dear Edward. If Frank should desert us, Edward will never seek for him."

"No! never! Leamington is not the man to hunt up runaways, that's certain. Indeed, if one of Yankee Grim's poor devils ran off—I don't know that I might not screen him myself."

Here the conversation had ended. It was not much wonder that Mrs. Leamington had her fears about Frank, knowing, probably, as she did, things such as the author knows. We, for instance, have been in a *pious* minister's study, where we were introduced to *brother* Black, a gentleman of color just delivered for safe-keeping over the Sabbath, and next day to be forwarded to other *pious* and *devoted* clergymen on the line towards Boston, or Springfield, or Canada. And all these holy overseers of other men's flocks would doubtless have told me with the same intense satisfaction as did this reverend senti-

nel, how brother Black had run away not because he was badly treated, but from his preference for liberty: and that he had stolen a horse from the master, having done work enough to entitle him to a horse at least! and maybe a cow to boot!

We have been in company with other two equally excellent ministers; who supposing us "one of them," related with glee how they had aided the escape of a mulatto *valet*, his master having been dexterously trapped into a company of northern *gentlemen* and *ladies*, that opportunity might be afforded of doing him that singular favor. It was a new edition altogether of Paul and Onesimus!

And we have known a still more exemplary minister of ——, who decoyed away a simple house servant, till her mistre s had *left*, and then—what? Why, afterwards he let said simpleton take charge of herself—to become maybe a beggar!—possibly a —something worse.

Arrangements were at length all completed; and nothing remained except the final adieus. And these, owing to the circumstances already narrated, were sad. Frank and Carrie were, perhaps, least sad; specially Carrie, who with the consent of all parties was, on the return, to become Mrs. Carrie Freeman. Frank would have been equally joyous, only the parting with his mother brought a cloud over his sunshine.

All, in due time, were in the boats; of which there were several, Mr. Wardloe and other gentlemen having resolved to escort our friends to the city, and see them safely embarked. Two persons, however, lingered on the beach—the mother and her son. This was their first parting!—who could say, if it would be the last?

The arm of Frank sustained Sarah, and she let fall her head upon his bosom! She was striving to be calm—the irregular heaving of her bosom showed the tumult of sorrow within! At length in broken and half-choked words she found utterance for the deep thoughts——

"Frank! Frank! Tibbets no good man—but he talk like an angel! No hear him talk, Frank! You leave Massa Leamington, and your poor mudder's heart break for sartin! Me no want to live no longer!"

"Mother! mother! I will die with dear Master Leamington—but I will *never* forsake him!"

"Den I live till time come; but Frank, your mudder say for last word—

PRAY!"

CHAPTER IX.

THE VOYAGE—SURPRISE.

In those days ocean-steamers belonged to the dream-world. And when, in vision they came from some fog, and then lost shape in a few moments, they became strange sea-monsters with a whale's body and enormous fins, like the wheels of an old style of grist mill. It looked as if Neptune had exchanged his trident for a pipe, and was blowing smoke into dirt-colored clouds. The waters were yet in partnership with the winds; and sail-makers were as necessary for voyagers as the sooty Cyclops of an iron-workery. Voyages then consumed days and weeks; we went not in those times by hours, but by leagues.

By the aid of poles and cables, and tides and yo-heave-ohs! with plenty of scolding and no little swearing, packets moved like big snails away from wharves, as from fast and firm friends; and, after

remaining in sight a day or two, in river or bay, they little by little contrived to sink under the horizon; and in the course of a few weeks or months, or some time, went into a port three or four hundred miles off, slow and cross.

But now-a-days, a little tinkle of a silver-alloyed bell, a strong cry of "*all aboard!*" a hoarse cough of steam, as if some big body had a particularly bad cold, and meant to be rid of it—tide high or tide low—wind here or wind there, or no wind at all, nothing but air or atmosphere being now necessary—and the wharf recedes towards the wharehouses! Then people shake adieus with hats and shawls; and in 12, or 20, or 30 hours, folks are—there!

Sea, at best, is a punishment; but in old times, when the Wade-Hampton and Georgia Packet used to transport the prisoners!—faugh! it makes us sick to think about it!—why then, we solemnly resolved every time we went to sea it should be the last! And once, we were so conscientious as to keep our word, and came from Savannah all the way to Philadelphia on land, (mud, water and swamp included,) and by the lower roads! But, oh! frying-pan and fire! old packets were Elysiums to that!

Folks at sea, however, used to amuse themselves—after the cascades, of course; and people on land, well strapped and laced to the intercourse point of polite life, would unbuckle and unbend, and ease off

then. Old packets were sad places for ladies and gentlemen of severe dignity.

Once upon a time the Wade-Hampton had nearly an hundred passengers. An intimate acquaintance, who had made haste to reach Philadelphia, from the interior, arrived, as was usual in whip-lash times, too late for a berth, but just in the nick of time for a mattrass and blanket. He chose, of necessity, the bed and—board. Hence, in pleasant nights he slept on deck, where the air was well salted, and in stormy nights, on the cabin floor, where the air needed salt or some chemical purifier.

In time, all ordinary recreations and quizzings being exhausted, and the passengers sinking into the typhoid state, discontent on every brow, and languor in all looks, and murmur and growl in all tones; and when nothing was left to exhilarate but an unexpected ducking of some half-sick dandy holding on to a rope near the gunwale, or some happy lurch of the ship that would upset the gravy at dinner, or pitch somebody attached to a chicken wing or drum-stick against the state-rooms—then our friend, with great magnanimity, and from pure philanthropy, resolved to try—ventriloquism.

His mat was over a covered hatch, down which one might leap towards the bilge-water. Around, in all berths, single and double, passengers were packed for the night, as animals in a barge going to market;

some asleep, some afraid they were going to wake, some pretending to sleep, and all turning over every few moments to make things more comfortable, when—

"Meyeow!" went a cat somewhere.

"Steward!" cried a crusty old gentleman, pretending to have been *waked*, but looking through his little window with his *spectacles* on, "turn that cat out of the cabin, will you?"

"Cat?" cried that most unthanked and overwrought officer; "there is no cat—"

"Meyeow!" answered the phantom.

"Why, so there is!—but where?"

"Here! steward."

"There! steward."

"Well, how *she* got here I don't know," said the steward, trying to be in both places at once.

"Me-*yee-ow!*"—with better accents.

"'Long here!—'long there!—there she is!"—came from all quarters, folks now being *all* awake and very anxious to see a cat.

The worthy and bepuzzled steward (a half-darkee man) went now, stooping and peering along the floor near the berths, while grimalkin, (by courtesy,) kept just one berth ahead, till the last was reached, when puss mysteriously crossed the cabin, and the search was carefully pursued on the other side and with equal success—cat was not found! Our hero had

never before made trial on a company of strangers, having confined his practice to his friends; and succeeding now better than his expectations, he at last became a little unguarded, when of a sudden the steward, running towards his mat, cried out with satisfaction and pity:

"Ah! poor cat!—she is down the hold, right under this here gentleman's bed! Poor thing! she must be half-starved—'tis four days since we left the wharf!"

"Poor creature!" exclaimed all the ladies; "get her out, steward—that's a good fellow!"

"In a minute, ladies! Will the gentleman please get up?"

"Certainly, steward," answered Mr. Makebelieve.

The hatch was instantly uncovered; and sure enough, as all anticipated, a decidedly louder and more articulate cat-cry came forth. But then, alarmed at the sudden light and the sudden jump-down of the steward, the silly cat retreated to some remote and dark corner! Vain! the coaxing "puss! puss! puss!—poor pussy!—po-o-or pus-see!" in the steward's blandest tones and most piteous intonations! The silly creature would not appear—nor even answer!

"I will get a lantern," said the half-vexed steward. Of course the fears of the cat abated, and the calls for aid and food were louder and more importunate;

but alas! the performer's mouth coming unexpectedly against a fellow-passenger alongside, that gentleman said in a low voice:—"Ah! [illegible] is it you!—keep on!—keep on!"

Of course, the benevolent performer *did* keep on; and much to the steward's bewilderment, who, after a most scrutinizing hunt with his lantern, at last popped his head out of the hatch, and declared solemnly, on his word and honor, no cat was down there! At which, the truth flashing into some intelligent passenger's thoughts, he cried out:

"Good!—first-rate!—we have a ventriloquist on board!"

After that, the cat-ghost was laid! for our hero had no ambition to become a professor of the fine arts. This he says was his first, his last, his only public performance; and that was for the good of the people.

But, reader, Edward Leamington was not driven to these ridiculous expedients; for happily, and as a wonder, a voyage that often took twelve days, was now only six! The author was once sixteen days about the same thing, and in the same ship!

The wind and weather, so constantly favorable, could not make joyous hearts going to a house of mourning; yet they did so favorably affect her husband's health and spirits, that Mrs. L. found her forebodings vanishing, and she looked and smiled as

in the days of her early marriage life. And this again so exhilarated Mr. L., that for a while he almost forgot the insidious foe, that none the less surely, if more slowly, was ever, amidst smiles and caresses as in darkness and sorrow, mining towards life's citadel.

Mr. L. went so far now as to say within himself—"Some, they say, have recovered—and when farther gone than myself—and why is this incurable? I never *felt* better in my life, at least for some years. I know the day of miracles is passed; but the days of providence are not. His power is infinite, and so is his goodness—*perhaps* we *may*, after all, live together till old age! Merciful Father! spare me for *her* sake!"

The very day before Boston harbor was in sight, Mr. L. casting his eyes towards a shelf not yet noticed, and that held some books, thought he would while away an hour in running over a few pages of fiction, which the captain had said, were in that part, somewhere, of his library. He was alone; Mrs. L. having gone to her state-room to change a dress, and the children being among the seamen on deck, and in charge of the servants.

Among the books he discovered a Bible,—a strange and yet familiar look being about it! He seized it with a trembling hand—he turned pale! He staggered to a seat—was he ill? He was,

reader. A rude blow that moment dispelled all hope and forever of a long life!—that Bible *was* his own gift to the false one! On a blank leaf were these words, and written by his own hand—"A husband's best gift to his wife!" How long Edward sat in a stupor he knew not; but he was aroused by the voice of Frank—

"Oh! my dear, kind master!"

"Hush, Frank! Hand me some water! I fear I am not *so* well as I thought. But help me on deck, Frank, and ask the captain if he can come to the quarter deck for a few moments."

Frank did all that was ordered; and soon the captain appeared on the quarter, where, on noticing the Bible in Mr. L.'s hand, he said—

"Oh! that's the very Bible! I mislaid it—I am glad to see it again."

"Why?" Mr. L. could ask no more.

"A lady, last voyage, left it in her state-room."

"A lady!"

"Ain't you well, Mr. L.?" kindly asked the captain. "Allow me to bring a little brandy and water?"

Mr. L. did not wish the seaman's cordial; but it would gain time, and he suffered the captain to go after the beverage. Meanwhile he so far recovered his presence of mind as to say, on the captain's return—

"Thank you, my kind sir, for this trouble."

"No trouble, sir—come, take a hearty drink—take a *good* hearty drink—'twill make you feel better."

Captain Seagrass was a sailor of the olden times—a navigator—a veteran—a man. He did not dress, nor play cards, nor lie a-bed, committing his cargo and passengers to dandy clerks and drunken engineers and pilots; he took care of everything himself; but, like folks in those days, he thought brandy and water superior, and for all complaints, to all the quack medicines in the universe.

Mr. L. sipped a little, and then asked as indifferently as possible:

"A lady forgot this?"

"Yes, sir. She was not in very good health, and spent much of her time, I believe, in reading that Bible. She came on deck sometimes, however, with her father!"

"Her father!"

"Her father, sir, Mr. William Henderson, of Mobile; a man quite as fit for a parson, sir, as for a planter. Why, sir, he preached to the sailors on Sunday like a bishop."

"His daughter was married?"

"I am not sure, sir. Mr. H. simply called her daughter."

"She was taking a voyage, I suppose, for health?"

"I think so. Indeed, Mr. H. said he wished his

daughter to try a sea-voyage, and to spend the summer in the cool bracing air of New England. But——"

"What? captain."

"Oh! only from her looks I should think it most likely her father will not carry her home again. Mr. L., had you not better try a little more of your brandy and water, sir? You certainly are not very well! Let me have some cushions brought up."

"I am much obliged to you, captain; but if you will allow me I will go below."

Mr. L., retaining the Bible and declining the captain's offer of assistance, descended into the cabin, and on tapping gently at the state room, the door was instantly opened by his wife. Struck with the sudden alteration in her husband's appearance and manner, she would have spoken; but Edward putting his arm affectionately around her and kissing her cheek, said—

"Sit down, my Mary, with me, on this sofa."

"What is the matter, dear Edward?" asked his wife, alarmed and wondering.

"You will not *hate* me, Mary?"

Mrs. L. surprised and a little grieved, simply echoed—

"*Hate!*"

"Oh, forgive me! I wrong you. No! no! you

cannot hate—I would rather die than imagine that possible!" exclaimed the husband.

"Edward! you greatly alarm me. Oh! what can this mean?"

"This will explain all;" he answered. "This is *her* Bible! Helen is *not* dead."

"*Helen!*"

"That is she! Did I *name* her? Oh! *name* I once uttered, as I utter yours, Mary! I buried the *name* with her; but the *name* rushes into life with herself."

Mrs. Leamington, although not comprehending how her husband had learned from that Bible that his former wife still lived; yet, knowing that he had been legally and righteously at liberty to marry again, and well understanding what was now innocently passing through his mind, with a woman's tact, said, in a soothing voice—

"Be composed, dearest Edward! Need I assure you of it?—no! Edward! Edward! if anything, I love you more tenderly and proudly, now, than ever. Yes! the more because you *cannot* forget *her!*"

"Dear, admirable, incomparable woman! Oh! rebuke me not, let me praise you! I *do* from my deepest soul love you, now, as I ever have done; as I *will*, till my heart ceases its beatings! Perhaps I do not (for man loves so but *once*) love even *you* so *idolatrously*—but may I tell you all?"

"Edward, pour your full heart into mine!"

"May the Holy One bless you, Mary! I will tell you, then, all the past; and then, why I think she may yet be living; but the Captain thinks she will *never* live to return to her home! (Spite of all her secret rebukings, Mrs. L. felt something like relief from *fear!* At all events, she felt that *now* jealousy could never have the smallest lodgment in her breast.) I will begin with our childhood.

"We were school-mates and companions in childhood—nay, we were always lovers. She was then beautiful, and, as she approached maturity, her beauty increased. I loved, as they say one can love but once. An image of purity and loveliness, she was my thought by day, my dream at night. Her voice, to me like a seraph's, would thrill me into tears or smiles—I lived, indeed, almost for her only. I know I could then have easily died for her. In some things we were alike, in others, very different. She was much gayer and livelier than myself; certainly she was more impulsive, and she often did what she soon was sorry for. She may have loved as *ardently*, but not so *deeply*." Mr. L. paused a moment, and then added—"No! no! *not* so deeply!" Then, as if correcting himself, he said, tenderly—

"Oh! Mary! Mary! I forget myself."

"The good, and the honest, and the generous,

must have loved so, Edward!" answered Mrs. L., while she pressed his hand against her breast.

"The past is before me! If I go on it will move me more than it should," continued he.

"Never!—oh! how unworthy of your love, Edward, should I be, if I even *wished* you not to feel! For my sake, Edward, go on."

"I will, Mary. We were engaged to be married long before our maturity; and not long after reaching adult age, we were married. But Helen had another lover—nay, she had many; for to see her was to love her. This one, if never beloved in turn, was not disagreeable to her. Never had she played with any the coquette, only now and then, before our marri[illegible], she would playfully say, 'Edward, had I never known you, I believe I would run away with Charles,—yet grandmother says she does not like Charles.' As far as exterior was concerned none could have blamed Helen's choice; he was then my superior—and even you, Mary, must think so ——"

"Edward," interrupted his wife, "that miscreant Somerville has no comeliness in my eyes."

"He was, however," resumed Mr. L., "more accomplished, (Mrs. L. thought differently,) and like Helen, he was fond of gayety and amusement. I am naturally a little reserved, and, perhaps, not naturally sprightly; but, shortly after our marriage, and during a revival of religion at Hopeful, I expe-

rienced, as I fain would believe, that great moral change that constitutes the Christian. I soon resolved to abandon the law and study divinity.

"No change of this kind took place in Helen's views and feelings, and my determination was very disagreeable to her; it not only precluded, as she thought, all hope of worldly advancement, but my seriousness and change of profession would debar her from the innocent amusements of life. Alas! my early Christian friends and advisers, through mistake, did themselves assume, and caused me to assume, a demeanor too cold and forbidding;—some even proscribing all music, except psalms and hymns! They thought it a sin to be merry and light-hearted.

"A temporary estrangement on Helen's part now was evident. Yet I did now redouble my exertions to make her happy—poor dear thing! (Here our two friends both shed tears)—yes, poor dear Helen! But this distressed her; *because* I made an effort;—she wished no *effort* necessary. I meant well—but we both felt that a change in her was the only thing that had power to make us as we were! Oh! God! a dream of life had ended!——A gulf was between us!

"Meanwhile Somerville came as usual to our house—oh! if villains were always hateful in appearance! But whatever he may be now, rarely—indeed, never was there a man that could so win

confidence and even fascinate so quickly. Was it so wonderful that Helen should just then feel his company a relief from what she deemed and even called the gloom and sadness of Methodism! Nay, by my own acquiescence, he became her escort to such parties and places as were frequented by the moral and respectable of the world; and that I feared to forbid lest I might provoke her to wrath, although entreaty and kindness were used to win her away.

"Somerville, I feared, indeed, was perhaps sceptical on religious matters; yet he was a gentleman and regarded as a man of high honor and I did not then—I could not think of him as I do now. Whether from the first he meditated and planned all, or whether it was all sudden and unpremeditated, I know not—but he betrayed his trust! He murdered her!—if she be, indeed, *dead!* Oh! forgive me, Mary, this Bible, the gift of my early love, brings all back ——"

"At last we were invited to a fashionable party, more for Helen's sake than mine, I being regarded by the entertainers with no favorable eye. With my present views I might have acted differently; but then I declined the invitation myself and entreated her, for my sake, to decline, thinking at that time separation from the world implied utter seclusion, except in official and religious intercourse. No

doubt my request was pressed with arguments, to gay people always distasteful, and now the more, from the vehemence of a new convert; perhaps my manner was unhappy. For Helen, for the first time, answered scornfully:—alas! her disdainful countenance I yet see! She said she *would* go, if she went alone; that if I had resolved to live without pleasure, *she* had not.

"Kindly replying, for I felt I had been too earnest, and wishing to atone, I answered that Mr. Somerville would be her escort to the party; and that I would, for once, break my resolution and call for her at any hour she would name. A very late hour was named; and, at my special request, Charles Somerville, who was a distant cousin, attended her to the party.

"On his part was some evident uneasiness, now, in my presence, although on hers was nothing remarkable, save the displeasure yet lingering on her beautiful face. That he at that time had some plan I must now believe; for he had learned early that day that he was to escort her; but I can never believe she had, till the moment of leaving our house, any intention of leaving it—alas! alas!—forever!

"Between eleven and twelve that night, I proceeded in a carriage to Mr. Leveridge's, intending to enter the house, but all was so noisy and extravagant, that I ordered a servant to be called, on whose appear-

ance, desiring to be shown into the gentlemen's dressing-room, I bade him inform Mrs. L. her carriage was waiting. In a few moments the waiter returned, and with the information that the lady had not been at the party to-night, nor had she sent any explanation!

"Greatly alarmed, I drove to Somerville's lodgings, where, to my utter surprise and horror, I learned that early in the afternoon he had sent several trunks and packages to the stage-office; and driving thither I further learned that he, in company with a lady, had started in the Express exactly at eight o'clock that very evening!

"'Accursed villain!'" I exclaimed to myself, "would to God I had my heel on your traitor's heart!"—Alas! I raved worse than this that most awful night! Oh! night of unutterable anguish! I am altered since then, Mary! I have bowed down to the Divine will!—but that night was past in alternate cursing and praying! I know what the heart feels when it imprecates wrath on a human being! and then looks up with the rushing of the past, and prays for the betrayed and lost! I was not myself then!—his blood that night, had we met, would now have been on my conscience!—(Mrs. L. shuddered, but did not interrupt; she, for the first, knew the despair of a noble and wronged heart, when this man of benevolence could have dashed

down the betrayer and trampled him to death.) But long since have passed all feelings of vengeance, Mary! I leave him to his Maker. Self-reproach, however, mingled with the wild storm of that horrible night. Had I not exposed her to temptation! Why had I not yielded in comparatively innocent matters? What was my religion worth if it could not save me in the world where I should have been to protect my lamb? And then would I call on her to come back—and be to me again what she had been!"

"The morning at length came; and pursuit was advised. But it would be unavailing I knew; and that, in no long time, was beyond doubt: for on that very morning the two had sailed from New Haven for the South. But that was all I learned.

"In two days I received a letter—(Mr. L. rose and went to his portable desk, and returned with a letter in his hand)—yes, here it is, Mary, read it for yourself."

His wife took the letter. But greatly affected and blinded with tears she could scarcely read. Indeed, the letter was nearly illegible, the hand of the writer having evidently shaken us with palsy, and the words here and there being nearly blotted out. This was the letter:

"Edward! oh, Edward!—I would—but, no! no!

you *never* can believe me now! I call God to witness—I never, no never, loved any but you—I love none other now! By the unutterable agony of my frenzied soul, do not for God's sake, oh! do not curse me! . . . . Good God! can it be possible! I did not mean it! I know not why I did it! I *have* not—I have not! I will not! Oh! say, Edward! is it not a dream?—wake me from it! Forgive, forgive, *forgive* me! Bid me come and lie down at your feet and die! Call me only once by the dear name—and then kill me! Oh! why, why did you not *command* me to stay ever near you! You were to blame—no! no! how dare I reproach? One trial, Edward—but one! I would give the universe—I would give my life—God knows I would—to stand where I did for a moment . . . . Vain! I cannot—cannot!—I am going mad! . . . . But I *am* not—I *am* not so fallen! I will not *so* fall! I will leap into the sea first! . . . . . Stay! don't *curse* me! Pray for me! Yes, yes, I that laughed at prayer, now with deep groanings of my soul, and with my face in the dust call on you, Edward! my wronged husband, and as a minister of Christ, to pray for me. I am penitent—I have not sinned—I will die rather! I will plunge into the ocean. Oh! dear Edward!—husband, dear husband! and for the last, I write those sacred words—farewell, farewell!"

Our friends for a while sat without speaking, when Mrs. Leamington, with a triumphant, and joyous and proud look and expression, said:

"Edward! Helen was guilty of the elopement, and the elopement only. That miscreant, Tibbets, or Somerville, failed in his worst intentions—I am confident of this. But how did you come to suppose her dead?"

"Hearing nothing of her," replied Mr. L., "for two years, a formal divorce was advised. Still I delayed, secretly hoping she might yet return, and innocent. Oh! do not despise me, Mary; time was I could have married her again. She was my boyhood's love—my manhood's love—my first love! Aye! had I not aided the tempter? And why? oh, why? shall not the poor penitent woman sometimes be restored? But not long after the divorce, I read among the deaths by fever, that of Mrs. Helen Leamington, a widow lady, from the North, at the plantation of Mr. William Henderson. A few words alluded to Mr. Henderson's disinterestedness, who had received the lady into his family; her husband having perished in a shipwreck somewhere on the southern coast some two years before."

"And why, Edward, do you now think Helen is living?"

"Captain Seagrass says this Bible was found in

the state-room, where it had been left by a lady the last voyage."

"When was that?"

"About two months, or maybe six weeks ago."

"Was she alone?"

"No; Mr. William Henderson, the very person named in the notice of her death, was with her."

"That lady was, perhaps, the gentleman's wife or daughter. Did the captain say what was her name!"

"He did not. He only said Mr. H. called her his daughter."

"After all, Edward, the lady may be his daughter. The Bible has been given to her by Helen previous to her death."

"It may be so: let us examine the Bible."

In examining the book, it had manifestly been repeatedly read. Whole passages and many single texts were marked; and in places the pages were blistered as if a tear had dried on the paper. Upon a close inspection, under the words—"A husband's best gift to his wife," was visible in pencil marks—"And from the best of men!—oh, God! I shall be a jewel in his crown!"

She is saved!—my prayers were heard!" exclaimed Mr. L., with deep emotion.

"It is so! it must be so!" responded the wife. No clue could be found, however, in the book to make

it certain who was the lady that had forgotten the Bible, on leaving the packet ship; but Mrs. L., at her husband's request, sought the captain, who could give no other information than the reader already has. On her stating that her husband thought he knew the lady and could restore her the book, or if he failed to see her, that he would bring it back to the ship, the captain readily consented to his taking it away, adding, as he supposed facetiously, that Parson Leamington loved a Bible too well to steal one!"

To-morrow the family will stand on *free* soil, and our story is in the North.

CHAPTER X.

PHILANTHROPISM.

Reader, you have been *to* Boston? No! Well, you follow a street till you come, not to a turn, but to a—stop, the wind all the time north-east. The sole direction there of all streets is north-east; if the wind ever in your teeth from that quarter of the compass, turn or stop as you list, be an honest way of judging. Vanes there on all the steeples are fixed towards a north-east star; and they, if let alone, have conscientiously resolved never to diverge from this Yankee meridian and magnetic line.

Other winds may possibly blow, but they turn into north-easters; at all events the vanes pay no attention to the unorthodox puffers. They have sworn allegiance to one wind—*the* wind; and they intend to stick to it! To belong down east means something, depend on it! People there are decidedly one-sided! The north-east wind has covered that

one side with a damp green moss, like the north side of trees in a western wilderness; it has blown prejudices and habits all through them into their bones and marrow. Like their own loyal vanes, the folks here, (some time ago, any how,) lie naturally right across you, go which way you like. And they carry their peculiar green mossiness a long time elsewhere, before it rubs off; for, 'cute, and cunning, and tricky as they may be, and easily as they do outwit all creation, a son of the north-east wind is readily, at first, distinguished south or west—he blows his own blast! He will guess and calculate for his own advantage beyond all doubt; but he cannot conceal his vane—it stands slap across your eyes,—north-east!

Fixedness is worth something. Why a vane, however, should value itself on sticking north-east, when a good wind comes off from south-west, is incomprehensible, specially if the one wind is no better than the other. But the true north-eastern feeling makes New England *the* country; its usages, and customs, and laws, and religion, and schools, and books, are enough for the Union, enough for the world!

True, to achieve and hold independence; to lay a foundation for commerce; to have means and opportunity of building up New England glory and prosperity in the hour of weakness and peril and danger, these 'cute and calculating sons of the north-east

wind, momentarily whirling their vane to other points, may have called on slavery folks for aid and defence, and leagues of amity; and may have *swapped* notions for cotton and sugar grown from the toil and sweat of negroes;—but when these *particular* Catholic Americans have nothing to fear from foreign power and no more to wish from their allies, they will give these quondam friends the cold shoulder, that is, the moss-side of their character, and stand north-east again!

Their self-glorification swells out even in school-books. In some histories and geographies the country of New England is considered the exact centre of the earth! and there places are referred not to a fixed meridian, but to some well known village, or factory, or mill-dam! while cold and heat are not measured by thermometers but by the weather of a New England winter or summer!

And the religion and morals of the world are compared or contrasted, and pushed up or down according to the new sliding scales of their never sufficiently rectified theologies and philosophies.

In order to condense a volume of piety and patriotism and prejudice into a size and form to fasten on the tender minds of infants and children the truth (or—*falsehood,*) the south, in certain school geographies, not long since used everywhere, the South is represented or personified by a picture "to

match," where a lordly and lazy planter flourishes a lash over a negro done up in a breech-cloth, and in chains, kneeling and imploring!

And all the while circulars and pamphlets were streaming towards that insulted South, calling on the young men of the slave-land to come on north-east and be educated! Come, pay your quarter bills; this is a lawful and Christian use to make of your ill-gotten money—wrenched though it be from the forced labor of your slaves! Bah!

Many, very many, as was the case with our Mr. Leamington, do get, in time, all the north-east wholly worked out; but after all, strangers to an American climate will enjoy better moral, and mental, and political health, if they settle in our middle regions. At all events, let them avoid getting their vane fixed!

However, we must not become illiberal; that north-east fashion is not for imitation. Suppose, instead, we follow whither yon gentleman, whose umbrella has just found its ribs on the wrong side, from that puff, on turning the corner, is hastening. There is something in the wind, now, that is certain. See! how, with lips compressed over his set teeth, his head down, that the wind may blow his hat on, but with fluttering pants cut nearly through by a sharp shin bone, his overcoat blown over and anon from his grip, like a sail from its fastening, and steaming off

south-west, how the man stems the air-tide, and is nearing the sudden ending of the way.

He now struggles like a hero up the steps of a house, where doors and passages are covered with black tin signs, done in white letters, pointing to lawyers' dens, agents' traps, and ever so many commissioners' holes, where information may be had *gratis!* about some great New England North American scheme or—guzzle! But most visible, was one index directing to the Committee Room of the Philanthropic Society.

Having secured footing in the main entry, the gentleman stood, to blow and wipe off; after which, he examined with some anxiety his umbrella, now with the handle and ribs on the inside; but he seemed disturbed in equanimity, on discovering one whalebone dislocated and one broken short off, the splintered end thrust unnaturally and frightfully through the cotton—disturbed, indeed, for he talked to the article, thus—

"That's you, old *cotton*, is it? Well, if that ain't a loss of six shillins, I guess I don't know how to calculate! And if Philanthropic Society hadn't ought to make it good, I don't know what Society's good for—shouldn't admire if the 'tarnal wind had blown a hole through my best pants! Brother Somerville will allow it—don't know about old Sharpy, so well. No use, old cotton, to work for nauthin and find ourselves."

Soliloquy ended, the gentleman went up stairs to the Committee Room of the Philanthropic Society; and we may for curiosity enter with him. It was late in the spring—according to the Almanac—but June was in reality just at hand, and waiting to receive one of Winter's parting visitations. And that nondescript old fellow, to show he was in earnest and meant well, was blowing a most desperate north-east bugle, and, at the same time, was sleeting and raining constantly, and, in the recess times, by way of relaxation, was snowing, now large flakes, now spitting it out, in piece-meal. Hence coal fires were fuming from broken grates and dirty stoves.

The Committee Room, however, was enlivened by a cheerful fire, the apartment being large and well furnished with chairs, lounges and writing-tables. Book cases adorned the room; and they were filled with pamphlets and bound volumes of choice and spirited literature. And cases with pigeon-holes were crammed with letters and papers all tied up and labelled—showing a large correspondence and a good business. Among the books were Jay's Treatise, and works by great *Unknown* Philanthropists, such as—Slavery a Sin and a Curse; Lash for a Slaver's Back; The Black a White; Disunion Better than Union; The Emancipator's Guide; The Railway Hand Book, &c., &c. The pigeon holes were label-

led, "Tibbets—Escaped—Carried Back—Paid Nothing—Paid in Full," &c.

Files of papers hung from hooks, or lay on the tables; among which the most important were—The Alarm Gun; The North Black-White; The Liberator; The Castigator; The Anti-Exiler; Scorpion for Soul-Mongers; Boston Truth-Teller; The Anti-Cotton News; The No-Sugar Press, &c.

The walls were adorned with portraits of men the great leaders in philanthropism—the Wrights and the Garrisons of that age. Misplaced and looking indignant at being *hung* among the yellow Douglasses, the repentant Birneys, the Jerry Smiths of the day, were some Channings and Wilberforces. Somerville, as the *Rev.* Philander Tibbets, was hung—and properly enough—above all others.

The committee was a most remarkable body—chosen by the society to represent its components, and all the soul dwelling in philanthropism. The whole committee was not now in session; indeed, only five members were there—two gentlemen and three ladies. One gentleman had no definable color, yet passed for white; the other was nearly white—perhaps he was dis-colored. But two of the ladies were Anglo-Saxon, and white as most such—the other as black as Frank Freeman, and that was all that was possible.

Working and talking ceased at the entrance of the

man with the wounded *cotton* umbrella; and he was unanimously greeted with,

"How d' do, Brother Short; got the letters and papers?"

"Guess so—hadn't ought to come without them, I calculate. But that wont mend the whalebone and sew up the cotton of this here umbrella!" During which rather uncivil reply—brother Short—(a name disproportioned to his length)—laid off his overcoat and then stood upwards of six feet, thin as a lath, and made apparently just for his latitude, to go edgeways through a north-easter.

"Please, Brother Short, hand them to me," said the white gentleman, adding, "there's a chair by Sister Southton!"

Brother Short sat down by the colored sister, and being thus near the fire, he issued forth his legs, looking like sections of fire hose, in order to dry and warm the feet away at the ends; and then hooking his hands above his head and leaning back, he lay all along silent and attentive to the reading. This duty the white gentleman always took on himself. But we must pause to introduce this remarkable personage.

He was the president of the society, and ex-officio (and *ex natura*) president of the committee: the Rev. Ananias Sharpington, D. D., a tall and well-made man, always well-dressed, but that clerically. His

countenance, severe usually, was often stern; his complexion was an atra-bilious, becoming on occasions black as a thunder gust; his nose had been copied from a hawk's, and had enough to do to keep peace between its opposite neighbors, two green-gray eyes everlastingly looking *cross* at each other. His mouth, when silent, shut up safe and secret, like the large breed of clams. The doctor's theology, and pulpit or platform manner, may be learned hereafter.

He was, perhaps, more cunning than wise; and could, hence, manage better than command; although in battle he would have stuck to it from obstinacy, if not courage. In his own estimation, and that of his friends, this reverend gentleman was, strictly speaking, the philanthropist and the philanthropist only. All his virtues were swallowed up in philanthropism—his vices were, of course, none.

But as philanthropism has many fields of labor, and one man here does the shaving and the other the lathering, Dr. Ananias Sharpington had judiciously chosen the Black Ground as his department of labor. He was the friend of the whole black race—and that so absorbed his virtues, that he was the friend of nothing else. In that one end and idea of his existence, he was the sworn enemy and the unrelenting persecutor of all slave dealers, slaveholders, slave preachers, slave advocates, slave any-

thing; and with him all was virtue, and honor, and patriotism, that advised or aided the escape of slaves from their masters, all standing in the way of such escape being sin and Satan. *Ruat cœlum fiat justitia*—was his motto; and understood to mean,—*Run off! Steal 'em! Phi, at justice!*"

Hence Scripture, when inspired, accorded with reason—his reason; and Bible-saints had done right or wrong, and apostles had been mistaken or otherwise, as they were emancipators, *i. e.*, philanthropists. The end of life was emancipation! If common law was not in favor, there must be uncommon law; and if the lower would not serve, we must try the higher; and if that higher law led to theft, murder, anarchy, all was *fiat justia!*

We need not be surprised that Somerville, even in his secular form, was a man after the doctor's own heart—of course his emancipation heart. Hence, at the doctor's own expense, that rascal was painted and hung as the Rev. Philander Tibbetts, in the committee-room, although many others deserved painting and hanging just as much. Whether the doctor was fully acquainted with the scoundrel's early excellencies is unknown, but that would not have disqualified him for his other vocation. Men that swallow camels, need not stick at the tail.

The One-Idea people resemble corporate bodies in having—no conscience. Individually and separately

men may be honest, worthy, honorable, gentlemanly, but corporation is a body superior to souls; when, therefore, the otherwise good men have sold themselves to that incarnate form of the Devil for money, or power, or pleasure, or ambition, adieu to fine feelings, to honor and decency, to sabbath-day, to church, to country!

Unseat the One-Idea men from their hobby, and often they are all you wish men and citizens to be; but on the hobby!—Aye! then will the very same gallop to their end, and rough-shod, over humanity and religion, and through blood and fire!

Now the doctor was one of a class—an emancipator,—soul and body! He preached emancipation; he lectured emancipation; he prayed emancipation. He wrote pamphlets on emancipation; he wrote editorials on emancipation. He was emancipation embodied; his mouth uttered it, his legs ran towards it, his hands did it, his belly was full of it, his nose was hooked into it, his eye squinted towards it! He lived emancipation—and he intended to die it! His heart throbbed at sight of a negro; he only wished every negro was a slave that he might emancipate him. He rubbed his hands in imitation of the London alderman, and blessed God he had such a field to work in—a slaveholding country! A negro was his game, and whiter in his eyes than a white man! And black was his all-absorbing color;—he wore

black stocks and black *cotton* stockings; delighted in funerals, because of black crape; drove a black horse; kept a black boy to black his boots; drank black tea—and in short, was black inside as well as out!

Of course, whatever *soul* the Philanthropic Society of North East had, was *the* Doctor; and with that soul and that head, the body corporate went the whole figure. The reader may discover yet what figure philanthropy modernised, can cut.

Taking up the newspapers as they lay, the illustrious president ran his eye over the columns, now reading an article, now making a comment, and to the edification of the committee, till, on looking into his favorite, the Boston Truth Teller—(a print full of *truth*, on one side)—his eye blazed up with indignation and joy at once. He instantly read out, with a most savage scowl on his brow, but with a smile, rather villanous, on his lips, the following:

"Arrived day before yesterday, the hermophradite brig, Cutwater, Captain Seagrass. She brings no passengers except the *Rev!* Edward Leamington, and his *lady* (?) with their two (white) children. A lady and gentleman, however, of color are in the party, but these, we presume, are deemed only—"niggers" in the South. They are, we understand, held unrighteously as slaves, by this *Christian* (?) minister!! They say he *claims* to be a son of New

England—perhaps, a bastard! If he can look unabashed upon the free hills of his native land, as he lands or *drives* his *brothers*, he is more *or* less than—man! God forbid we should sit under the preaching of a slaver! And could any true philanthropist receive the communion from hands that have flourished a slaver's cowhide! Never!"

"Never!" shouted the Doctor, ferociously.

"Never!" squealed the ladies.

"Never, by ——" added the quadroon.

"Work for us! dear brethren and sisters," exclaimed the doctor; "thank God we've something to do! our colored *friends* must be—*emancipated!* A wise Providence has thrown them within the reach of help; and we shall not overlook his manifest direction! Brother Harris and sister Southton, we depend on you, as usual, for information."

"Master Doctor—beg pardon—brother Sharpinton, I'll start on the scent like a blood-hound," answered Harris.

"I will git acquaint with the colored lady," said Miss Southton.

"Ah! here is a letter from Brother Somerville; I know his hand;" exclaimed the excited President, adding—"Let me look it over first."

THE LETTER.

"REV. AND VERY DEAR BROTHER:—I remain, this year, at Point Lookout, where we shall establish our new paper. It is to be called "The Scarifier and Renovator." I expect to edit awhile, myself. We'll make an impression on the soul-killers. Besides, I can do a vast amount of good here, in other ways. I have been instrumental, by the blessing of God, in freeing more than twenty-five, since my last, in March! Most of them, with a little help from my secret assistants in the lower countries, succeeded (you will be rejoiced to learn) in bringing off property enough to pay expenses, *and* afford a handsome remuneration. I forwarded the poor fugitives to the *old fellow*—you know where.

"Still, my *very* dear Sharpinton, my outlays are enormous! So that in addition to my salary, I must beg your influence to have my *draft* for $1785 honored—I shall send on next mail.

"Like yourself, my *very* dear brother, I am, I trust, willing to *spend*, and to be spent, in this Holy Emancipation Cause—the cause of God—the cause of man—*your* cause! But you know my very dear and noble-hearted Sharpinton, we cannot spend without *money*. I suppose I may send the draft for $1875?

"I have just received a communication from the South that my old friend Leamington will arrive at

Boston, shortly; and that he will bring two unhappy blacks as slaves—although he is called *Rev.*(?)—Frank Freeman is the man's name; the woman is called Carrie Wardloe. They are *very* black, and we cannot, I fear, use them to so great advantage; but still, dear Sharpinton, for their own sakes, *you* will know, they must be—*emancipated.* Frank did me a good turn—the fact is he helped me to escape from the infernal claws of the slavers—and that *you* know how to turn to the advantage of our glorious cause. Perhaps we might get up a marriage between brother F. and Carrie. That I leave to you—as I do every thing else, my very dear brother. Please not forget about that $1987—the fact is, I *know* you won't.

"Love to George Harris and sister Southton, and the other ladies of the Committee; also to brother Short.

"Write soon, and say what you think about the draft—as I must have near $2000 to carry on the paper, even if I spend all I have, and then borrow. And that *you* will never allow.

"My *very* dear brother,

I am your most affectionate

Brother in the Lord,

C. SOMERVILLE."

"P. S.—I might claim the $2000, *you* know, as a matter of right, having exposed my life in carrying

out—you remember; but I prefer it as a love gift from the Society. Leamington, they say, gave nearly $5000 for Frank! Good heavens! that so valuable a man should be wearing out his life in slavery! I am almost tempted to come on and free such a man, myself—but then I remember *you* are there. I leave the money matter entirely to you.

O. S."

The Doctor having in silence read the letter and postscript, said, "Somerville is worth a mountain of gold! He has *emancipated* twenty-five since last March! I really think the committee ought to allow him, for secret service this year, at *least* $2000, specially as he has established the paper. He calls it "The Scarifier and Renovator ——"

"Why master—I mean brother doctor—master—I mean Mr. Charles, has a salary twice as much as I git!" interrupted Mr. Harris.

"He's a white man," said Miss Southton, tartly.

The kind and noble-hearted emancipator looked a little surprised and rather hurt; but Mr. Short, looking towards the damaged cotton and pants, replied rather coarsely to the injurious implications:

"There's no calculation on colored people's gratitude. They gits nauthin but kicks to hum afore we free them, and then they wants to be paid for services here afore they work out of debt to the society; I ad-

mire they don't never think of that; for my part if I was a committee-man, I'd vote for Brother Somerville's allowance."

"We vote for it—with all our hearts," said both the white ladies.

"And I give my vote decidedly that way," authoritatively added the doctor.

No man without the minutes before him, can say who of the committee had any eye to secret services of their own; but Mr. Short said to the white ladies afterwards, that "*presidents* were not to be sneezed at." The fellow had north-east about him and some fun too.

The president now observed, "We must all be of one mind; but it is time to adjourn. After prayer, I hope Brother Harris and Sister Southton will go and take a cup of tea with me, prior to the prayer meeting to-night.

Mr. Harris, who was then asked to lead in prayer, excused himself, and so likewise did Miss Southton, when the doctor, to save time, *said* the prayer himself.

In his prayer, as usual, some things were said about the Philanthropic Society and its committee; and some were said to the committee by way of exhortation, rebuke, and direction, this being a way of certain good folks when they wish to speak without interruption or contradiction; a good deal was said

against slaveholders, *et omne genùs*, (i. e., that sort of geniuses,) but specially against slaveholding and slave-dealing ministers; then a good deal was said of the speaker's own devoted attachment to the glorious and holy cause, with a little thanksgiving on behalf of Brother Somerville and indirect praise of the same; and a compliment was prayed-*up* for the more active agents in proportion to their zeal, by way of recommending all to Providence. A hope, however, was expressed that their main reward might be in another world—as possibly may be the case. Towards the end of the *exercise*, the good man became so fervent and eloquent, so honestly and patriotically warm and virtuously furious against "the vile and reprobate oppressors, the inhuman wretches, the semblances of man, the base dealers that put chains and fetters on *better* men," that when at the conclusion all cried out "Amen!"—the colored Christians called it out *twice!* And these were now so evidently won over to forgiveness and good humor, that they went home with the doctor to tea, and without a murmur. This was, then, a very *able* and *efficient* prayer!

After prayer meeting that evening, Mr. George Harris whispered to a very colored gentleman; on which the latter taking Mr. Harris' arm, the two friends went to the doctor's study, where a judicious plan was arranged for the freedom of the enslaved. The very colored person was as dark as Frank; and

yet he was not bad-looking; and spite of a little coxcombry, was pretty 'cute and agreeable,—he had imbibed a little north-eastishness—was, in short, and (no offence meant,) a kind of black Yankee. His vanity, however, often placed him in rather ridiculous positions. Still he had the advantage of Mr. Harris, having been born free, and not being of his impetuous and rather vindictive spirit. On committees and the like, he was not so much cherished as the runaway quadroon; for their good sense to the contrary notwithstanding, o[illegible] pators, with all their praiseworthy resistance of their prejudices, still preferred the whiter-colored Africans as associates in small rooms and crowded assemblies; but Mr. Henry Williams, our new acquaintance, was the very man to win upon his own decidedly colored brethren, and especially such as Frank Freeman.

It is remarkable that writers of *fictions* make their heroes and heroines beautiful mulattoes; always so, if they are to come North among the free! But surely a black person is the best representative of the blacks; and our sympathies should be enlisted for the slave! and that, if ugly and black, with crisped and matted hair; and not only for those whose blood can be seen blushing through their cheeks, and their hair wavy and glossy and rich as floss silk. Writers of *fiction kill off* the jet

black.—not knowing exactly how to *work them* advantageously to the North.

In some respects, Mr. Henry Williams resembled a negro gentleman met by the author many years ago in Philadelphia. The writer was in bad health, and was ordered to take early morning walks. Once walking out, as he advanced, he saw approaching two young negro lads, fine-looking, and dressed in the tip of the mode. The writer was dressed as a clerical gentleman, and was some twenty years the senior; in which case etiquette in *old* times, led *white* juniors to yield the wall. But our African bucks rudely and scornfully crowded us towards the curb-stone, almost into the gutter! Our blood, owing maybe to its southiness, boiled! We looked indignant—we felt unchristian! But oh! how quick was all calmed into peace! for immediately behind the dandy-negroes came a genteely dressed and very black man—his age much beyond ours. He had witnessed the rudeness of his countrymen; he saw the righteous anger in our looks; and when we were within a few paces of one another, that *man* took off his hat! waved me a courteous and graceful salute! and motioned to the privileged side of the pave! That negro—that black negro—was a man, a gentleman, a Christian, spite of his thick lips, big foot, and crisped hair! He spoke not—but his action, his manner, his

smile, all cried out: "I crave pardon for the rudeness of my sons. I pray you, sir, judge not unfavorably of us all!"

I *do* not, noble unknown negro! and your God and my God knows, I wish the freedom of your race! while I may not seek their freedom at all hazards and to the utter overthrow of my own! I remember thee with more pleasure than the half-tipsy and impudent mulatto footman that guarded me home at midnight from the wedding of my aged black foster mother's adopted grand-child, who, in the dark and lonely street, and wishing thus to assert his equality, thrust his arm around and linked mine into his, saying—

"Sir! come, let us be *equals*, for once!"

"Why did you not knock him down?" say you. First, I was not able; secondly, I was afraid.

CHAPTER XI.

DEATH—TEMPTATION—DESOLATION.

Two days since the arrival of the Outwater, and vane still north-east! But Mr. and Mrs. Leamington had excellent rooms at the Boston House; and, had they not been hurrying to Hopeful, they would have been perfectly content with all the accommodations.

The children, as ever, were with Carrie, at this time of day; and Frank was about, making his observations and acquaintances—the servants being mostly of his own complexion, and a few, who thought more highly of themselves, being paler.

"This is most cruel and base!" observed the parson, on laying down, for a moment, a newspaper handed him by the landlord.

"What is it, my dear?" asked Mrs. L.

"This paragraph about our arrival; and yet I am truly happy to know the editor of this paper, the

Boston Conservator, calls the thing 'not only ungentlemanly and unchristian, but positively atrocious!'"

"I have not seen what is referred to, Edward."

"And I am really ashamed, Mary, to let you see it. But then you know what this editor thinks of the thing; and that all Yankees are not abusive and bigoted. However, here it is." And then Mr. L. read the paragraph from the Boston Truth Teller, quoted in the Conservator and with all the severe and well-merited animadversions of its editor.

"Well!" exclaimed the lady, "after that we may hope to hear no more sneers at Southern chivalry! Why, Edward! is this the land of the Puritans!—but, forgive me; the editor of the Conservator shows there are some—nay, many here, like my husband!"

"What would Frank say to this, I wonder?" remarked Mr. L.

"Frank would be almost ready to kick the pitiful sniveller—but—"

At this instant some one modestly tapped at the door of their private parlor; and on being told to come in, our new acquaintance, Mr. Henry Williams, head waiter of the Boston House, politely bowing, advanced, and presenting a card to Mr. L., stood respectfully awaiting an answer.

"Say to Dr. Jordan, waiter, that Mr. and Mrs. Leamington are at home, and would be pleased to receive him instantly."

The waiter bowed, and in a few moments Dr. Jordan was ushered into the room.

"Dr. Jordan!" cordially said both Mr. L. and his wife, "we are very glad to see you."

The Doctor returned the salutation, and then seeing he was questioned by looks, rather than words, he went on—

"My dear Mr. Learnington, I fear I am the bearer of sad tidings—and yet, in some respects, joyful—"

"Is my mother so very ill, Doctor?" interrupted Mr. L.

"My dear sir, let me not keep you in suspense—your excellent mother is no more!"

Mr. L. made an effort to refrain; but his eyes were blinded with tears, his lips quivered, his bosom heaved, yet at last clasping his hands, he simply said, "My mother! oh! my mother!"

"Edward!" said his wife tenderly, "Edward, she is in Heaven!"

"Yes!" added the Doctor, hastily wiping away a tear, "yes! she *is* in Heaven!"

"I shall go to her, but she can never return to me!" answered the son.

"You do not wish it, Edward!—"

"Oh, no! but it is *so* unexpected! oh, my mother! —and you will all now lie there, together!—you died not in our arms!"

"She slept away into life in her Saviour's arms!"

said Dr. Jordan, adding, "A death so peaceful and so painless, I never witnessed."

"The Lord's will be done!" answered Mr. L. "It is ordered better than we could have ordered—I do not, dear friends, murmur; I cannot but mourn!"

After a pause Mr. Leamington made such inquiries as were answered by the following statement:

Contrary to Dr. Jordan's opinion—the family physician—Mrs. Charity Leamington had grown suddenly worse, and about a week before the arrival of the packet she had expired, and was now resting in the village graveyard with all her household save Mr. Edward Leamington. Dr. Jordan had set out from Hopeful at the earliest possible, and had reached Boston on the previous night; where, learning from the papers the arrival and lodgings of the party, he had come to give, in person, the information, and to advise what steps would now be necessary for Mr. L. to take.

"The weather," remarked the doctor to Mr. L., "is so very unpleasant, that, as no necessity exists for your immediate presence at Hopeful, I would advise your keeping within doors till the sun appears again."

"And when I do come," replied Mr. L., "the estate is not so large nor matters so complicated, as not to admit an easy and speedy adjustment. You will not leave Boston to-day, sir?"

"Pardon me, I shall leave immediately."

"*So* soon!" said Mrs. L., "can we not prevail on you to stay several days—at least one?"

"My dear madam, I regret my medical duties render my return imperative—nay, I must go when the stage is ready ——"

"And that," said Mr. L., "I fear is now the case. Ah! yes! they are driving around at this moment."

"Farewell! then, my dear friends; I shall see you in a few days at Hopeful—farewell!" and the doctor hastened to his seat in the coach, which soon was rapidly bearing him homeward.

Our sorrowing friends retired to their chamber, where we may not intrude. But when Mrs. L. kneeled in prayer that day, she asked for special support in a dark hour now more plainly seeming to threaten—and she was heard!

When Mr. Henry Williams returned from ushering in Dr. Jordan, he had met Frank *accidentally*—(perhaps he may have waited somewhere till he saw him approaching,)—*accidentally*, however, he said, having before obtained an introduction, and smiling, he said—

"Mr. Freeman, I had the pleasure of waiting on Mr. Leamington a moment ago."

"Indeed! Henry."

"If you have no objection—'*Mr. Williams*,' my dear Mr. Freeman. We northern folks are tenacious

among ourselves of our titles. Beg a thousand pardons, sir, but if we do not respect these little matters, we—you know—my dear Mr. Freeman ——"

"Well, Mr. Williams," said Frank, taken all aback, "my master, must have been pleased with the substitute."

"Oh! thank you, my dear sir, for this delicate flattery; *any* gentleman may well be proud to please, where Mr. Freeman pleases. But do oblige, by yielding to our northern weakness—our prejudices—you know, Mr. Freeman?"

"Not exactly, Mr. Williams."

"Your modesty, sir, makes you underrate yourself, but your good sense, sir, will take no offence?"

"None, sir."

"Well, sir, we always give gentlemen of every sort their title—*we* say Mr. Leamington."

"Why, sir, he is my *master*—is he not?"

"Mr. Freeman, if I *must* have a master, (which, God forbid, sir,) I could have none more worthy and excellent than Mr. Leamington; but, sir, *while* in Rome do as Rome does—you know; when *among* the *free*, speak as the *free*;—pardon me, my friend, I may have been too abrupt—but excuse me, that's my bell ——"

And away hastened Mr. Henry Williams, and pretty confident that Mr. Freeman had felt hit No. 1.

Yet after all, the bell was not rung for him, but that *Frank* could not know.

Ah! ha! Frank Freeman! what's the matter? The Tibbets you *watched for*, and would have knocked down, did not come in his own shape! Thy deep soul was probed and you hardly knew how! and behold! nestled away in a secret corner was a wish wide awake! and watching! For conscience sake you had shut *your* eyes and thought *this desire* was asleep! Frank! thou art one of nature's noblemen; and nature whispered in thy secret soul what she proclaimed loud enough in the boat to thy master—"Liberty's liberty!" Thou art in danger, Frank; and the more, because that master would not stifle, if he could, that whisper. But remember thy obligations, Frank!—thy vows—thy mother! *May* not all these demand—a sacrifice?

The base and degraded white man, as also the black, cannot understand this; but a dreadful conflict raged now in our hero's mind. For a while he thought he should lose his senses! He shuddered like a man on the verge of a great crime that he might commit even while he shrunk away appalled! "Good heavens!" were his thoughts, "am I an object of pity and contempt to the black man!—The

whites think us inferior, and we bear it—but shall this poor negro-fop deem himself, and act as *my* superior!—me that perilled life to save men like that Tibbets—a scoundrel! Shall *he* address white men by their titles and *I* call them *master!* Yes! yes! —I know it—I *could* die for *him*—alas! alas!—my God, is it come to this!—more easily *now* than say *master!* But I must do it—I will do it—I *will* say master—he is my master. And yet I *wish* I was *free!*"

Poor Frank! he did not know a *wish* thus expressed was very near neighbor to—resolve! Fop, or no fop, Mr. Williams can fire a train, Frank!—he can pull a bell-rope that wakes a clatter inside! And Mr. W. was not done with Frank. From a snug retreat, where be had concealed a dirty and ugly negro boy, he kept his eye on our hero; and, when the next bell rang—(pulled, in all likelihood, on purpose)—he let out Pete, who, running near Frank, halloed out—

"Run, nigger! run! That's your master's bell! Make haste, or you'll ketch it—*slave!*"

Frank let fly, (without thought, of course,) first a "considerable of a blow" with his fist, at Pete's head; and then, with his foot a very energetic kick, at Pete's—blank; both of which favors failed from the activity of the little black fiend: and yet Mr.

Williams saw plain enough that Mr. Freeman had been himself severely hurt by hit No. 2.

Frank knew the bell was not Mr. L.'s; but he moved off somewhere, and more especially as he heard Pete say to somebody—"That nigga 'ill git raw-hide sure!" In reply to which he heard Mr. Williams say, with great indignation—"For shame! you rascally poltroon! how dare you insult him so! Don't he suffer enough—a man of *his* feelings—without being so reminded of it?—get out, you blackguard!" This was followed by a scuffle and a hard box on somebody's ear—most likely Pete's; for that knave ran off swearing, and when at safe distance, he called back to Mr. Williams—"You be d——, old nigger Williams—old nigger Williams!" Well managed!—it hit Frank decidedly No. 3.

Mr. and Mrs. Leamington were all this while in their closets: happy had Frank been in his! Man cannot stand in his own strength. Poor fellow! he did retreat to his room; but other servants were there; and he hastily ran back and kept moving about in the long halls. He could not reason; he could only *feel!* And the dreadful tossings of his tortured spirit when next *wish* put itself into words, made him passionately exclaim—"Would to God I *could* be free!"

At that instant Frank had *resolved*; but he did

not know it. He had, however, no longer time for any reflections; for one moving almost noiseless, approached him from behind, and when he turned, Carrie, now near, said kindly—

"Frank, master wishes to see you—"

"Master!" cried he so strangely that the po black girl was terrified; but she only opened her eyes in surprise, and replied—

"Yes! and he is very sad—his mudder is dead!"

"My master's mother dead!" exclaimed he, in his natural manner—"Poor master! poor dear master Edward! No! I must *never*—" He stopped short. That master had forbade *all* vows.

But all this was—pity! Shame is a feeling more powerful and lasting. Shame is for ourselves, pity for others; the former is No. one, the latter, No. two. Hence, when on his way to Mr. L.'s room, Frank met by accident (?) Mr. H. Williams, and that gentleman, in a very kind manner, took his hand and remarked:

"I am sorry, Mr. Freeman, to learn that Mr. Leamington is in so deep affliction—" and then bowing respectfully went on through the entry: then Frank saw it was quite possible to feel kindly and respectfully towards a man even if we called him Mister (Mr.) as well as Master. And hence, while he yet resolved to call Mr. L. Master, it was for Mr. Leamington's sake. It was from pity and not right; it was a work of condescension and not love!

Frank did not perceive these steps in the change, nor cared he for the philosophy of the matter; yet this was the process of a change begun. But will it, of necessity, advance to its perfection? If any reader is this far—let him read on and see.

When the poor fellow entered the room, Mr. L. said tenderly:

"Frank, my dear mother is dead! We did not sail soon enough. If the weather allow, to-morrow—at all events, by the day after if it be fair—we shall all go up to Hopeful. Please, Frank, have the things ready."

Frank *bowed*. He felt it would be like sacrilege to say, "Yes, sir." And he could not say *Master* so *affectionately* as before! Mr. L., however, took no notice of a change. If he had a thought, it was that Frank was too much moved to speak.

"That is all, Frank," said Mr. L., perceiving the *man* waiting further orders. Frank went out—but, alas! peace went not with him!

I know, when the first class emancipators arrive at Dr. Ananias Sharpinton's perfection, it becomes a wonder that any negro slave could have any great trouble about so plain a duty as running away! The only surprise is, that the fool does anything else! and that, when he does go, he goes not off with the spoils of the Egyptians!

But with a man like our Frank, it does take some

time, and does occasion a little trouble and some disquiet to settle all qualms; to determine points of honor; to weigh considerations of gratitude; and to judge accurately under what circumstances one must surrender some rights, forego these, stand upon those, yield or act, and leave consequences—to God. And, although Frank could see as plainly as any male or female philanthropist that from a brutal, licentious, bloody dealer, or a demon like Legree, any slave, black or yellow, ought ever to get away, even if he did mankind and the South the favor of first knocking the villain's brains out; yet it was a question, when, and how, and where, a conscientious, honorable, and greatly benefited negro man should desert such a white man as the Rev. Edward Leamington, and such a white woman as Mrs. Leamington, and such a mother as Sarah! With perfectionists emancipation is a business—a trade—an *art;* and it may be carried on by rules. It is divide and carry one—sometimes two; and any body can attend to the trade that has brass enough. But with Frank it was a heart-work. He looked not to the applause of men; nor to the speechifier's platform; nor to a seat in Legislature or Congress; nor to the Presidency. He looked to what God might think of the matter! Hear it! A negro may make conscience about running away!—although some may scoff at him!

* * * * * * *

Well, next day, to every body's wonder, the vane did *not* stand north-east! What was in the wind none could tell; for the vanes had become fickle and flew round the spire tops, showing a desperate resolution to stand and stick to the legal quarter, but prevented by a windy opposition, till at last all winds subsiding, the vane accidentally rested about west, and staid there!

It was now determined that the family should set out for Hopeful at four o'clock that very afternoon; and all were consequently busy in making arrangements. When Mr. Leamington, however, went to the office to secure seats, an utterly unforseen difficulty presented itself.

For some reason the Philanthropic Society had failed in convincing the travelling public that it was duty—nay, and a pleasant duty—for fellow-creatures to travel together, not only in the same vehicle, but on the same seat; and that, in warm weather, in addition to other odors and fragrancies, persons of color, and persons of no color, should delight in the reciprocal inhalation of each others' exhalations. Possibly the earnest and loud vociferations on this point had made the public—(a person always in the opposition)—obstinate and unreasonable; and simply because the Philanthropic Society said—"*they had ought to*"—Public had answered—"*they*

hadn't oughter!" And ever since, when one said, "*it should be done if the Union was dissolved!*"—the other had replied, "*they would die first! and the Union might take care of itself!*" And when at last dark folks were forced in, white folks got out; and it was prodigiously unprofitable to stage-owners!

True, an hundred and an hundred times before the era of philanthropism, tidy blacks had been admitted and tolerated; the good-natured whites shrinking up a little, but still looking kind; yet, when the society made a fuss about it, so did the public. And just now public was in the majority; and none, except white people, could ride together in certain stage-coaches.

When Mr. L. to-day tried to secure seats for all his family, a very polite and gentlemanly agent at the office said,

"I regret, sir, we cannot book your colored people for seats in this stage ——"

"You have no room then, sir, for all?"

"I beg pardon, sir; that is not the difficulty."

"No!"

"No, sir, it is disagreeable to us, but ——"

"Why, sir, what is it?"

"Why, sir, passengers will not travel with black folks."

"Can that be possible! Why, sir, we ride down South in the same carriages with our blacks."

"We cannot, I am sorry to say, sir, oblige you; but our orders are most peremptory to take no blacks."

"Can nothing be done, Mr. Agent?" with a supplicating manner, asked Mr. L., "we are all ready to go—it will be a great inconvenience to stop."

"You could have chartered the whole stage an hour ago; but that now is impossible. We have already booked four passengers, and we dare on no account refuse their seats."

"A separate conveyance would be very expensive?"

"Very. It is all of one hundred and sixty-five miles to Hopeful. But, sir, in the course of a week I can contrive to send on the black folks. Would that do, sir?"

"I hardly know what to say. Still as nothing better can be done to-day, and as the same, or some similar difficulty may arise to-morrow, I think we will take seats for my wife, myself, and for two children."

"We shall call it three seats—your children are small?"

"My daughter is about five—"

"We shall call it three seats. Mr. Leamington, I believe?"

"Yes, sir."

The agent now wrote the name in his book, ob-

serving at the same time, "You were grossly insulted, sir, at your arrival; our fanatics make us odious, sir."

To which Mr. L. replied, "We are certainly a strange people in the north, Mr. Agent. I presume I am in some way indirectly indebted to the Emancipators for this hindrance. These people tell many truths, and there are certainly evils, many and great, in our slavery institutions; but yet, I think the spirit and methods of abolitionists hurt the cause of freedom. These things embitter the temper of the South, and in some cases rivet chains; and without any great benefit even to one in a hundred of the poor people that are enticed and helped away. Sir, I wish you good morning." On which the Parson went homeward.

On reaching home, after an anxious consultation, it was concluded to leave Frank and Carrie at Boston, until the return of Mr. and Mrs. L. from Hopeful; but to take the children, Julia and George, with themselves. As for Mrs. L. herself, she was not without secret misgivings; yet was she secretly pleased that her dear husband would not be exposed to any invidious remarks and notices by travelling with the blacks as his slaves; for the brutal character of fanaticism she plain enough saw would not pause for his sorrow. It would taunt him in the church-yard and over the grave of his mother! It

would sneer in his face if he ascended the pulpit—it would scoff at him if he were dying!

Mr. L. himself had fears, perhaps; but he comforted himself with his customary words, "The will of the Lord be done!" He did, indeed, once say to his wife,—"if the virtue of Frank and Carrie cannot stand trial, why we have judged it to be a little stronger than it is; though, perhaps, poor creatures, if we were in their place, we might not resist as well as they." To which his wife had not replied, she only looked, as she was really thinking—"God grant we may all be as you!—alas! I fear the negroes are too right in their impressions—Edward is going Home!"

* * * * *

It was with very great persuasion the two children could be induced to go with their parents and leave the negroes—their daily, their hourly companions, playmates, friends! When the hour of separation came, they hung on their necks as if the separation was to be lasting; while the negroes' tears rained down and bathed their innocent faces!

Reader! at that moment Frank and Carrie would have died for these dear little ones; and when the stage drove away, those noble negro slaves stood amidst a wondering crowd—

ALONE AND DESOLATE!

CHAPTER XII.

A GREAT ACTOR.

Mr Leamington had taken a suite of rooms at the Boston House; and as he intended, on his return from Hopeful, to remain in Boston for a few weeks, the rooms were retained. Suitable arrangements had also been made relative to Frank and Carrie, who would have charge of the chambers and parlors during the absence of their owners.

Frank had never breathed to Carrie, his betrothed, a syllable of what was imperceptibly, almost, to himself, shaping itself into form in his mind;—the wish, the desire, was no stranger. A man may be under necessity to carry a tinder-box, or a canister of gunpowder all the time; his policy, in that case, being to steer clear of fire and phosphorus, and everything that strikes sparks, or heats. And yet he comes abruptly and most unexpectedly, often, full tilt upon a blacksmith's forge; or, caught by the foot, pitches

head foremost against a flint rock, with a steel knife-sharpener in his hand! Our negro was no murderer; but he thought he could be a patriot. Indeed, Woburn, the leader of the rebellion, was not very far wrong, if he did, as Mr. Jenkins once supposed, intend to designate Frank Freeman as a suitable leader to follow him. But Frank, in this, differed essentially from Woburn—he would not, for the world, engage in a plot that had no end except massacre, and led to nothing except the scaffold.

Now Mr. Henry Williams had been, to Frank, a metaphorical smith's forge, a figurative flint-rock: the tinder, gun-powder, and steel, the latter kept forever in his own bosom! These combustibles and fire-strikers belonged to his nature; and no one ever had—no one ever will—no one ever can, condemn this negro on that account. If any *can*,—speak! Him this book offends! And the author is glad it hurts him. If, then, the combustibles and explosives in Frank's bosom had not caught and exploded by contact with this second-rate negro—the affair would have gone off at some other time.

Hence it is no surprise to know that the tears raining down Frank's eyes on the beloved children's upturned faces, were the gushings of a grand heart nearly broken! for in that sad moment he *feared* the parting *might* be—forever! And that night, when he betook himself to his matrass in the parlor, he

could not sleep! and when he prayed, as he did earnestly and frequently, he did not pray to be delivered from temptation; he only prayed, and as if his heart would dissolve into pity, for his most beloved master and mistress! That was not the prayer for Frank; but his mistake was easy! aha!—it was pleasant and soothing! It did not humble—it only exalted!

Early next day our hero sat looking with mournful feelings towards the distant south, when a knock at the door being answered by an invitation to enter, Mr. H. Williams obeyed the order, ushering in a reverend personage, with this form:—

"Dr. Sharpinton, this is my friend, Mr. Frank Freeman; Mr. Freeman, this is our pastor, the Rev. Dr. Ananias Sharpinton." On which Mr. W. bowed and retired.

Frank was relieved by this unexpected company, it *saved* him from his *thoughts*, and so he felt grateful to Mr. Williams for bringing the clergyman, and to that gentleman for coming. Frank, you see, did not know what to do with himself—and "an idle mind is the devil's workshop," and that serpent-wise Tempter ever comes as "an angel of light." And now, spite of himself, Frank found he was assuming the feelings and manners of a gentleman, (the fact is, he *was* a gentleman,) and that he was doing bow for bow! and when the reverend dignitary advanced

and held out his hand, Mr. Freeman went through the touches and squeezes like another *person!* Indeed, he offered a chair with a real style; and seating himself at a modest distance, he respectfully and reverently awaited the introduction of the worthy doctor's own topic. And that gentleman in due season commenced:—

"Mr. Freeman, I can hardly tell how great is my satisfaction in being permitted to make the acquaintance of a gentleman to whom we are all under such obligations."

"Will Dr. Sharpinton please explain," inquiringly said Mr. Freeman, now *doing* Mr. Henry Williams but only a little. The doctor was in raptures. But if Frank *could* do Williams, that negro could not *do* Freeman; for although Williams was great in his way, Freeman was a greater than he—aye! greater than Dr. Sharpinton himself. Frank was only *coming out*, and he took of necessity a lofty style! The others aped it! Still these were artists, and they went by the rule of three indirect; Frank being guileless himself did not easily suspect trickery in others.

Willing to explain, the doctor exclaimed,

"Noble man!"—when, blushing, he added, "Pardon me, sir!—but it is like the character we have of you, that you should forget! Yet, sir,"—the doctor seemed to be moved—"yet, sir, *we* can never forget how you saved the life of one of our most in-

valuable friends, and one engaged in that sacred cause—Mr. Tibbets."

It must be a wonderful man—a man that might be shown in a museum!—the man that feels not the influence of "soft soap!" And specially when that *liquidity* is administered adroitly, and by a respectable-looking gentleman, and above all by a clergyman! Frank began to feel *slippery* himself; for, although he knew, or had strong presumptions for thinking, Tibbets had laid a trap for his foot, he was disposed to gloss that over; and blushing as blacks do—that is, having a tingling in his cheeks—he replied, and with a positive tendency towards a smile;

"You overrate me, *dear* sir!"

"You underrate yourself, my dear Mr. Freeman ——"

"And yet Dr. Sharpinton," interrupted Mr. Freeman, "Mr. (!) Tibbets did not deserve all the risk I ran. Sir, he sought to involve me in a nefarious plot! a plot which he promoted and which led to the untimely death of some brave and noble-hearted black men, sir!"

Dr. S. *felt* astonished! He could *look* as he pleased. Mr. F. had begun one way and ended another; and the Doctor, great as was his art and skill in the emancipator's profession, found all would be required in dealing with an honest negro. But

all this moved like lightning in his mind; and he answered with a burst, as if lost in admiration,

"Sir! you were made for a negro Washington! You, like that most excellent man, are disinterested in your patriotism!—(*Truth* gilded the pill, and Frank swallowed it)—Like him you harbor no revenge!—(Frank never *did* harbor revenge, and this praise made him feel good all over)—Go on, Mr. Freeman—pardon my interruption—sir, you will do me a very great favor, if I do not trespass, by giving me a brief outline of that unfortunate outbreak."

This was asked to gain time and to understand Frank better, and also, from a real desire to have the narrative and to hear Frank talk. The doctor was utterly surprised at his style of conversation; but he would have been less so had he known all Frank's early history, and the manner of his life with Mr. Leamington, and the extent of his reading in that gentleman's library. Hence, the doctor was so naturally and honestly earnest in his request, that Mr. Freeman felt willing to oblige him; and maybe Frank was not wholly unwilling to be thought well of by a learned and pious clergyman, as Dr. S. now appeared.

During the narration—the reader knows the story—the doctor was impressed with a real respect for the black; although in Frank's distinctions between useless massacres and revolutions, the doctor

had glimpses of truths he *hated* to admit, and contrary to his own publicly avowed sentiments and those of some leading philanthropists, who cried —"Blood, blood! Rise! be free! Leave consequences to God!" He determined to controvert nothing at present, but when Frank ended he fervently and respectfully said:

"Mr. Freeman! if I were not afraid of offending, I could easily say what I think of your conduct—a conduct without parallel except in the actions of men like our Washington—but I dare not venture. Mr. Tibbets, my dear sir, was then a young man, with more zeal than discretion—his conduct cannot be in all respects defended—indeed, he rather misunderstood his directions, and certainly exceeded them: yet, sir, the society of which I have the honor to be President, more than ever will honor your name, as a man who risked his own life to save a person that had been careless about the life of that very deliverer! Pardon me, Mr. Freeman—I confess I *am* moved!—(The doctor used his handkerchief—*Frank* felt whimperish)—Sir!—(the doctor seized Frank's hand)—I thank you in the name of that society—in the name of humanity—in the name of religion! (Frank trembled with emotion.) And now, Mr. Freeman, I must hasten from this very, to me at least, interesting interview; I have staid much longer than my time and engagements

allow. I take my leave, sir, with an earnest hope Mr. Leamington's stay may be very long among us, both as to the pleasure of his acquaintance and of—— alas! that unwelcome fact now occurs to me! I do wish this most excellent family could stay with us here in—in—their proper atmosphere; but good morning, Mr. Freeman."

Pretty well done! Dr. Ananias Sharpinton!—you are an artist—an actor! Ah, Frank! what now? How sweet is sugar candy!—don't be so bashful, we all like confections. How comes on the Wish?—you fervently responded to the doctor's wish about the family staying North, by secretly saying in your heart—"would to God *we* all *could* stay!" That was all your new master cared for! When he went, then, after a while, and in the nick of time, and just as you wished somebody, you met Mr. Henry Williams; who, by the merest *accident* was in your way! And yet Dr. S. sent him there.

Frank went now with a smile towards his *friend*, and at once commenced with this—

"Dr. Sharpinton is a very interesting gentleman, Mr. Williams, I am satisfied *Mr.* Leamington will be happy in his acquaintance."

Mr. Williams was too much in a hurry to stay just now; his duties required him in the dining hall; he of course only assented to Mr. Freeman's

observations, and hastened on, well convinced that Mr. F. had determined to have a *Master* no more. Instead of hastening to the dining-room, however, he hastened to a little room to tell Dr. Sharpinton; who, instantly now stepped into a back street and went home.

On returning to the parlor Frank found Carrie there, when he immediately spoke,

"Dear Carrie, how pleasant if you and I were married and Mr. Leamington and all could stay here in Boston?"

Carrie, whose English was constantly improving, replied—"So Miss Southton say, but master and missis do not wish to live in de north, and I never stay in Boston witout 'em; would you, Frank?"

"Miss Southton! Who is she?" inquired Frank.

"A colored lady, Mr. Willyums, the head waiter, he bring 'um to git acquaint with me, she bery nice black woman."

"Why, where did you see her?"

"This mornin I met her in de iurnin room."

"Did she say anything else, Carrie?"

"Yes—she made me jellus. She say, Mr. Willyums tink so much of Mr. Freeman, she mean to set her cap."

"Much obliged to her; bnt, dear Carrie, death only parts us. North or South, I live and die with Carrie!"

"And I rader leave dear little *chiller*, than you, Frank!" said the poor black girl, and burst into tears.

"Oh! Carrie!" replied Frank affectionately, drawing the girl near him, "I'm in great sorrow and trouble! I can never be happy again in the South Why *did* we come north!"

Carrie had for Frank not only a pure love; but she had a filial regard. She was ten years younger, and had always heard him spoken of in terms of highest praise and confidence. Hence she always yielded her opinion to his, being also greatly his inferior in intellect and education, yet she was equal to him in honesty and virtue. Frank was to her the world—saving Mr. and Mrs. Leamington, and Joe, and above all the children. What Frank meant she did not fully comprehend; but she knew what he did would be right or very nearly so, and that he had good reasons for what he might do, even if she never heard them; and so she replied, interrupted by her sobs:—

"Oh! Frank, we just like man and wife afore God! I obey you just like my husbun."

"Carrie! Carrie! I love you as my life! But if we live South—and they die!—and poor master Edward!—(he used the word affectionately here,)—he is not long for this life! Oh! Carrie, what *might* happen ——"

"Frank! I no know what is right; I go with you, I stay with you, I *die* with you!"

"Oh, Carrie!" vehemently said Frank, "If I could *know* what is right!"

"Suppose you ask Mr. Wilyums," replied she, "he very nice man."

"No! no! Carrie—but I might ask the parson, Dr. Sharpinton?"

"Yes, ask him; Miss Southton say he very lubly minister."

But why did not Frank remember his mother? and her parting word—Pray? Are *you*, my reader, a man of prayer? Your experience, if you are, may be like this true Christian negro's. He did pray. Yet, mark—when he prayed, he prayed *not* for direction, he prayed for—*confirmation*. He resolved, and then prayed! He only wanted a divine word to tell him he had done right!

Is it right, sometimes, to emancipate men at all hazards and leave consequences to God? It *may* be right sometimes—*not* to run away, and thus leave consequences to God! Consequences, clearly foreseen, are good reasons, often, for doing and for *not* doing; and they may be, themselves, the only constraining and righteous reasons and causes of present conduct. It is not quite a clear case that the freedom of one man outweighs all other considerations; nor even that the nominal freedom of many men must always

outweigh all its murders, rapines, rapes, fires, overthrow of Unions, destruction of States, and its introduction of lasting hate and civil wars, and, perchance, ultimate massacre and extinction of the very men it is meant to serve! It *might* be proper, for a time, to retain not one only, but many men in bondage; the owners or masters meliorating their condition, and preparing them for freedom—and in doing this, consequences might be religiously and confidently left to God!

Let us not, *reckless* of consequences, turn them over to Providence—that is impious and rebellious!

And did Frank never think of his mother! That thought harrowed his breast, day and night; but, ah! how the soul resolved, finds confirmation in all things! Frank feared, indeed, she might die, if she saw him not among the returning family; but, *maybe* there might be a way of *buying* her freedom. Mr. Wardloe had merely bought her for Frank's sake; he gave only a trifling sum for her; she was rather an expense than a profit; her son could easily sustain her: ten to one Mr. W. would *set* her free! But her days were few, at most, and in case Mr. L. died, and that event was not apparently far distant, what might happen? He might be separated from Carrie and his mother, too! "What! what shall I do! oh! for some prophet to tell me!" thought Frank, on these occasions. But, poor fellow, he wanted a

prophet to say—"All right, Frank! stay in the North!"

Happy for him the Philanthropic Society had a school of such prophets; and all such would first know, before they uttered their prediction or confirmation was, "Does Mr. F. think of staying here?" Yes!—but he doubts. When these soothsayers immediately cry out—"Stay! it is the monition of God!" Perhaps Mr. Williams now approaching the parlor door may have a message of good; he knocks! After a little delay he is bid come in."

"I hope," began he, "I do not intrude?"

"Oh, no! not at all!—not in the least! Walk in Mr. Williams, please take a chair!" answered Mr. Freeman, much relieved and pleased. He was in need of a friend—on his own side the question! Accordingly Mr. W. took a seat, and quietly spoke:

"This evening our pastor, Dr. Sharpinton, holds his monthly meeting; it would give me great pleasure to have Mr. F. and Miss Wardloe among our hearers."

"For myself," answered Mr. F., "I should attend with pleasure ——"

"And I go, for sartin, if Mr.——if Frank go."

"Permit me, Miss Wardloe," interrupted Mr. W., "to say, if Miss W. goes, the gentlemen are sure to follow."

Now it is not in female nature, colored or not, to

be insensible to the effect of their charms; still Miss W., while she felt smile-likish, replied with becoming modesty,

"I neve › with no gemman but Mr. Freeman."

"A thousand pardons, Miss Wardloe! While it would afford me immense satisfaction to escort you, Miss Southton will do herself the honor of calling for you at the proper time."

"We thank you, Mr. Williams," said Mr. F., delighted with Carrie's reply, and glad too, that Mr. W. admired her; for Carrie was the very *pink* of perfection, as to face, form, dress, neatness, &c. She was, in fact, a Mrs. Leamington in black—a ditto in all but language, in which she was daily improving. "We thank you," said he, "and we shall be ready to receive Mr. W. and Miss S. at your appointment."

"We will call, then," replied Mr. W., "at seven o'clock precisely. The service commences about half-past."

And so our friends were caught for a monthly meeting!—a meeting so regularly periodic as to be held whenever "the interests of an immortal soul required,"—in other words, whenever the running off of a negro rendered such trap necessary. Meetings, indeed, were held all the time—in the form of advisory councils—debating clubs—prayer-meetings—planning meetings, money-raising meetings, &c.

&c. The Committee of the Philanthropic Society believed, after a careful investigation, that in the present case the doctor would best promote the grand cause by a lecture; and the doctor saw that all Mr. Freeman now wanted was somebody to *strengthen* him.

Well, in due season our party arrived at the church, on the north-east corner; not, however, in the order designed by Mr. F. and his betrothed; for Mr. W. had adroitly hooked Miss Southton on to Mr. Freeman, and Miss Wardloe had, of necessity, to accept the other gentleman's arm. The fact is, Williams was a good manager, and was, after all, a pretty clever fellow—dandified as he was. That the Southerners were very green became now evident, for Miss W. innocently inquired to what part of the house "colored people went!" And Mr. F., himself, had made an attempt to ascend the gallery stairs, in the vestibule! On which their companions, with marked emphasis, said, "In this land of liberty, and specially in the house of worship, all men are equal; we sit with our brethren and also with the best white persons of the city and state."

Frank felt queerish, but yet he felt that he was *straightening* out; while Carrie felt it was almost profane to enter a pew among white folks in broadcloths and satins! But, to her amazement, up sprang dandy-looking white gentlemen, and elaborately

opened the pew doors for the ladies! while Mr. W. and Mr. F. were motioned into seats among well-dressed merchants and manufacturers! But how little did either of our friends dream all this was a plan arranged! The regular checker-board look, however, made it manifest that half and half was the usual character of the amalgam. Our friends soon gained their self-possession, as they seemed to attract not the least attention, after they were seated; and the same politeness was shown to other colored folks who arrived late. Hence, they became, in time, interested in the services, which were well *performed*; and, most of all, with a set piece of music, not so much, indeed, to the praise of God, as of Liberty; but which was gloriously sung, and by a choir, in which several prominent voices belonged to the cherry-colored singers.

In the course of his Lectures on Corinthians, by a *strange* providence, or accident of some sort, the Doctor had reached the 7th chapter of the first epistle; and, he would, of necessity, have to comment on the 21st verse—"*but if thou mayest be free, use it rather.*" At all events, the auditors, who probably did not read their Bibles too attentively, were led to believe this passage came next in order—yet it may have escaped their recollection where the Doctor had ended the last *lecture*, having been rather more than a week ago. But Mr. Freeman became, and very

naturally, all ear—he was, in fact, an *interested* hearer; and he began to think Divine Providence had brought him there to have his doubts solved and his resolves strengthened.

On this verse, among other very sensible and well-timed observations, the preacher remarked,

"Man, as all well know, has naturally a desire for liberty; and all natural desires are, by consequence, right desires. Hence we obey one end of our creation when we preserve liberty acquired or possessed, or seek freedom if we have it not; and to be *willingly* slaves, or servants, as the Bible terms such unfortunate persons, especially if opportunity of freedom offers, is to do wrong. We sin against our Creator by any counteracting of his manifest intentions. Of course we must here understand adults, because children must, by the Divine arrangement, be under parents, and governors, and tutors—but only to educate and prepare them for the natural freedom and liberty that awaits us, on becoming men and women.

Hence the loss of liberty is the greatest of all losses and the hardest to endure, because we all the time fight against our innate and unavoidable wishes and tendencies towards the free. So that by all good and noble spirits death is deliberately preferred to that loss—as some of you, beloved brethren, well know. Our own Puritan forefathers, the true sons

of liberty, and most of them sons of heaven,—religious and pious men—rather than pay a few pence, [illegible] badge of servitude, stained the streets of this very city, and yonder sacred hill-top with their hearts' blood! Oh! what would those pious and godly men have done if any had sought to mar that divine image of liberty, and make them property to [illegible] and sold!—to lash them to their labor as [illegible] to compel them in any way to do task-work!

"It is [illegible] dearly beloved, for the preacher on such a topic as this to restrain himself, and observe the decorum proper to this sacred desk; and, therefore, we may not here say all that is so right to be said elsewhere, all that your hearts acknowledge to be proper.

"Men, as fit punishment for certain crimes, lose their lives; and they may, therefore, as a punishment, lose their liberty. It was always thus—it is so now—it will always be the same; but only as a punishment for crime. Captives in war anciently became slaves, as such now become prisoners; in that case, life was given for liberty, although many then preferred death on the battle-field. But this became one of the laws of nations, to be changed when the world grew wiser and better; but stealing men to make them slaves, has always been regarded as an atrocious crime, and under the Jewish law, was, as it should be, punished with death.

"We are prepared then to hear, we should have been much surprised *not* to hear—an inspired writer say to slaves—'if you may be free, use it rather,' *i. e.*, 'obey your natural wish, your desire; do not sin against your nature, be free.' What the apostle meant by saying, 'if thou *mayest be*,' will be plain enough with a little elucidation.

"Like most other divine directions, this is general, and not restricted to one or two cases; that would make the Scriptures a matter of private and individual interpretation, whereas they are designed for all, in all ages, and of every nation and color. Hence the general rule is to be applied to each according to his varying circumstances; and as men may be slaves under many conditions, the rule will vary with those conditions. Here now are, among other conditions, three different cases in which men may be living as slaves:—

"1. As slaves among heathen and idolatrous nations, surrounded by believers or Christians.

"2. As slaves among Christians, surrounded by heathen.

"3. As slaves among Christians, surrounded by other Christians.

"4. We may add, as slaves among heathen, surrounded by heathen.

"Now, while as a general rule the apostle had reference to freedom with the will and consent

of the owner or master; that must have referred to freedom where the freedman continued in the land of his master, with such civil rights as might become his in the land of his adoption. But every one must see that the apostle did not exclude the other modes and opportunities that might present for an escape from heathen owners into a Christian community. If masters had no right to live in idolatry, their slaves had none; and, therefore, they ought to flee away from an idolatrous slaveholding community. And thus, in fact, when anciently slaves ran away from among the surrounding heathen nations and took refuge among the Israelites, they were received with open arms—they were never delivered up. But when Onesimus ran away from a Christian master and would have to live among heathen people, he was safer and better off as a servant or slave; and, therefore, the apostle advised him to go back. Had the world all been true Christians, it is not at all likely Paul would have sent him back, he would at least have left it optional with the freedom-seeking brother. But none can, for a moment, suppose Onesimus would have been sent back, or even advised to go back from a Christian community to a pagan master! It was not so under the old, why should it have been under the new, and specially as the new is of greater freedom than the old—and

the Founder of Christianity came not to destroy, but to fulfil!

"Taking, therefore, reason as a guide, we should infer that if opportunity offers, a servant may and should, indeed, go away from a heathen master to a Christian people; and hence, as a manifest inference, he *may* go away from very bad and cruel masters, to places where he can have religious privileges.

"It is unhappily the case, that where Christianity is even more than nominal, the laws, the usages, expose servants at the death of excellent owners to be sold into infidel and irreligious places, where marriage ties are lightly esteemed and even openly scoffed at—even then, in such comparatively excellent places, a worthy and believing brother 'if he may be free, should use it rather;' he may properly look, not at the present, but the future. The future must regulate his present, for as the poet beautifully expresses it—

'Man's foresight is conditionally wise.'

"So far, dearly beloved, we all agree; it is difficult to suppose that in these views correct thinkers should not all see alike—the views are so plain, so useful, so honorable. They render the Scriptures so luminous; they make different dispensations to blend so beautifully, and to harmonize so with our innate perceptions and natural desires. But, still, good and wise men

may, possibly, differ a little in reading the Divine Will, where there is no Revelation; and yet here all do substantially agree.

For instance, if no opportunity offer for doing a certain thing, we cannot hesitate a moment in understanding that Providence does not now will or wish a man to do that thing—he no more requires us, in that case, to do the thing, than to enter on a pathway shut against us by massy and iron-bound doors. And the converse is manifestly just as true—the thing being, of course, a natural and proper duty—that when we have the opportunity God wishes us to do it. Why should we pray for a door to be opened, and then refuse to enter, when the door is open? That gives the lie to our words.

But in these days Providence will not answer us miraculously; but he requires us to follow our reason in matters not clearly revealed; and if we do not, we sin against our Maker.

Take a case—and let it be a case of slavery and freedom. Suppose a man, without any thought or contrivance of his own, after wishing and earnestly praying on the point, finds himself unexpectedly among a free, Christian people, and with those of his race he most loves; and suppose the wicked prejudices of the infidel part of the population shuts him out, as *we* say, *accidentally*, from a public conveyance, and thus, without the least thought on his part,

leaves him alone with freemen of his own nation—if that is not providential, what is? Will a man, after special prayer, wait for an audible voice or visible finger?

"Were I a colored man, I know well enough what would be my course—and the consequences I should leave to God. But as the Apostle says, 'All men have not faith;' and hence, in another place he says, 'let every man be fully persuaded in his own mind,'—or, as I understand him, 'let every man who is fully persuaded in his own mind that he had ought to be free—be free! But let no one else persuade him—he must judge and act for himself—if he neglects his opportunities and disobeys Providence, let the man himself bear the blame. Indeed a man that needs another to persuade him, on this point, had better remain a slave. We must, however, consider the other verses."

"This does look like the finger of God," thought Frank. "I'm certain, six weeks ago I had no kind of idea of being here—how strange! And how passing strange that I could not have a seat in the stage!—and yet the infidels never meant to send me to church! Why, all this looks like direct answer to prayer! and I prayed for guidance all night! This is all plain, common sense—no abuse of dear master Edward—no coaxing me to run off—bah! let any fellow try that game on me! And it looks too, as if

I might commit sin, by not embracing opportunity; the fact is, I am staggered, I never heard the thing so clearly reasoned out—I think—yes, that will be best—I'll take counsel—I'll see this parson to-morrow. He's not quite like parson L., yet he seems to have heart and soul."

And by degrees the tumult of his breast became comparatively quiescent; or, at most, the waves swelled larger and slower, showing that the waters were tending to a level. Poor fellow! how could he disentangle the meshes of so fine-wrought a net—and wholly invisible—and strong by the plausible interweaving of truth and falsehood!—and when his *innate* tendencies and wishes made him see only the truth!

But when the congregation was dismissed, and men of both colors, and women too, shook hands with one another; and some bowed and smiled *into* him and Carrie, and others were introduced and invited him to dinner, or to call, and named principal streets and places of residence; and he heard smothered whispers of admiration and allusions to heroic doings; why, I tell you what, reader, Mr. Freeman felt that some how or other he must be among the ancient Israelites, and that if he did not *stay* among them, he might offend Providence!

Reader! have you never imagined Providence all on your side? and for nobody else? Yes, you have

—be candid. Well, then you felt as self-complacent and self-satisfied, and looked as meek and sleepy as a domestic cat, smoothed by a soft hand from the top of the head downward towards the tail-tip! Just so Frank began to be, dreamy and easy; for Dr. Ananias Sharpinton and his "dearly beloved," had done him over evenly, and smoothly, and pleasantly—had mesmerised him into the *purring* state, and he thought it was Providence!

That night our hero slept soundly, like a man that saw his duty and intended to do it; and before he went to bed, he did not pray—

HE ONLY GAVE THANKS!

CHAPTER XIII.

RESOLVED.

Next morning with the elastic step of a man hurrying to see a friend who has some good news for you, Mr. Freeman was fortunately in the very nick of time to intercept Dr. Sharpinton going out on urgent business. How *very* providential! at least so it seemed to one of the parties; and to which, the reader may conjecture, when informed that as soon as Dr. S., from his north-east window, where he had been seated on the look-out for somebody, saw our hero *unexpectedly* advancing down the street his way, he stepped nimbly into his entry and with hat on head and cane in hand, by the merest good luck, opened the door as Mr. Freeman jerked the bell-handle!

"Can it be possible! my dear Mr. Freeman! And so, at last, you have done me the favor—"

"I fear, Dr. Sharpinton, you are going out," interrupted Frank.

"Oh, no! no! pray do come in, sir."

"Indeed, I cannot, Doctor—I must not prevent your—"

"Not another word, Mr. F. You are my prisoner, sir;" when, in spite of Frank's remonstrances, Dr. S. half forced his friend into the hall, and immediately locked the door, and put the key into his pocket.

Pretty well acted, again! Not a word of committal! The very prince of politicians—and yet he performed *a whapper!* If this man is not a good emancipator and just fit to run off a negro—then philanthropism is no science. When seated, the Doctor began—

"I was rather surprised (?) at seeing you, last evening, at our lecture, Mr. F. I had thought your southern education, may I say prejudices? would have prevented your mingling with your white friends. I hope nothing may have been said to wound your feelings in your—your unfortunate—your—you understand me, Mr. Freeman?"

"Perfectly, sir. And candor requires me to say I was surprised at my reception—I felt, sir, a little awkward; and yet I found myself among friends. And, sir, I was really much interested, and, I believe, instructed by what I heard."

"Oh, sir, I am truly rejoiced if our extemporane-

ous (?) remarks met your approbation. I know, sir, if I were allowed time, that I could better set forth the argument, but, really, it has always appeared to me so plain a case as to need little elucidation. Do you not think so, Mr. Freeman?"

"Dr. Sharpinton, I saw the truth, however, more plainly last evening, than I ever saw it before—and yet, I feel the need of an adviser, a friend like Mr. Leamington."

"Excellent man! I may safely say I should rejoice to be like him in all respects, except, as the Apostle Paul said, in another sense, 'except these bonds!'" answered the Doctor with a winning smile.

"Ah, sir," said Frank, "you know not all that best of men has done, not for me, only, but for hundreds of black men! Oh! if I could spend all my days with him—if he *could* remain here!"

The Doctor did not answer. He only turned a little aside; and then was heard the blowing of a nose and a little snivelling sound, as if somebody intended to cry; when Frank, more moved by this semblance of sympathy, went on—

"Oh! dear Doctor—be my friend—advise me."

On this the Doctor faced to the right-about—having, by a hard strain on the pump, forced a tear into each eye; but spite of the drop in his eye, a smile lurked on his compressed lips, as he seized

Frank's hand, and squeezing himself into his affection and confidence, became composed enough to exclaim—

"Be your friend! I am your friend! I was your friend when I received Mr. Somer—Mr. Tibbets' letter! But, my friend, what adviser do you need? None. If you need an approver—a helper—nay, if you want *many* such—we are here! The Lord forbid we should ever be deaf to our brothers in distress!"

"Ought I to remain, then, dear sir?"

"Ought you, my brother, to return to chains, when you have broken them? to an ignominious bondage, if you have, providentially, an honorable freedom? to the strong possibility of being some day separated from, perhaps, the fond wife of your bosom, and the dear pledges of your love? Will you flee away from a free land, where the marriage tie is sacred, and the love of parents for their children is not made the jeer of a brutal slave-dealer! You need no adviser, Mr. Freeman!"

The tone of the Doctor rose, naturally, to the impassioned, and thrilled in the heart of Frank; and at the sudden apparition of the slave merchant, called before him by the words of the speaker, he thought of his Carrie! he forgot his mother! and squeezing the Doctor's hand with the compression of a vice, he said in a firm and loud voice—

"No, sir, I cannot go back! I will be a slave no more!"

"Amen!" solemnly shouted the Doctor—"The hand of the Lord has been in this! I hail you—I welcome you, as a man, a freeman, a brother! Sir, be bold, and leave all consequences to God!"

Frank had, indeed, in an impassioned moment, spoken himself into freedom; and he felt that he could not and dared not recall his words; yet no sooner had they been thus uttered, with something like the solemnity of a vow, than he felt again—Alone and Desolate! He sat down, covered his face with his hands, and—burst into tears!

Will any say, "Weakness"? Such a man has no soul; none but the man with a soul could then have burst into tears. Why, even *Sharpinton* was awed; he felt he had done a mean act! He slunk back into himself, as falsehood hides and cowers before truth!

"Oh! dear *Master* Edward!" sobbed the broken-hearted negro—"after all, do I serve thee thus!"

"He owes you the lives of his nearest relatives!" timidly suggested the Doctor.

"I owe him a *thousand!*" fiercely cried the half-insulted negro, "we deal not as debtor and creditor!"

The Doctor shrunk all the way up! He saw himself a very little man! While the negro in a kind of soliloquy, went on—

"And, poor dear master! *your* small property, lessened by my redemption, is still less from want of my services—but God is my witness—alas! I vowed before, and I broke my vow—but may He help me, and that shall be paid back, twice over, if I starve till the ransom be thus repaid."

To an ordinary *negro*, that travels on the mole-railway into Fredonia, or some province of Philanthropia, Sharpinton would have said, Mr. Leamington was paid, in part, at least, by Frank's services thus far: but he had too much cunning to make that scoundrel's remark, now. Indeed, Frank would have almost called him some irreverent name, and gone right back into bondage, to escape from thieves and sharpers; hence, the doctor taking his cue, said, with adroitness—

"Your talents and your services in our cause—for we feel grateful—must soon put you into a condition to repay all your heart desires."

"Thank you, sir," replied Freeman, "thank you, sir; show me where and how I can gain the means for that now sole purpose of my heart, and I ask no more."

"Why, sir, the law, medicine, teaching, divinity, merchandise, the press, all, all are open, and to all and every one here, Mr. Freeman!" (The Doctor might have added, the *Presidency*, is open.)

"You mock me, sir—"

"God forbid, sir," interrupted the divine. "This, sir, is the land of equal rights and privileges—I can show you colored men that are ministers, merchants, and of other trades and professions. Why, sir, do you think the genteel colored people you saw last night, live by beggary?"

Reader! most of them lived by washing and ironing; by being porters and drivers; by fiddling at balls and parties; by being cooks, scullions and waiters; by shaving beards and cutting hair—and were likely so to live till they died.

"And," continued the divine, finding he was producing a good effect, "do you imagine the white persons there present will not throw employment into your way?"

Plenty of it, reader—such as it is; i. e. *all* that the Yankee folks scorn to do; for Jonathan, be it known, aims to work by his wits, and to cut out work not only for blacks but for whites. But all the work laid out, shall before long be done by the Irish and the German citizens; and these grubbers and diggers shall, in time, root out Darkee—just as Whitee has done to the Red Folks! The Darkee shall have no work or foothold even in Abolitiondom; or if he will stay, he shall find his doom is to wheel swill to a pig-stye, and become the educator of swine! Shame on you! Shame on you, negro! away to thy own land! Be men! Go—where you can hold up your heads!

"And, remember, Mr. Freeman," still went on the reverend gentleman, our Philanthropic Society will not soon have done with you; and through their countenance and favor you will be introduced to the philanthropists in England as well as North America!"

Frank, at that last touch, felt the thrill! After all, the fellow loved a little glory; as who does not? We would travel to see the odd fellow without the glory development! Perchance—*some* suitable and genteel employment would be found!—strange if it could not be found, somewhere, on two continents!—and the great men in Frank's favor, too! And so the old Adam revived, and was too strong for young Melancthon—*alias* black Frank!

Yes! black Frank, you shall have your day of—exhibition. But if not "soon done" with you, the Philanthropic Society *will have* used you! and then—what? You will find out! Why, at this blessed moment, if you were not a choice specimen, and had not done an extraordinarily noble deed, you are almost too pitchy dark for—Buncum! A yellow black, a white slave, would be better capital!

At last, with a firm voice, Mr. Freeman answered:

"Well, sir, I have resolved; will you, sir, advise what is the next best thing to be done?"

"Can you," answered the president, "can you give

me a few hours to consult our committee; you take me a little by surprise; can you meet me this evening at tea, or after?"

"I will come, sir, after tea this evening; at what hour?"

"At eight o'clock," replied the Doctor. "Meanwhile I will lay this whole important matter before them; and we shall devise a plan to meet your approbation. Pray, my dear sir, does Miss Wardloe accompany you?"

"We live or die together!" was the answer.

Frank was becoming dense in answer; he was now in a hurry. Indeed, the Doctor might have saved Mr. Freeman's time by telling him at once, what he chose to defer till eight o'clock that evening; for, in truth, the plan he spoke about had been prospectively laid, only the Doctor, as the reader knows, was taken by *surprise;* and Frank would have only wondered the more at the *very* remarkable Providence that had ready a plan for his escape before he had avowed his intention!

* * * * * *

Committee supposed to be in session.

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Towards the close of the afternoon, some two hours before the evening appointment, Mr. Freeman took a walk to Bunker Hill. He knew what that hallowed ground meant; he had read its story in Mr.

"Frank at Bunker Hill." p. 230.

Leamington's library; and there, standing on the sacred soil near the top, with his arms folded on his bosom, his mind wandered to the far South, breaking through the hazy dimness; and up-rose, life-like, the vision of the gallows-field! He shuddered! He said, as if speaking to the invisible ones: "Ah! countrymen! in bondage once—now free! Was your blood not sacred too—though ye died not on the battle-hill! Oh! my countrymen! I could *die* for you—but I could not for your sakes murder in the sweet confidence of sleep, the good, the innocent, the loving, the merciful! Ye meant well—ye were misled! I will [illegible]se him—perchance his own hour may come—God reigns! But ye, my countrymen! are men—I am a man—if we have no country here, show me how to lead you at least to freedom, and I would go at your head—I would die there!

"May God dispose that land of the South, and show them some way to let you go free!—Oh! land of the South!—land of my birth! Ah! yes! my home!—my pleasant home! Oh! my comrades that love me! I shall see you no more! I hear your merry voices in my soul—and the melody of your boat-song is sounding there, but my ear shall listen for these in vain! And my mother!—oh! my mother! I see you on that beach; and there shall I see you forever! Alas! alas! you will be resting

with Dinah—there upon the little swelling mound near the Pine Swamp!" Here the bosom of the negro heaved with convulsions as of the death-throe! In that hour he tasted the bitterness of his cup! But regaining by degrees composure, he turned his steps towards the city, and soon reached the Boston House.

In Mr. Leamington's parlor he found Carrie, who sprang to meet him; but deeply moved by the inexpressible sadness and tenderness of his look, she threw herself into his arms and was fondly folded to his heart!—she was now his all on earth! And there she sobbed forth these words,—

"Frank! Frank! I same as you! You cry, I cry! You laugh, I laugh!"

"We will, then, Carrie, be—*Free!*"

"Then I say, Frank!—good bye kind missis; good bye kind master; good bye poor brudder Joe! Good bye—poor—lilly—chil-ler! I no more dress you! I no more hug you! I no more hear you say the prayer,

'Now I lay me down to sleep!'

I be free with you, Frank! I be slave with you—I I—." Tears forbade more!

The beginnings of freedom, Frank, were sad; sadder than you ever dreamed. Its endings may,

perhaps, be more pleasant; but you undertook a mighty task when you began to tear away heart-cords! "Give me liberty or give me death!" was now your motto; and you must stand to it!

In due time, sad and unhappy, yet resolved, Mr. Freeman was at Dr. Sharpinton's at the time appointed. The Doctor was *not* sad. The fact is, the president was triumphant, and was swelling out; he felt like playing *master* director—he was conqueror; and yet, if not awed spite of himself, he had sense enough to be prudent on coming into close contact with the negro. Frank was great, though in a sense—fallen: the other was only an—*individual*—and he was *always* little, though he only on occasions felt so.

"Mr. Freeman," commenced the emancipator-general, "I am instructed by the committee to offer you a present employment at a salary of four hundred and twenty-five dollars per annum; and they wish you to set off early to-morrow with a letter to the Rev. Paul Philemon's, in Vermont, where you will be farther instructed as to your duties."

Mr. Freeman bowed. He *looked* lofty and tried to feel lofty; but he merely said,

"And Miss Wardloe?"

To which the other answered, "She will accompany you; and to relieve your present embarrass-

ments, I am directed to make you an advance of one hundred dollars from your salary."

Frank bowed again. Nor did he look very grateful; indeed, he had the air of a man bestowing a favor, instead of receiving one; although he was secretly rejoiced. The $25.00 left him for personal expenses, by Mr. Leamington, he had not touched; and he had for some time resolved *never* to touch it; he would now as soon use blood from the parson's veins! Whether the philanthropists of that day would all have approved this sort of scrupulosity, Frank gave them no chance of trying; it was too sacred a matter to share with anybody.

In answer to the bow, (which rather puzzled a north-easter, who knows the value of a dollar, and will at any time *thank* you for one or two) the Doctor with a little approach to formality, inquired—

"The offer and *salary* I presume, Mr. Freeman, you accept?"

"I do—and we are ready to go, now, or to-morrow morning, sir."

The Emancipator was rather used up; still he pressed Mr. F. to stay, and he would order some refreshment. But Mr. F. almost coldly refused. Why, how so; had he repented? He never said so, reader; but, evidently, he was not happy. Liberty did not instantly heal heart-wounds; but the Doctor was rather surprised, and felt a little hurt; and as he

bowed Mr. F. out, he said to himself—"Grand negro, that—hope he may never strut less!"

Next morning the Boston House had no door *darkened* by Frank and Carrie; but the landlord put into his private desk,

A LETTER FOR THE REV. EDWARD LEAMINGTON.

CHAPTER XIV.

PRICE OF LIBERTY—FORGIVENESS.

About one week after the events narrated in the previous chapter, near the end of June, and towards sun-down of a magnificent day, the Boston Express with its superb team of four proud bays, was thundering along the last four miles of the road to the city.

Within the coach, among other passengers, was our friend, Mr. Leamington, with his family. As far as mind was concerned, the parson was well; for he was possessor of that peace which God giveth to his own; but the recent sorrow was an added blow to weaken his clay tabernacle. Still the influence of a superb atmosphere and pleasant associates was visible in his face and spirits. The wife had all the happiness her entire confidence in her husband's future well-being could produce; and, but *for* her children's sake, she would gladly have gone with him not only

to any place on the earth, but beyond it, to the better land—the only home!

A gig or barouche was now turning out for the approaching stage. In the vehicle rode Mr. Henry Williams and Miss Southton; who, in the moment they were passed by the express, heard two voices cry out,

"Frank and Carrie! Ma! Frank and Carrie! Pa!"

"Oh! no, my dears," said the wife in reply. It looks like Henry the head waiter at the hotel. Frank does not dress that way; and Carrie does not stare and look saucy as that wench; you will see the difference directly, my dears."

"Mr. Williams, as he calls himself," said Mr. Thompson of Cambridge, "is a dandified negro; but after all, he is a clever black. He'll have the starch worked out though, if he marries that runaway jade."

"Runaway!" said Mrs. L.

"Yes, madam," replied Mr. T. "But Williams, who has more honor than a white abolitionist, has paid, they say, half the sum for her freedom; and if she will have him, will pay the other. If he redeems a slave—she'll make a slave of him."

"Ma!" said Julia, "will Carrie dress me, when Frank takes her to the quarters?"

"She'll always *love* you, my dear, if you are a good girl."

"I am good, Ma!—Carrie makes me say my prayers."

"Pa!" said Master George, "you'll never sell Frank, will you?"

"Sell Frank!" exclaimed the father, "sell Frank! what put such a thought into your head, my son?"

"Why, Henry said maybe you would."

"I should almost as soon think of selling you, my child!" replied Mr. L., looking uneasily at his wife, who now felt her fears on that head return with force.

"Pa! Henry said Frank would be a great man, if he was free; what is free, pa?" prattled the boy.

"Frank deserves to be free," interrupted the mother, "for he saved my life!"

"And he shall be free," added the parson.

"Perhaps," said our Cambridge man with great bitterness, "the fanatical emancipators will help your servants to their freedom, sooner than you expect, sir; but we have laws ——"

"Which," interrupted Mr. L., "I should *never* apply to, if this noble negro were tempted to desert us. He is dear to us, gentlemen; and for his own sake, I hope he is firm; but he is human ——"

"And they," in his turn interrupting, said Mr. T., "are rascals and hypocrites, spite of their rigmarole."

"You are severe, my friend," answered Mr. L.

"And I am right," warmly continued Mr. T. 'Why, sir, I know the gentry—I am their neighbor, sir, and had ought to know them. They'll plunge us into civil war, yet! There's that snivelling, canting old *devil*—(beg your pardon, sir)—old hypocrite, Sharpinton—why, sir, he has decoyed away niggers by the score! And I met in the south-west, when last from hum, an infernal rascal—(beg pardon, sir)—a fellow, some called him Tibbets, and some called him Somerville—'pon my honor, sir, I beg ten thousand pardons; I did not mean to offend or distress you—"

"Aye! here we are!" cried somebody, at this juncture—"here we are! There's old Bunker—there's *the* Hill!" And, in a few moments, the Express was rattling up to the door of the Boston House.

The usual crowd was there; but two that ought to have been among the expectant throng were not there. Anxiously, but in vain, did Mr. and Mrs. Leamington search with their eyes for the faithful negroes! And when the stage-door opened, and the children cried out, leaping forward—"Catch me, Frank! Catch me Carrie!"—they started back,

alarmed, when the landlord appeared, and said very kindly, "let me lift you out, my little friends!"

But they cried—"No, no! where's Frank? where's Carrie?" and then imploringly turning to their parents, George said—"Why don't Frank come?—are they free, pa?"

The passengers preserved a respectful silence, north-easters and all; and when Mr. L. said mildly, yet with a quivering voice—"Children, they are free!—but we shall see them in this life never more!"—tears stood in all eyes; amidst the loud cries of the children, and the ill-repressed sobbings of the mother!

That moment was like the solemnity and sadness of death; and the family looked as if they came to a vacant home, from the burial of the dead! It was, however, the noble doings of Philanthropism; and its motto waved in triumph over crushed hearts and blighted affections—*Ruat coelum, justitia fiat.*

Our friends entered their rooms—empty and desolate; but shortly, a light step approached the parlor, and then came a gentle tap at the door; on which Mr. L. himself opening the door, the landlord respectfully bowing, placed in his hands a letter and then retired. But Mrs. L. and her children were, at the time, in the chamber; and hence Mr. L. remained in the parlor, to read alone that letter. On opening the letter, however, a piece of paper fell on the

floor; but at the moment, Mr. L. paid little attention to that; he was too deeply interested in the letter. The reader may well know who was the writer—it was as follows:

"Master!—a *dear* name yet—though I appear as a traitor!—a *name* I shall ever love, even if my new friends (?) constrain me to use their cold language. Yes, dear master! you knew me better than I know myself: you would *never* let me vow! Oh! I remember that one sermon—'Is thy servant a dog, that he should do this thing?' They look on me as noble and free!—alas!—I feel myself a slave now, and worse than before; I have become in my own eyes 'a dog!'—I *have* done it.

"Oh! why did I resolve to be free! That instant I was a changed man—alas! how changed! I felt a gulf was between us—a gulf never to be recrossed! Master, am I really a runaway? It cannot be—it was not necessary—it is not necessary. I need not hide—you scorn to hunt me! Ah! master, master! I see your averted look—your waving hand! I hear your voice! You motion and speak me away! You say, 'Frank! if you wish, go!'

"They have once—but only *once*—told me to keep myself concealed. *Concealed!* As if Edward Leamington would ever *come* after me! No! no!—I will never hide from fear of pursuit; but I hide my-

self from a look of pity and rebuke I dare not encounter! Oh! could I be as I was!—but that can now never be—I am a changed man! I must lie in the bed I have made!

"But, dear master, I have wronged you in another way, beside the deep wounding of your feelings; I have defrauded you of services—I have taken away Carrie! Do not say no: leave me this little consolation—let me pay you back in time the full value of us both.

"And the money your bounty and kindness left for our expenses and pleasure—oh! do not—do not refuse to receive it back. I cannot—I dare not use it: it seems like accursed theft; it would burn a brand of infamy on my very soul—do, kind master—take it back willingly. You have often said, you owed me something; reward me by allowing me to return this money, and to make constant efforts to repay you all.

"And my dear, kind mistress!—my dear little George and Julia!—let them not think too hard of us—Carrie's cries are in my ears!—And my mother! . . . . .

"Master! I have done wrong—very wrong! But I cannot retrace my steps—I purchase Liberty at a dear rate! . . . . . But farewell! my dear, kind, noble-hearted master! May God bless you—he

does bless you—Farewell! I sign myself, if you will allow me,

"FRANK FREEMAN."

Mr. Leamington folded the letter, and put it into his bosom; and then looking towards heaven, he said, with great emotion and solemnity,

"Oh, God! I forgive this misguided brother: And here before Thee, in my intention I do now set him free, and I will do this in my will. I will accept his payments if he can make them, both for his sake and that of my family; but not for my own. Bless and guide and save them both; and for our common Redeemer's sake—Amen."

He then stooped and picked up the paper that had fallen from the letter; it was a cheque for twenty-five dollars, which, placing in his pocket-book, he went into the chamber. The composure of his manner and serenity of his countenance had an effect to calm Mrs. L.; and when Mr. L. handed her Frank's letter, he took the children with himself into the parlor, leaving the mother to read the letter alone. When in the parlor, George said,

"Pa, is not Frank bad? won't he come home?"

To which Julia added, "Carrie is naughty too; I won't love naughty Carrie!"

"My dear son," replied the father, "Frank has done wrong; but he is a good man; he is a Chris-

tian too. We shall probably never see him again: and even if he came back, he would never be useful or happy with us any more. And, my dear little Julia, pa does not think Carrie so very naughty; and I know she is crying that she cannot dress you and put you into bed, and take you in her arms; you must love her yet. But you are both too young for pa to make you understand all he says."

"But, pa," said George, "I hate the white people here—they steal black people."

"My dear child," replied the father, "we must not hate any body; the people here entice away black folks, but they call the act by softer names."

"Are they *good*, too, pa, like Frank when he is doing wrong?" asked the child.

"Some of them, we must believe, my dear, are really good people."

"Pa, what makes *these* good people call you and ma bad names? A black woman told Carrie not to say master and missis, because you were body-snatchers and slave-drivers."

"Hard names, my dear boy, do not hurt us, when our heavenly Father knows we are doing right."

At this moment Mrs. L. entered the parlor with the letter in her hand, her eyes being red with weeping, and approaching her husband, she affectionately said—

"I well know, Edward, by your manner, what

you did on reading this letter. Poor fellow!—let him have Carrie! I do not hesitate a moment to do what I know you wish. But oh! my dear Edward, let us to-morrow leave Boston; I cannot stay here among enemies with pleasure, and we both need a change of residence."

"Dear wife! I blush for my native land, I mourn you have had such reception! To-morrow we will set out for Philadelphia. The weather will continue delightful, and doubtless travelling thither by short stages will do us both good."

"We need apprehend no delays, now, by refusals at the offices to take our whole family. A strange land this—where it is deemed discreditable to ride in a coach with decent black people, but a very honorable and religious act to creep and prowl around houses to steal or *entice* away your servants," observed the lady, with some anger.

"Folks may, dear wife, strain at a gnat, who easily swallow a camel."

"Some, also, Edward, righteous in their own eyes, despise us of the South, as poor sinners; and yet there may be *meaner* things than owning a slave. Perhaps Frank and Carrie may find out in time."

Here a servant entered with tea; and the conversation turned into other channels; and, after tea, our friends, weary and exhausted, went early to bed, intending to set off, next day, for New Haven. Mrs.

L. rang as little as possible for servants; partly because some of the black free servants were impertinent in look and manner, and partly to show, that Southern woman as she was, she could do with less parade and attendance than most northern ladies of the same rank.

Next day our family, several weeks before their original intention, commenced their homeward journey, and the day after that, in the evening, they were comfortably resting in a hotel at New Haven. Here they remained some days, enjoying the many beautiful walks and drives around the city; striving to forget the past, but often forced to recall it, by exclamations and questions from the children, who, at sight of every fine-looking negro man, in the distance, would say—

"There's Frank! there's Frank! pa!"

On one occasion, Julia actually broke away from her mother's side, and crying—"Carrie! Carrie! let me go to Carrie!"—she sprang towards a well-dressed, lady-like, black girl, surrounded by a troop of innocent little white children, and seizing her by the dress, exclaimed—"Carrie! naughty Carrie! come home!—come back!" The kind-hearted black girl, lifted her gently in her arms, and saying—"Im not Carrie, my dear!" she carried her towards Mrs. Leamington.

That lady, on receiving her child, with something

in her look and tone that affected the black woman, said, "Thank you, my good girl! You do, indeed, look like *her*—but she is dead to us!" On which the negress curtsied respectfully, and went back to her wondering charge.

At that very moment a carriage was passing, the coachman on the box, and a lady and gentleman within the coach. The lady was evidently in very poor health, being partly sustained by the gentleman, who, from the disparity of their ages, was probably her father. Attracted by the beauteous sight of the little group around the negress, the invalid had leaned forward for a better view, but the next moment uttering a sudden and piercing cry, as of one dying, she fell back, apparently lifeless, into her father's arms! But our two friends only heard the dreadful shriek; for, at the instant, the coachman struck his horses, and the carriage was borne swiftly away.

"What a piercing, frightful cry! Edward!" said Mrs. Leamington.

"I caught a glimpse of a lady's dress—she must have been in much pain; or greatly alarmed! Alas! others have their sorrows too, dear Mary!" answered the husband.

After walking some time longer around the colleges and parade ground, Mr. L. and his family returned to their hotel. That evening, shortly after tea, a servant brought Mr. L. word that a gentle-

man in the parlor, who declined giving his name, begged to see Mr. L. immediately; on which he followed the waiter to the room. On entering he was met by a gentleman, somewhat advanced in life, but of a benign countenance, and evidently from his manner and intonation a southern gentleman; who, in a voice inspiring respect and confidence, commenced:

"Mr. Leamington, mine is a strange request: yet if you will favor me by accompanying me in the carriage at the door, I will acquaint you with what you were once—perhaps, are yet interested in. May I hope you will ride with me some two miles?"

Mr. L. looked inquiringly. The elder gentleman continued—"I am, doubtless, to you personally a stranger; and yet we are or will be friends."

"I will go, sir, interrupted the parson; allow me, first, to inform Mrs. L., and to make a little preparation."

Accordingly Mr. L. withdrew; and after some five or ten minutes the two gentlemen were seated together in the carriage; which was driven away at a moderate pace from the hotel: the glass and blinds of the coach in front being closed.

In a moment or two the elder gentleman began: "I am, Mr. L., to *you personally* unknown; but I have for years known—may I add—respected you. Nay, my dear sir, if I may be honest, I have long

loved you. Prepare yourself, my dear friend; I have a sorrowful tale; and yet it is important to your own peace that you hear it! Dear sir, I see your anxiety—I will not keep you in suspense—perhaps, I need only name myself—William Henderson, of Mobile."

Mr. L., who had been intensely agitated for the last few moments, as if he foresaw the truth, exclaimed, making strong efforts against being overcome—

"And you know *her!*"

"I know *all*—I know *her!*" answered Mr. H.

"Helen! oh, Helen! it was your Bible!" said Mr. L., burying his face in his hands.

"I know all, dear Mr. Leamington, and yet I love Helen as my own daughter!" continued Mr. Henderson.

"It *was* Helen! then; it was not your daughter?" inquired Mr. Leamington.

"Where did you find her Bible?" replied Mr. H.

"It was left in the packet—and she lives?"

"A penitent and unstained!" answered Mr. H.

"Oh! God!" fervently cried Mr. F., "my deep soul praises thee. I shall die, blessed be thy holy name! free from that *horrible* thought! And have I wronged thee by an unrighteous divorce! sweet, innocent Helen!"

"No! dear Mr. L., you have done no wrong. Be

composed; I will give you now the briefest outlines of what will rejoice your soul; at our leisure I will go into all the details." said Mr. H.

The narrative then in brief and afterwards in greater extent given to Mr. L. by Mr. Henderson was this. Among other passengers in the Express, who arrived at New Haven early in the morning, were Somerville and Mrs. Helen Leamington. They were driven down to the packet; but no sooner had the lady come on board, than she entered a state-room, leaving her enticer on deck in conversation with the captain. Almost immediately the vessel got under weigh; and then the waiting maid came up and handed Tibbets, as he announced himself, a note. What it contained was never known; but after a while, the fellow told the captain he wished a separate room, into which he retreated and bolted the door. Towards evening, Molly, a colored woman, chambermaid on the packet, said to the captain, the lady wished to see him.

This gentleman, Captain Woodward, was nephew to Mr. W. Henderson. He went into the state-room, where he found Helen in great anguish, who said, "Captain, I ask one great favor—I implore it from the depth of my heart—let this colored woman stay constantly with me—let her sleep in this very room —I will tell you all before we reach Charleston."

To this the captain, suspecting in part, what she

afterwards more fully told him, the more readily consented, as the two were the only cabin passengers. And he determined, moreover, to see that she should in no way be molested by Tibbets, who, however, on coming on board, had paid down the passage money for both—the captain being then of opinion that the lady was his wife. The captain at that interview received from the lady a letter, which he found an opportunity of sending that very night by some passing vessel to New Haven. It was the letter the reader may remember was read on the voyage in the Cutwater. It was only by the earnest entreaties of Helen that Captain Woodward refrained from pitching Tibbets overboard, when she, on the ship's approach to Charleston, told him her whole story; but the captain was so enraged, that after making some arrangement with the pilots, who hailed and boarded him, Tibbets was ordered to leave the ship and proceed to his destination in the pilot-boat.

On the arrival of the packet, Mr. W. Henderson happening to be in Charleston, and coming to see his nephew, was made acquainted with the poor lady's history; and the result was, that he resolved to befriend and restore her to her husband. To this the poor penitent and heart-broken wife had replied,

"Oh! sir, I am utterly unworthy this kindness;

but I need a father! alas! my own parents are in their graves, and yet happy are they—I should have brought down their heads with sorrow to the tomb. Oh! give me another trial for life!—but I cannot return! I am innocent of all but this desertion—and yet he can never receive me—no—never!"

Mr. Henderson had not long before buried his only daughter, a lady in age and looks like Helen—indeed, like her in many respects; and hence he finally adopted this poor wandering lamb as his own—and she became in time nearly as dear as the buried child.

At the end of the brief story, by Mr. Henderson related, Mr. Learnington asked—

"And where is she now?"

"I wish to carry you to where she is—"

"Never! I dare not!—I must not!" vehemently interrupted Mr. L. "No! no! I must return, instantly."

"She only wishes your forgiveness before she dies—my dear friend. Oh! listen before you answer,—four hours ago we were riding in this very carriage; she saw and recognized you, on the Green—she uttered a fearful shriek—she fell back, dead, as I at first supposed, into my arms—"

Mr. L. here wildly said—"I heard your cry, Helen! It will ring, ever, in my ears! I come! I come! Hurry me on—we may be too late!"

"There is the house," replied Mr. H. "Helen yet lives, and will for a few hours. God will bless you for this—my dear daughter knows you have forgiven her—but she would hear your voice say—"I forgive"—and, that she may have that joy, I would give my fortune."

"Oh! Mr. Henderson," said Leamington, "if I cannot now say that word, I shall die without peace, myself."

"Be composed, dear Mr. L. When we alight, we will stay in the parlor till the physician says you may see her."

Accordingly, the gentlemen went into the parlor; where free from the fear of the driver, Mr. L. gave way to his moanings, constantly exclaiming—"Why did they report you dead—why did you not return! I would have received you—even Mary would not have blamed me! Why, Mr. Henderson, was I deceived by a false report of her death?"

"Helen was, indeed," replied Mr. H., "very ill with the fever. The physicians deemed her recovery hopeless. Rumor arose that she was dead—she was so reported at Mobile. The editorial notice and comment you saw, were without our knowledge. Helen, to the surprise of all, however, recovered: but her constitution, weakened by a sorrowful remorse, never recovered the shock of her illness, and since

then, year by year, she has been sinking to the grave."

"She would have *lived*, had she come back!" said Mr. L., in a tone that melted Mr. H. into tears. On recovering himself he said—

"I urged her that I might write you her true story. But she was immovably fixed in one resolve—while her betrayer lived, *never* to let you know she lived. She said, "Edward may forgive! but how can he receive me! No! let me go down to the dust, banished, but penitent—but blessed be God—uncontaminated!"

The agitation of Mr. L. became, now, very great, when Mr. H., folding him to his bosom, said, "My dear son, be composed, for the sake of the dying."

"I will be!" answered Mr. L. "I am! when shall I see her?"

"I am going now," replied Mr. H., "to see if all is ready."

"Go, immediately, my kind sir, I will be ready—I *will* be," said Mr. L., who was left now alone. His feelings none can tell, save those who have endured similar trials; yet when Mr. Henderson returned, and with him the physician, they saw Mr. Leamington was braced to bear the interview.

"Be calm," said the physician, "her last hour is come! I will go with you; she may need my aid."

The two gentlemen went noiseless up the stairs;

the chamber door was gently opened by the doctor, and, in a moment more, Edward Leamington was kneeling at the bed, his lips kissing the cold hand of the dying, while he tenderly and tremulously whispered—

"Helen! dear Helen! my own dear Helen!"

"He forgives! I die—*happy!*" exclaimed the penitent in a voice of joy; and then she swooned.

"I dreaded it!" said the physician, greatly moved, "but she will revive;" holding, at the same time, a powerful essence to be inhaled, and bathing her face; on which the patient, as she revived, said, faintly—

"Is he near me?—the lights! One sight of that dear face—reconciled!"

"Edward is kissing your face, dear Helen!"

"*His* voice! hold me *once* more to your heart!"

Leamington sat on the side of the couch; and placing his trembling arm gently under the dying, he drew her head upon his bosom, saying with an intense earnestness—

"Helen! oh! Helen!—look up! You are on my heart!—smile on me as of old!"

She let her head fall gently backward; and while a sweet smile melted over her countenance, her eyes opened upon Edward's face, with the look of an angel's pure love, and then, with the last sigh, whispering—"*O God!—I thank thee!*" her eye-lids

dropped their long lashes like an innocent babe's—her bosom moved its last throb—and the

Divorced slept on Edward's breast, to wake—Never more!

CHAPTER XV.

A DRIVE—A WEDDING—A TRAGEDY.

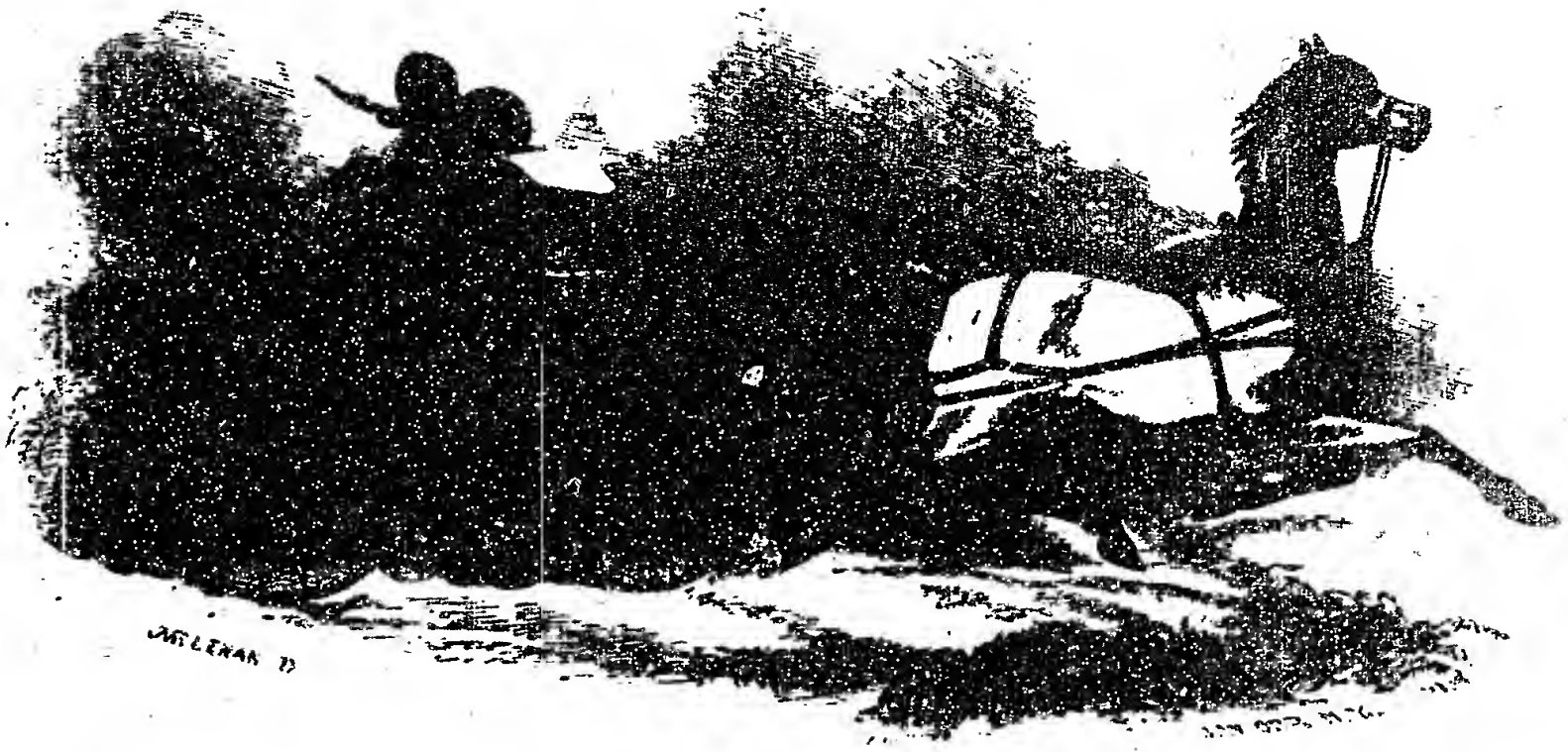
Several weeks passed before Edward Leamington knew how carefully he had been nursed by his wife; and often, during the period, he had talked wildly and passionately of the dead, and affectionately of the living, while Mr. Henderson, now an inmate of the family, and deeply interested in his recovery, watched him night and day. And when Edward came to himself, he found, in place of Carrie, the faithful Molly in charge of his children—the woman that had ever been with the departed Helen, till her last hours. This negress, though enticed by the *good* folks, would say—"Very fair preaching, here—but very bad acting—I will run my risk among the slaveholders, rather than the slave-stealers!"

As soon as Mr. L.'s health allowed, the family, with Mr. Henderson and Molly, departed for the

south; but we must follow the fortunes of the free, and not of the bondsmen and their masters.

Does the reader remember that on the evening the express coach entered Boston, a curricle or barouche passed, with two distinguished personages—Mr. Henry Williams and Miss Southton? He does. Did he notice their style? Not particularly. No! Why it was *a la mode*, and a touch beyond! Both were done up, and with the most elaborate art, in silks and broadcloths splendent with buckle and button, and sparkling with glass jewelry and French paste!

The gentleman's hair was carded nearly out by the roots into magnificent rolls of wool fit for spinning; the front locks curled as if a jet black ram meant to butt over an antagonist, and with a most crankled pair of horns! How the tippy hat kept its place on the top of its elastic cushion, was the wonder; it must have been by the attraction of adjacency! The coat was sky-blue; the vest white as a milk-strainer; while the oh-don't-mention-ums, in the fashion of the day, were so amazingly skin-tight, that any sudden accession to the growth of his limbs, would have caused a rending, as of the bark from a hide-bound tree! But that cravat!—how superbly it was built up in white from his ruffled breast to his beardless chin, and fixed with a beau-nash tie! while that chin peaked up in a heaven defying style, yet smooth and polished as a veal-soup bone!



"Drive to the Wedding. p. 207.

The breast pocket was graced with a cambric of whiteness and essence—perhaps, through benevolence, as white friends might prefer rose fragrance to musk. His hands swelled up in white gloves—made to order; for his hands had their full growth. In short, the only jet visible in our white-black, was in his face and shoes—both being very black and shiney.

But the way Mr. Williams did the driving! He must have studied the models adorning the bar-room with the ardor of a devotee—those engraved and printed crack-whips of the day! How light he rested on the edge of the seat—his left upper limb barely in contact with the damask cushion!—his right broadside exposed so fearless to the gaze of all beholders! How tight the reins—an electric telegraph between his will and the steed's mouth! how his right hand crossed the left and held a whip-handle with lash gathered into graceful curves! And that right eye turned towards his nose, and trying to keep in a line with the left turned on Miss Southton, and both eyes so full of love and matrimony!—yet nearly popping from the sockets by hard strains that exposed their whites glaring as a malicious horse's! It was Phœbus burned into crisp and charcoal, and just coming to his natural color!

And the lady!—but no male writer is adequate to this; and yet with all her care, she was only a pea-

hen to a peacock—saving Mr. William's big feet! Her parasol and fan divided and often distracted her attention—the fan being ivory or bone net-work, and fiercely painted with a Venus very scant of clothing and an infant cupid without any diaper!—and the parasol of pure white silk, and spread to prevent the envious sun from tanning the lady's complexion. She was evidently pleased with Mr. W.'s attempts to look interesting; and to reward his labor, and the strain on his optic nerves, she grinned her satisfaction by exposing her rock-like teeth from the bottom of one ear to the bottom of the other.

But what meant all this dressing and driving? this gazing and grinning? this combing and carding? Hark! you, reader!—we are going to a—*Wedding!* So it is in life as in this book—from gay to grave—from tears to smiles; yes, while Mr. Leamington was on his way to meet sorrow, our two black friends were hastening to a scene of joy. That very night Mr. Frank Freeman was to espouse Miss Carrie Wardloe!

Mr. Freeman's visit to the Rev. Paul Philemon's, was, after all, only that he might be concealed by this clerical receiver of other men's property—a worthy minister stationed by the Philanthropic Society as a city of refuge from oppression and bondage. In later days, these houses are stations along the tunnels, where passengers suddenly pop up for a

breath of air and a glimpse of sunlight, till they emerge in some part of Freedonia, large and lively citizens.

But it was no small trouble to keep Mr. Freeman within the house; indeed, any allusion to the possibility of pursuit made him angry in a moment; hence his benefactors began to fear he would run away and turn slave again! But Frank felt that this to him was now a moral impossibility. He saw, however, the propriety of the advice for his immediate marriage; and hence his wedding was by mere chance to come off the night of the very day Mr. L. and family had got back to Boston. And to that scene Mr. W. and Miss S. were hastening, when they met the Express.

Our lady and gentleman had heard the children's exclamation—"Pa! there's Frank!" on which Mr. Williams stretched up still more erect, at thought of resembling Mr. Freeman, while Miss Southton remarked—

"That as far as she was consarned, she thought some folks were as good-looking as Mr. Freeman."

"Much obliged, Miss Southton," replied Mr. W.; "in your company, I forget all other ladies; and cheerfully resign the adorable Miss Wardloe, beauteous as she is—"

"Oh! you flatterin' man!" exclaimed the lady,

hiding her blushes behind the ivory fan, and contemplating the Venus with her little bantling Cupid.

"Flattering! my *dear* Miss Southton; oh! could I but venture to disclose the secrets of my distracted bosom—oh!"

"Well, don't be afeerd to speak out, Henry; though I can't think to imagine, for sartin, what your secret is; but I won't say nothing to nobody—"

"And am I not understood! Oh! Clarandina, oh!—"

"I'm partiklur sartin not to tell—do say it out."

"And has it all been on one side, Clarandina?"

"Maybe not Henry; but say for proper sartin what it is. I'm your friend, Henry; and a friend in need's a friend indeed."

"A friend! Oh! cold and killing beauty! Can I not inspire you with my flame? Ah! I see, you *do* understand—your tell-tale eyes are beaming with love through that beauteous fan!"

"Oh! you desperit man! I'll git out of the gig—I'll fall in love, if I don't."

"You bid me hope, then!" At which joyous exclamation, Mr. Williams gave the horse such an unexpected, gratuitous and severe tickler, that he behaved very indecorously; and then set off as if somebody blacker than the driver was behind him.

Now, whether the lady was truly alarmed, or thought she should be, is not certain; but dropping

her fan, lowering her parasol, and throwing her ebony arms around Mr. W., she cried out—

"Oh! *dear* Henry! stop 'im! I musn't lose you so—don't let him kill you!"

On this Mr. Williams began and carried on two parts—the *lover* and the *driver*, changing his voice to suit the characters, and with amazing rapidity—"Adorable Clarandina! *whoa! Charley!* I'll love you, forever!—*you blasted varmint!* I'll hold you to my bosom! *Rot your carcass!* Oh! my dearest Clarandina! *What the dickens do you mean! whoa, I say!* Let us have a double wedding! *No you don't —whoa!* Oh! *Whoa!* Hold to me! *Running off, hay!*"

Here the lady, truly alarmed, interrupted—"Oh! Henry—we'll be killed!—just when I got you, I'm going for to lose you! *Oh! nice hossey!* I'll have you!—*good hossey!*"

"Don't be alarmed my love!" answered Mr. W. "He's holding up! And will you have me?—*so, boy, so!* Oh! what a heaven!—*so, so, boy, so, so!* Clasped to your heart!—*why, Charley!* We'll be one, forever! *My fine Charley, that's you!*"

"*Nice horse!* yes! we'll be one;" responded Miss S. killing the two birds with one stone, in imitation of Mr. W., who went on in two parts—

"*You noble brute! I owe you her!* don't cry, my love, my Clarandina, oh!"

"I cry for joy—*lovely Charley—you git me husband!*"

"And now, my Clarandina, I kiss your ruby lips—a sign that we, to-night, are one!"

Here our lover made a violent effort to suit action to word, wishing to stoop over and still keep his hat on; in which, however, he must have signally failed had not the spouse that was to be, promptly seconded his motion, and met his protruded lips about half-way. But the *buss* had to be performed so hurriedly, and they both put on so much steam, it smacked short and snappish, like a whip-crack; at which provoking sound the "nice, lovely, good Charley" started for a fresh race; and, so unexpectedly, that the tippy hat leaped from its perch into the road, and the parasol, a moment neglected for the kiss, went following after!

And now Mr. W. was compelled to forego dalliance and dialogue—to abstain from all imitations—to forget model drivers—to be plain Henry, head-waiter of the Boston House; for Charley, under an impression his friends were in "haste to the wedding," and being tired of fashionable paces, where he was forced to show off, began to gallop, as if he meant to run—and then to run as if he did not mean to stop—bits, check-rains and palaver, to the contrary, notwithstanding.

And so Henry, having an indistinct remembrance

now, that his father was a black man, turning square round, with his back aslant upon the gig-back, and heels planted in front, against something; with his carded head lying so as bring the face all-along, horizontal, and his hands wrapping themselves (gloves on, but not air-tight,) with the reins; while the relinquished whip was twisting, snake-like, among the wheel-spokes, its handle in pieces on the turnpike—was, alas! no longer driving. No! he was simply pulling in, and with all his talents; and yet all was not equal to a one-horse power; that would have balanced Charley! And that horse—that "noble brute"—had jerked the sentiment completely out of his driver; it had gone off with the new and tippy beaver. Hence, Henry was no longer intent on love and matrimony; but his soul was absorbed in personal matters, more earthly; and it let out, at length, into a natural cry, trembling and high:—

"Whoa! wo! Curse your rottin hide! whoa! won't you, wo! 'Spose you break the gig! whohoo! —whose to pay—wo!—that's what I want to know! —wo-ho-woah!—blame you, stop!—wo! you blasted nigger of a hoss!—"

Here the adorable Clarandina, true to nature, for this time, clapsed both arms round the middle of her lover, crumpling the sky-blue coat, and rubbing perspiration into the white vest, and at short intervals mingling with his manly tones of entreaty and

expostulation, the shrill soprano of her own complaints:—

"I'll be killed for certin' 'cept I had'nt a cum—wish I'd stay'd with [illegible] Where'l I go to! Don't ketch me ahind thi[illegible]! Can't see my par'sul! There—now—my [illegible] bonnet's all squash'd up!"

Our three performers continued [illegible] good three mile heat—and *heat* it was sure enough! But at length, when Henry was about giving out, Gourley began to give in—the bit, by accident, the last half mile having escaped from his teeth and sawing away on his mouth with all sorts of friction—till the horse subsided into a fair trot, his eye suspiciously glaring round to see where the whip was, his ears spitefully peaked like Henry's original chin, and himself now and then giving a snort by way of intimating he had done his best and maybe would do it again!

The lady and gentleman were, however, for a while literally demolished; and a snappy colloquy at first arose, but was soon mixed with returning smiles and good nature; the female sustaining primo, the male secundo, thus:—

"You said you could drive 'um."

"Tain't what horse the fellow said. He ought to make my hat good."

"You squashed my bonnet when you jerked over so; but you couldn't help it."

"No, dearee—I'll make that good. The white rascal may whistle for the whip, though."

"He ought to git me a new white silk par'sul—it took all my wagus."

"I'll be your sun-shade, love!"

"Oh! I don't mind loosing a par'sul for you."

"Nor I hat! kiss me, dearee!"

"I won't kiss no more, behind that horse."

"Well, to-night, my adorable!"

"Yes, when we are one."

"I mean that, Clarandina, dear! But see, the horses and carriages over there; that's the place—that's the house."

Here, maugre all mishaps, Mr. Williams began to assume his original driving posture; and to rectify the sky-blue coat and white vest and other derangements of the outer man. His hair had remained as from the last touch of a curry-comb; that hair being the stubborn part of his nature, when fixed, would stay fixed. And Miss Clarandina rectified her "squash'd" bonnet, adjusted her curls, straightened her kerchief and smoothed her gloves; till matters adjusted and tempers unruffled, with head erect and chin a-peak, Mr. W. drove up Charley in regular style, to the wonderment and amusement too, of all—a gentleman negro without a hat!

On alighting, other damages and blurs became, for the first, manifest. Miss Southton's frock-flounce

showed a hole, evidently done by Mr. W.'s heel; while his vest had a touch of some oleaginous compound from the lady's hair. His not-to-be-talked-abouts, in the herculean struggle of the limbs, were strained generally, and in places were leaky—needed the stitch in time; while her *tournure* made a protuberance on the quarter contrary to nature. But our folks found great commisseration on giving their narrative, and in due season by the aid of needles and pins, and borrowed articles, were ready for the entree; when Mr. Williams performed that grand action like the Lord of all Timbucto, with the interesting lady-love tastefully reposing on his arm—a long kid of snowy white on her own rounded arm, allowing the plump ebony from the elbow upward to the white ruffles resting some two inches broad on the shoulder tip, to display itself. It looked like a bit of midnight between two bright suns! Indeed, amidst that gay and fascinating throng—the *élite* of several colors—our two won universal admiration, and were as models to all that aspired to manners elaborate and recherche! And when rumor whispered these were to be the second pair to-night, the extemporaneousness of the matter turned the two into lions—male and female!

The groom and bride had not yet made their appearance; but they were ready and awaited only the arrival of Dr. Sharpinton, who was now momen-

tarily expected. The company, however, managed to get along as well as unmixed ones usually do: they talked as much nonsense; they promenaded; they moved up and down and around without end or motive, intending to be happy, directly; they said things, by courtesy called wit, at which all, near by, laughed and smiled, and then, in turn, for want of recreation, repeated to others, who were straining over to know what the fun was—till a single bon mot or pun seasoned the whole mass with good humor.

Many tried attitudes and studied tones—to appear interesting; hence, were voices lisping, simpering, trilling; and, also, artless looks, and looks of fire and independence; and phizzes of the deepest thought, the brows all puckered together, as a bit of unskilful stitching, and the eyes piercing away down to an abyss without any bottom, and dark and dreary as chaos! One looked oratorically—another statesman-like—while this colored lady looked poetic—and that lady of the opposite color, as if she were in labor, and would some day be delivered of a book on Emancipation!

And politeness was done on all; everybody atoning in public for his ill-humor and selfishness when out of harness; so that nobody now kept anything for himself, but held it to give to his neighbor—till all was a weaving mass of benevolent beings, *acting* for each other's good.

The contrast of complexions was superb; black, however, predominating, not because black faces were more numerous, but more visible; for a dozen such were sable enough for thrice that many Caucasian. White faces show a little by candle-light; but black ones absorb all the light, and make dark spots all over the company.

The caution of well-skilled philanthropists marked one regulation; dancing was proscribed on religious principles; by which a most formidable evil was avoided. Amalgamationists, whatever other senses they may have lost, still retain their smelling. As it was, the weather being decidedly warm, many a fair maid, like a timid swimmer sticking to shore, kept near open windows, and invited modest gentlemen to make offers of promenading on the piazza and in the gardens. Night dews were bad to be sure; but something else is worse. Essences chemically prepared, were in great demand—indeed, they became quite as insufferable as the natural fragrancies!

But every noble thing demands a sacrifice; and different styles of patriots pay different prices for honors and eminence. Some undergo great perspirations and sweat out their tasks; but amalgamationists pay through the—nose! Still here is their advantage—they scent their game and follow it in the dark!

Hush!—see! the company is ranging itself! Be-

hold, Dr. Ananias Sharpinton is entering the room; he wears a gown and carries a book; he stands now behind a little table! Look! here they come! What! are those two to be married? By no means: these, my reader, are *our* colored attendants—the first groomsman, the worthy doctor's son and the first bridesmaid, the worthy host's daughter;—why, the whole affair is to be in keeping, half-and-half! But there come the other colored ones—the second set—fine darkies as ever graced a bridal! How gracefully the four open ranks and wheel about till the white attendants are next—

Mr. Frank Freeman and Miss Carrie Wardloe!

After all what a magnificent fellow it is! Well may the woman he holds by the hand say—"yes," to the question categorical now put to her. How proud he stands! He seems to scorn what his white friends consider condescension! He feels out of place; not that they are better than he; but that he seemed admitted by sufferance and favor! He began to feel even now that he was part of a machinery for other ends, his personality being lost!

The mixed party feared, while they respected him. The blacks gloried in such a representative; although they felt they would be more respectable if he was their king or president in some kingdom or state of their own; while the whites saw Freeman was a man without them; and several of the more invete-

rate amalgamators among the fair sex, declared, if Mr. Freeman was as light as Mr. George Harris, they would not scruple to marry him.

But little did these know that Frank would have spurned any white lady that would marry a negro. Even so black Simon, a *libertus* of the author's slaveholding ancestors, on meeting a brother black in Philadelphia, who had just wedded a white woman, exclaimed—

"And so, Jerry, you've married a white woman."

"Well, what if I have!"

"Nothing, you silly nigger!—only you must have a very strong *stummuk!*"

However, the knot is tied; for Frank, in obedience to the Rev. Dr. Sharpinton, in the old fashion of ending the ceremony, has saluted the bride; and Carrie is now Mrs. Frank Freeman! But before the reverend gentleman could leave his post; and before the joyous company could shake hands with the happy couple, other groomsmen and bridesmaids (black and white as before) displayed into station, and between them, walked up to the chalk-line, that master of the whip—

MR. HENRY WILLIAMS
to be united to
MISS CLARANDINA SOUTHTON!

Both were refitted in dress and looks; and their hair was finished beyond description. Such elastic

moss for spring seats would be a fortune to an upholsterer! An extemporaneous wedding;—the company were in extacies! Mr. Williams was conscious of his responsibilities on this grand occasion—he designed the whole as a model case—a pattern-card; and he really out-looked and out-acted even himself, and that was outdoing nature.

His response was prompt, decided, energetic; and was accompanied with a courtly bend of the blue and white breast, while the beardless chin rose to its summit height in the world, and his hinder hair bounced elastic on the velvet collar! His right arm, with ungloved hand across the lower bosom, held by the finger tips, a female hand, black as his own, and nearly as big; while his left, gracefully pendant, and tipt with a white kid, dangled another! Silk stockings displayed to advantage all of an ancle that could be seen, without walking round; but his feet being imprisoned, and for no crime except their size, in remorseless pumps, kept the owner in a tiptoe balance of his person, that created a fear lest Mr. W. might topple over to a fall! And everbody felt that it would be a very pitiless joke to step on this groom's toes!

Nor was the lovely bride wanting to herself and her lord; for she spoke right out, and said her "yes," with the utmost candor; and then inserting her arm within her man's, she hooked him up with a grip

that meant—"I've got you, Henry, that's sartin—you don't escape, this time!" Her curtsy rivalled his bow; yet from some disorder in her balance, she must have gone clean over backward, if her hold on Henry had been less secure.

But when the order—"Salute your bride"—came, does anybody think Mr. Williams instantly gave a *buss*, like that which scared his horse! or do you think Mr. W. had lost his manners, and helped himself first to the honeyed nectar of those lovely lips! No! he did not forget himself; he knew all eyes were upon him; he would out-top Mr. Freeman himself; he would show politeness that *was* politeness; and so with a smile that made a rent across his whole face—with inimitable and undefinable curvatures of body and head—with eyes full open upon the Doctor's face—and with the blandest of tones—he proudly said—

"After you, Doctor!"

Ha! ha!—Emancipator! you are caught—fairly caught! Go it! Mr. President!——And yet the astounded doctor after all escaped this most righteous punishment; for, first, the thing was so unexpected and so irresistibly ludicrous, that black and white simultaneously burst into such a haw! haw! and ho! ho! that Mrs. Williams fled alarmed; and, secondly, the whites, fearing they should have to follow suit, contrived to smuggle out their dux-gregis; in which

"After you Doctor" p. 282.

they, of course, succeeded, being accustomed to smuggle out black people.

It is said, however, that ever after, the doctor omitted that amatory order from his matrimonial formula; at least in mixed companies, and where a pair was colored. And, possibly, this may have been the cause why kissing is gone into disuse at weddings; indeed, if any seriously yet meditate a social amalgam, it seems wise to anticipate numberless little alleviations of things mutually disagreeable, and specially to persons of delicate taste, weak senses, and small philanthropy. Should this book contribute a mite even, this way, future amalgamators, when they *come* to their *senses*, will look back with affectionate regards for the author.

As far as supplies were concerned, there was an abundance—an immense abundance of eatables and drinkables. The fact is Yankee folks are wholesouled that way—the author in his several visits to Yankeedonia having been always fed, and with the best, till he could eat no more. His breakfasts were like dinners, and his dinners like tea breakfasts, and his tea and supper like both the others put into one. But attendants at the wedding were at first few; for, spite of appeals to conscience and patriotism, natural feelings among the whites were too strong for service here, although a few humbled themselves to hand

round; but most held back, and some profanely asseverated, they would "never wait on the darkees."

The colored guests had, in daily life, enough of menial services; and here was an opportunity of an holiday, and of trying the sweets of liberty on a higher platform; and of course, all the invited waiters, cooks, scullions, barbers, and swill-barrel blacks, had dropped themselves, and came, even as some whites, in masks. These scorned to be servants here, in a show got up for their special honor and exaltation.

Volunteers, however, among the whites were found; and after the white ladies and gentlemen entered with tea and cakes on the waiter, then Mr. Freeman, although the principal black, rose, followed by Mrs. Freeman, and both insisted, with great politeness and grace, on relieving the one a white lady, and the other a gentleman; on which the less noble negroes, being ashamed, came in full force to the rescue. But all this will doubtless regulate itself in "the good times coming, boys!" when Oberlin's mixed streams shall flow out to fertilize and purify, and the social amalgam shall be of its kind—perfection.

Reader! this chapter must, after all, end with tragedy. For, on a sudden, was now heard the rapid hoof of an approaching horse. What can it be? perhaps, some tardy emancipator, too late for the ceremony, and yet in time for cake and jelly? No!

What then can be the matter? Behold! our quondam friend, Mr. Short, of the umbrella, comes hurriedly into the room, and much agitated, exclaims—

"Oh, Doctor! Doctor! Mr. Somerville is dead!"

"Dead!" was the outcry of all.

"Dead! dead!" repeated Mr. Short, "and by the hands of cowardly slaveholders!"

"Good heavens!" exclaimed Dr. S., "What! was he assassinated, Mr. S.?"

"No, sir, he was only killed—"

"*Only* killed! But how? why? where?"

"Why, sir, he was shot; and with a bullet; and in the breast; and because he wouldn't give up!"

"Do, brother Short, give us some connected account—how do you know it is true, at all?"

"Why, brother Sharpinton, it is in the Truth Teller, and will be out to-morrow; but Mr. Slashup, the editor, has sent you this letter to read to the company, and it well tell the how, as I calculate;" and with that, Mr. Short handed over the letter, which the reverend gentleman read out, thus—

"REV. AND DEAR SHARPINTON:—My soul is fairly on fire—it fairly cries out, 'Away with the accursed slavers from the earth!' Oh, heavens! doctor, they've killed our Somerville; and in defence of his press! Freedom!—where's our right to publish the truth—the whole truth, and nothing but the truth? Don't tell me of freedom! Union or no union!

down with the gag-loving, press-muzzling, slavery-aiding, colonization-scheming, God-defying, double-dyed, negro-lashing, humanity-crushing, base, grovelling, truckling villains, that, in face of the sun, will assault and pull down a printing-office, and pitch the types into the street, and shoot down, spite of law, justice, and rights of man, the noble Somerville, and standing to defend his rights! It hadn't ought to be the 19th century! no, it hadn't ought to!——— I know it cannot be done; but, still, follow me, ye friends of the poor, down-trodden, brute-degraded, blood-squeezed, and sweat-defrauded sons of Africa! oh! ye men of tried souls, ye true Americans, and we will drive the accursed South into the earth-girdling ocean!

"Vain to hope for Justice! We cannot draw the avenging sword of our godly forefathers! but, beware! we can handle a pen! And here I swear, thou martyred hero! while a single quill can be plucked from the wing, to use *my* columns to expose the vile craft of colonizers, that would tear away the exiled African from his native America, and second the bribing slavers to fill up the places of worn-out bondsmen with new ones!

"Thus will I best avenge thy death! and I further swear, the whole north-east shall have one heart—and this shall be the fugitive's home! Here he shall be protected and concealed! And with one

hand we will resist the miscreant knaves that shall defile our virgin soil with their pursuing feet!

"Down! down! with man's law! brother; up with higher law! And let us defend that higher law with bullet, and steel, and blood! Rest thee, thou all over-gored Somerville, in thy crimson blood bed—the tramp of the free shall yet be above thy holy grave!

"In haste, &c.,

"SLASHUP."

Having read the letter, and before the company had time to utter their feelings, Dr. S. spoke as follows:—

"I presume, my friends, to-morrow we shall have the whole narrative in the Truth Teller. That our devoted Somerville has fallen a victim, because of his adherence to truth and justice is plain; but what steps our Society must take is a matter of deliberation for the Committee. The Committee, will, therefore, meet to-morrow at 3 P. M., in the room. And now, it is proper our happy company break up; as for myself I must bid good-night to all, as I purpose to set off for Boston by four o'clock in the morning."

The company, accordingly, immediately separated; some to the neighboring houses, among friends, and some to the country taverns, where they had made arrangements.

What others thought we know not: but that night

Mr. Freeman said to his wife; "Carrie! this man may not have deserved death from those that murdered him—yet God is just. This man would have sent me to the gallows and with the brand of traitor and murderer on my name! Yes!—*he* stirred up my intimate friends!—and I saw their quivering bodies as they swung from that frightful gibbet!"

Carrie was amazed and stood almost terrified at her husband's words and manner; and trembling, she exclaimed—

"I no understand you, Frank!"

"Another time," he replied, "I will tell you all, Carrie; and you then will say with me,

GOD IS JUST."

CHAPTER XVI

INDIGNATION MEETING OF PHILANTHROPIC SOCIETY.

The courteous reader, (supposing one has got thus far)—should know that during the period embraced by our story, railroads were to be; and that electrical wire-workers were only something to be laughed at; in which time even turnpikes were not everywhere, and some such ought to have been no-where. Hence, travelling in express stages was done by the day, and might, therefore, last a week or more; while mail stages stopped at every tavern to liquor-up; and at every post-office to change bags; and as such stations averaged one to the mile, letters would come to hand only every now and then, and dear at that.

News was not common in the good old times; and a little was made to go a great way and lasted a long time, like a good pickle. Indeed, with judicious handling a respectable crime—(only about half

as excellent as the daily ones at present)—a murder, a burning of only half a-dozen women and little babies in a steamboat for instance, would last a whole year!

And newspapers were few, and indeed, very far between; and so for want of spice, old articles of interest—hangings and the like, were hashed up and served over and over, till the whole union had learned the thing by heart! How unlike our high-pressure civilization! Sheets of news flood our streets chin-deep! Runners in seven-league boots step over two or three times a day to every village and hamlet, with news fresh squeezed, by labyrinthical machines driven by all sorts of hot and cold airs, and vapors, and thunder, and lightning! Pitch into the hoppers any old inexpressibles—and fizz!—whack!—squish! —out comes a newspaper, large as an old-fashioned quilt, and with columns for each and every separate kind of sort of news! The want column—the murder column—the rowdy fight—the divorce—the nameless disorder—the quack—the dreadful-accident columns! Of late a special column is set apart for steamboat disasters!

Manifestly partisan papers had of old a decided advantage; they found their account in representing a thing their own way, it being long before the impression could be erased by any counter statements, and decided action often took place before that was done.

Of course all after narratives were false, prejudiced, malicious; and firm men adhered to what was done; and a fellow that had told a lie, stuck to it, on the principle that consistency was a jewel.

Perhaps, Conservatism sprang from a desire to wait a little and see what *Truth was;* for to follow a newspaper in *those* days was to follow a *story*, and that the first told. A Conservator loves neither a high pressure nor a low pressure paper or press; but he loves a medium pressure machine; because the first squeezes out more truth than the matter contains, the second less than the truth, and the medium just truth enough. It presents, in other words, the subject just in that state and form that admits the Union and Action of Good yet Imperfect Men! The Purist, the Perfectionist, the Psuedo-Philanthropist, hate the just medium—it pukes them like warm water—but only because their stomach is foul.

The Boston Truth Teller was a paper on the highest pressure principle, and could squeeze truth out of a *false* story—it could find lemonade in a pumpkin. Here is a touch of its quality—the editorial laid by Dr. Sharpinton before the Committee of the Philanthropic Society, at the meeting announced in the last chapter:

"HORRIBLE! HORRIBLE!! MOST HORRIBLE!!!

"Do we live in the Nineteenth? Are we Christians? Is this Freedom's land? Oh! tremble, blush,

mourn, hide your face, while we tell! Hear it, look at it!—The Press is no longer free!

"Do we live to write it? Alas, we do! Better lie in the grave, than live to record it! Last Sunday week, a devilish mob at Look-Out-Point, on the Mississippi, led on by a reprobate wretch, called Ketchem, a notorious slaver, collected around the office of the Scarifier and Renovator, and simply because the editor, C. Somerville, Esq., refused to give the name of a writer, who with manly, noble, fearless independence, had been exposing the diabolical arts and practices of the man-stealer, in enticing a whole family of *Free* blacks into a boat, and then running them off to bondage and slavery—this infernal crew advanced to pull down the building!

"On this the brave, noble, fearless, independent Somerville, surrounded by a party of resolute and well-armed friends, resolved to stand on the defence. In a few moments, several shots were fired from the crowd, which our heroic party returned; on which Somerville, who headed his party, rushing forward to a window for a better shot, received several rifle balls in his body; one of which, passing through his heart—his grand heart—his freeman's heart—he fell dead!

"Instantly, the incarnate rabble rushed in, and succeeded in demolishing all the furniture and fixtures, and then proceeded to demolish the building!

And all the while, it is said, several magistrates stood by, and without a word of remonstrance, saw the mob complete their work!

"Emancipators! Philanthropists! awake! arise! To your posts! Do your duty! No Republic! No Union! No anything! *If we must have Slavery*—Liberty or Death!"

In due time, but too late to stop what was intended and done by the Truth Teller, the sifted truth was found to be this:—

That the office was attacked and demolished, and the editor, Mr. S., killed and in defence of his property, were all strictly true; but, other important matters had been slightly warped, and some items of truth had fallen out or been *overlooked.* For instance, *no family of blacks* had been *enticed* into a boat; but several negroes, *slaves* already of Colonel Kertchin, had been solicited by Mr. S. to settle in the north, and advised to bring off any little nicknackery of spoons, watches, and jewelry, (*providentially* around,) a lawful plunder from the Egyptian task-masters; but said blacks had foolishly declined the invitation, and after a day of special jollification had voluntarily returned with the Colonel to his plantation, some thirty miles from Lookout Point.

On this, an article very abusive had appeared in the Scarifier; in which a Mr. Ketchem (a nick-name for Col. Kertchin)—was charged with negro steal-

ing—the slaves being represented as free negroes. The Colonel demanded the name of the writer, saying, of course, the editor was held responsible. The name was withheld, and the Colonel's letter published with insulting comments; while other offensive articles over different signatures appeared—all of which, on good authority, were believed to be from the editorial pen.

At this, the editor was informed that if within twenty-four hours the names were withheld, his office would be destroyed. To which he had boldly answered and laconically—"We are ready!" Shortly after on came the mob and with hostile intention, beyond doubt; but they were greeted with a shower of balls by which several were wounded and one man killed in the storming party. Patience is not the chief virtue of mobs, and retaliation is deemed no sin; so that the assailants fired in return with a will and a vengeance; and then Charles Somerville, Esq., *alias*, the Rev. Philander Tibbets, died as he had lived—an Emancipator, and—something else.

The charge against the magistrates had—we are sorry to state—much truth in it; but then this class being elected by the people do not like unnecessarily to offend them, at least in places. But so far from looking on were the magistrates, that they were all absent *accidentally* from the village—at some camp-

meeting, they said:—and on their return, they all expressed themselves sincerely sorry for the riot, hoping, however, that the emancipators would do less hereafter at coaxing off negroes and abusing the owners.

Justice is blind enough sometimes—that is certain; hence a weight, often unperceived, slips out of the scales!

Lynch law is, unquestionably, a very gingerly thing to handle; and where applied with some show of reason, it is yet a cat with more than nine tails. Still cases *may* happen, where it would be dangerous to do without the judge, although his presence may even then be an evil. Perhaps the most atrocious of all crimes may be committed under cover of law, when the law itself instead of preventing is compelled to aid: and of course, such law must be modified or repealed. But till then, society or individuals must stand on the defensive, and repel what would, unresisted, be destructive of everything else.

For instance, the mail is for a national benefit; but it cannot, therefore, be lawfully used to carry packages of explosive powders; therefore, any driver of a mail or traveller with it, may very properly pitch such mail-bag into the water, though in destroying the powder packages, he may injure some packages not explosive. Peril to life and limb made

the destruction a duty ; the law never designed that any body should be blown up by the mail. If, then, said mail be used to excite one part of the community to rise and massacre another, the people in jeopardy might without any great breach of etiquette, pitch said mail-bag into the fire. Of course, the powder-packers and massacre-mongers would be very angry, and give pages of constitutional law and other legal flummydiddle; but such would never convince an unsophisticated citizen that he ought to sit still and be killed.

Hence while an unmuzzled press is a very great blessing, yet if a press foment treason, and rebellion, and in connection, promote rape, arson, and murder, it is a direful necessity, and yet somewhat excusable if the people to be destroyed throw the types into pi and compel the rascal to be off with his devil.

The advocates of "Higher Law," will, we presume, have some respect for "Lynch Law."

But we are forgetting the Committee. After deliberation the present was deemed an opportunity of doing an immensity of good; indeed, it would be like throwing away a providential gift, to neglect it; and hence, it was unanimously resolved to have a special meeting of the Philanthropic Society. It was hoped by a judicious use of this lucky affair and before the misrepresentations of the facts should be set afloat, that the number and influence of the sons

of liberty and humanity would be prodigiously increased. And what time more fit for introducing to the public Mr. Freeman!

Accordingly, within a few hours, hand-bills were posted and distributed in all quarters; of which the following is a true copy:—

"CITIZENS, ATTEND!

"A special meeting of the North American Anti-Slavery and Philanthropic Society will be held to-morrow night in the North-East Church. All persons in favor of the Freedom of the Press and the Rights of Man, and opposed to the murder of editors, are respectfully invited to attend. Several addresses will be made by distinguished citizens; and Dr. Sharpinton will introduce Mr. Frank Freeman, a gentleman of color, lately from the South. It is hoped Mr. Freeman may be induced also to address the meeting. This distinguished person narrowly escaped death some years ago, with sixty of his countrymen, who were all martyred in the sacred cause of liberty."

This notice Mr. Freeman never saw. He was yet in the country, 20 miles from Boston, whence Dr. S. would, in person, bring him next day, and only in time for the meeting; and the narrative in the Truth Teller was all Mr. Freeman would ever read or hear about, while under the care of the Emancipators.

Truth in sufficient doses, and adroitly administered, would keep Mr. F. in a frame of mind in which he would do and say what would be of most advantage for the benevolent designs of his friends.

In due season, the old North-East Church was jammed, and mostly by *white* citizens—a little contrivance having assembled there rather sooner than the *black* citizens could come, owing to their official relations to society, as waiters, cooks, &c. &c. But at last they came like a flock of crows, and as noisy; and as the galleries only remained and a few outside seats and corners below, the assembly was like a man dressed in white with crape on his hat, or milk in a black pan.

At the hour appointed, the meeting was called to order by the President; when a gentleman on the stage arose, and, with a copy of the Truth Teller in his hand, thus addressed the meeting:

"Fellow Citizens—It would be an insult on your understanding, to inform you why we are assembled. No man that has read this paper, and knows what dreadful act has been done—the appalling murder committed, asks why? No—the spontaneous outcry of all hearts demands a public meeting!

"We all felt then—we all feel now—that outrages may be so horrible, and crimes so atrocious, and blows at liberty so violent, that men, not as politicians or sectarians, or as cliques and parties, but because

they *are* men, and fellow-citizens and brothers, must now meet as one—merging all in the common and grand interest! We must unite to preserve, not our parties, but our homes and liberties and lives—a common land, where danger over, we may have a place to differ about secondary matters, and to follow our conscience!

"True—Rome was not built in a day—nor was Rome destroyed in a day. And our liberties may not be *all* lost in a day! Fellow-citizens, were this the only act of outrage and murder; if it were the last—base as would be the want of public disapproval, and such dereliction of our duty, we might yet have a country and a wounded liberty left; but when this horrible act only crowns a series of wicked acts, showing what the enemies of Liberty and of New England mean to do, when they get the power, and that they will, to the letter, execute all their threats, and beyond the letter, then it is high time for New England—for the people to awake!

"To-day, our sons travelling in the South, are apprehended on groundless suspicions—and one is tied to a tree and lashed till he faints; another is cast into prison; and another is banished from slave soil, as if we had no rights out of our own country! Next, our free black citizens are taken from our ships that dare visit the South, and locked in dungeons, and terrified with threats of being sold! Then our

mails are stopped and robbed! and our post-offices are searched for our letters and papers! And now—oh! spirits of our pilgrim fathers! spirits that rose from the bloody heights of Bunker Hill!—our sons! whose fathers died on that sacred battle-field, in defence of our common land—hear it—our sons are murdered! See! they are shot down like brutes, and because they had the assurance to utter in Slavery's ears the free voice of American and New England citizens! (*Great applause.*)

"Heaven forbid! fellow citizens, any poor words of mine should stir any *improper* feelings—indeed, that is not necessary. I have rather to labor to keep down your virtuous indignation. Were our enemies near, I should cry—"Show *them* mercy! although they did not show mercy to your poor brothers under the lash, when poor honest Gordon and Johnston fainted, while their blood was sprinkled by the lacerating scourge on the mocking fiends around! (Cries—*infernal rascals—down with them.*) Ah! citizens, that may be justice, but mercy is our boast, and characterises all sons of New England, and sons of freedom. Slavers, that buy and sell their brothers, are merciless; and one of those incarnate devils led the mob! Listen to the narrative. (*Here Mr. Boilover read from the Truth Teller.*)

"Fellow-citizens! I almost forget mercy, myself, at such an outrage! ('They don't deserve mercy,'

shouted some.) Poor Somerville! I remember him, when he offered to go on a service, how he consented to die! He had his faults—as we all have; his zeal for the poor degraded and insulted black made him indiscreet! Poor fellow! I remember hearing him lament that, by misinterpreting some directions of the Committee, he had unintentionally committed an error in the South, and how he just escaped death by the noble intrepidity of a gentleman on this very platform! (*Immense cheers for Frank—the speaker having pointed to him.*) But where now that manly form? Mutilated, and in a bloody grave! (*Great sensation.*) Where his grand heart? Torn by the assassin's hand! (*We'll avenge him!*) Oh! no! no! never! But imitate him rather; let not his death be in vain; for from his bloody bed he calls to his countrymen of New England—

"'Avenge me not! Carry on my work! Free your poor oppressed fellow citizens! I willingly die for them!' (*Loud cries—'We will! we will! they shall be free!'*)

"But, fellow-citizens, I make way for others."

The speaker sat down in a thunder of applause. And Mr. Freeman felt himself more moved against slave-holders than he had once deemed possible; while pity towards Somerville, mingled with some admiration, was stealing into his breast. He saw that, possibly, Somerville may not have seen his

incendiarism in its worst light, under the influence of good feelings and some misconception of some advice alluded to. The fact was, *feeling* with Frank was preponderating against logic; and abstract truth was swaying him away from truth, real, and modified by circumstances. He was admitting the indiscriminate which ever inclines men to pull up *tares* although they jerk out the *wheat*.

The emancipators did not wish just now to become actual extirpators; their main design was to enlarge their bounds and augment their funds, that under their benign influences and secret aid, the negroes might free themselves; the consequences of which they would leave to providence and contemplate with thanksgiving in their snug retreats, north-east and elsewhere. The times were marked by all sorts of excitement, things religious and charitable being done by pressure and punches, and eloquence of a sort usurping the place of reason:—indeed, crusades were voted at all meetings and would have been carried into effect, if folks had not always cooled off when the fire went down that was kindled by impassioned speeches. Many a fellow promised in public, lots of money—but never paid a copper.

Indignation meetings are, perhaps, always popular; the luxury to the speaker of doing the agony is indescribable! and it is so exhilarating to vote your foot on the neck of the enemy! Everybody shoots

up there a head and shoulders taller than everybody else! Dr. S., therefore, was not surprised when Mr. Boilover sat down, that somebody in the audience who mistook the play on the stage for reality, went at it hammer and tongs,—as follows:—

"I want to know, Mr. President, if a man had'nt ought to speak now on this here diabolical outrage in public, even though he never spoke before? That's his duty, sir; he ought to. Why, sir, this here is enough to make the dumb speak; yes, sir, it would make a brute hisself speak. (*It did.*) No! sir, I cannot keep my seat, sir! Vengeance here, sir, is the law, sir—they had ought to be hung up, sir, without judge or jury, sir. That vile institution, sir, is a disgrace to America! Am I a citizen of such a country, sir—no sir!—I want to know! Therefore, I move you, sir, that a committee had ought to retire and bring in some strong resolutions, sir, expressive of the indignation of this here meeting, sir."

"Second the motion," was shouted in a dozen quarters and above and below. On which Dr. S. convinced the feeling was at boiling point and ready for the next move in the game, with his usual tact, replied.

"Aware fellow citizens, that the state of the public would require some such course, several gentlemen,

I understand, have ready certain resolutions; which, however, I fear may possibly be too strong."

"Let them be read," was cried by many, interrupting the president.

"They can't be strong enough!" exclaimed several.

On this, a gentleman, a well-known attorney, a candidate for next assembly, and having in view, some thought, higher stations, stepped forward with a written paper in his hand, the reading of which he prefaced thus:—

"Thank God! fellow citizens—there is in New England freedom of speech!—(*shouts of applause.*) Aye! hear it!—hear it!—if a man were a slave before, when his foot touches this soil, it turns him to a freeman!—(*tremendous cheering.*) The first glimpse of the hill! the first breath of its atmosphere wakes him into true life!—(*yells of delight, in which Frank actually joined.*)

"Our venerated and clerical president, actuated by the benevolence of that gospel he so eloquently preaches, fears our resolutions may be too strong—" Interrupted by—

"No! they can't—read them!—let's have 'em!"

"Well," said the attorney, "here they are—judge for yourselves."

"*Resolved*, That a Free Press is the Palladium of American Liberty,—(*Furious yells mixed with whist-*

ling.) Hence any attempt to intimidate editors, or others, from liberty of speech, is treason.

Resolved, That traitors deserve the execration of all patriots, and are unfit to live; (*uproar*,) hence, when masses or states aid and abet traitors, they destroy the Union. (Cries—'*What's the Union worth!*')

"*Resolved*, That an Institution forcing States to muzzle the press—gag speakers—chain down editors—frown on freedom—and connive at deeds of violence—renders it imperative such Institution be done away; and makes it impossible for free soils to have with slave soils any political, and above all, any religi us intercourse!" ("*That's your sort—leave consequences to God!*"—from several parts of the house.)

Other similar resolutions were passed, amidst yells and bellowings, accompanied with pounding of canes, stamping of feet, and slamming of pew-doors, *unanimously*, as the Truth Teller, reported; the votes of some dozen conservatives being disregarded at the time, and left out of the report. The power of a majority is always great; but now, as in many other cases, it turned a lie into a truth—i. e., white-washed Satan into an angel. At all events, the voice of Boston was declared the *vox Dei*.

At length Dr. S. arose, and stated he wished to introduce the gentleman lately from the south, who

had been prevailed upon to make a few remarks. "I could easily enough," added the Doctor, "occupy much time by a true narrative, relative to the gentleman; but this will not be allowed by his modesty; and yet one thing I must say—and that is a volume of itself—it must turn this vast assembly all into his friends—Mr. Frank Freeman, the gentleman of color, I now introduce, fellow citizens, fifteen years ago, at the hazard, the imminent hazard of his own life, saved the life of our martyred friend and brother—Charles Somerville!"

A perfect storm—a very hurricane followed this last remark; and Frank, called by a thousand voices, amidst tossing hats and waving handkerchiefs, and clapping hands, stood before the *People*—he knew not how—he cared not how—an altered man!

O! breath of popular applause!—let those that have had their soul's-depths *never* stirred by thee, sneer at thy power! Dead! doubly dead to the noble, generous, poetic, disinterested, chivalric, is that miserable manikin—that artificial make-believe of a man—who wakes not, and thrills not at thy inspiration! Who, but must then yield himself, fired and borne onward to the grand, the lofty, the impassioned?—despising rewards—fearless of danger—doing and daring for their own sake! *Breath!* indeed! And so the spark is but—a spark! Yet that spark may fire a world! Aye! and that breath

can fan the soul-flame till it would burn a universe! The impassioned sees a vision—he is wrapt! His soul is alive to its immortality, and grapples and flames with the Ideal!

And there stood Freeman. He had forgot himself—his friends—his color—the whole earth;—save one scene! And that was before and around him, and naught else;—the long line from tree to tree and from post to post where hung his early friends and comrades, all quivering in their last mortal agony! and their leader leaping from the ladder, while he cried exulting—"I die for my countrymen in chains!"

The impassioned thus broke forth—

"I was a slave! but here I stand free! None will ever seek me; the godlike man I once called master would rather die himself than even *demand* me! That man would stand here and say—be free! But there was a fiend, that would have chained me for life; and there are fiends like him would chain my race. With them I would war to the knife—and without the scabbard—and to the hilt!—(*loud applause.*)

"I am no murderer! No! There are whites in that sad land—that land of bondage—God knows I would die to save! Yes, men are there, noble as the noblest—men that treat a bondsman like a brother—men that follow him with love from the cradle

to the grave! There are ministers of religion like apostles in sanctity and goodness; whose life is an incessant toil for the black man's good. And that land is full of innocent women, and children, and babes. For these I could die! but I cannot see them massacred for nought—(*great sensation and several ladies wept.*) I accuse no man—I judge no man—but it is a crime to wake the wrath of my people unless that wrath shall set and establish them free!—(*wincing on the stage.*)

"I will *never* go back a slave! and if I must be carried back—let my body be carried, but without the soul! (*Immense applause*). But yet I will go back, if such blessed day can come, as a leader of my people, if I may lead them as a nation to a nation's home!—(*tempest of applause.*) Yes! I would then lead them, if we waded through blood! and cut every foot of our path-way with the sword! (*deafening shouts.*)

"I understand not the Constitution of your land, nor the nature of your union; I had, indeed, a home once—a home for comfort and happiness I shall never, no, never, find again—that dream of life is past—but I never had a country—I have none now! —(*sensation.*) Show me, however, the way to free my race without murder and massacre; furnish me with the means of honorable war—raise me armies sufficient, and I am ready to lead!—or to die in the

field!—(*alarm in some, their principles being carried out.*)

"I hate no one; but I love my race! I would destroy no one; but I would deliver them! I cannot tell what you intend to do as individuals or as states; in that you know better than myself; yet I take for granted all meetings like this are proper, and loyal, and right, and that if your laws allow one part of the land to oppress and enslave, they allow another part to deliver and defend. (*All sorts of cries—the conservatives secretly tickled, however.*) If so, then help me!—(*we will*)—help my people!—(*we will.*) Give us a state to ourselves—(*silence*)—separate us as a people or unite us with yourselves! (*silence—conservatives laugh in their sleeve.*) But if revolution be necessary and will accomplish what some gentlemen to-night seem to think and your resolutions intimate, then add deeds to your words—(the hour *will* come, by some voices)—let me, as Warren, led you, let me lead on to liberty or death!—(*great applause.*)

"I will not threaten, for I am ready to do; and I repeat the sentiment so dear to your hearts—to all true hearts whether they beat in bosoms white or black,—

"Give me liberty, or give me death!"

And Freeman, bowing—his right hand on his heart—retired and sat down, while thunders of ap-

probation and admiration threatened the old North-east Church with an overthrow. And never was a Philanthropic meeting so decided a hit; and both friends and funds were greatly increased by the operation.

Some of the more knowing in this modern handicraft, could not heartily approve the natural and unpremeditated use Frank wished to make of the principles of philanthropism; and, while all saw it would be a tough job to make his straight lines meet at right angles with their crooked policies, yet was there such freshness and originality in their hero, and he could be so adroitly used and specially across the water, to promote their earth-covered schemes, that by the wire-pullers and the major part of the outside members, it was resolved that,

Frank Freeman for a time should be used for—buncum; while Soapwell Scrawney, the attorney, should ride into Congress on the black fellow's back.

CHAPTER XVII.

POLE AND TUB.

Everything, reader, has its use; although some things are used in very unexpected ways; spider-webs, for instance, lately used by star-gazers! And every man may be put to some use, even if he never meant to serve his generation that way; thus a negro slave answers one end, and a free negro another; while both are rendered very profitable to their several owners. The ancient black Douglas answered one end, and the modern another. Doubtless we best answer the intention of our existence when we benevolently help others; but folks will often use a fellow mere scaffolding; and when the building is completed, he will be unceremoniously kicked off like a cracked and dirty plank, and all the way from the very highest story. The man has been used. The honest chap—the ninny!—supposed he was going up finely in the world; and so he was—but only to come down a little faster than he rose.

Many a negro has left one sort of task master for another; the latter wishing to work him a spell in a new style. When he was slave in name, he used to work till half-past two, P. M., and after that, he was free in fact to work for himself till cock-crow next morning; but the same negro when free in name, was at liberty to work all the time and starve at that. He used to pick raw cotton and sing all the time; now he picks wrought and cordone cotton, and nasty enough it is, and out of very dirty gutters—while he grunts along like a dispirited pig wondering where he is to find swill to-day! And when the free slave hears the bands play "Hail! Columbia!" he wonders why they mock at him in the gutter; and strange as the largest liberty men think, the poor negro thinks of the boat-song and wishes he was at home again!

True—a class of talented negroes and quadroons may be found, who, perfectly understanding the games, do, and will succeed among emancipators, and with them share the proceeds. This class, when slaves, were ever ready "*to curse God and die*," hating the Bible and its author, because the latter admits slavery in his Providence, and the former advises "*servants to obey their masters*,"—and such, when fugitives, can make speeches fit for the Truth Teller and curse a slaveholder all over, as if they were the head of a church! And even after the

exhibitions are over; and these come back from edifying folks across the seas, filling them brimful of wrath and scorn for the southern parts of our land; and inspiring a lofty pity for all North America, save the country of New England; and after waking up synods to an insolent meddling with their betters, these *natural* religionists can write for papers, and serve on secret agencies; and show runaways the road to Freedonia and what to do with the spoils; and excite, and lead, and countenance mobs black or white, or both, how to balk a sheriff and resist a fugitive slave law.

Whether this all subserves the cause of freedom; hastens general emancipation: meliorates slavery; elevates free blacks; conciliates enemies; and links the hands and hearts of all the good and patriotic—men of this class and their admirers never inquire. Possibly they do not care. Separate, individual, personal freedom, honor, success, happiness, station, emolument, outweigh general and patriotic considerations. To advance selfish ends, these would be careless if the white race was extinct; and while staying among that race they do little else than growl and show their teeth, showing a willingness to pitch into them the first fair chance. Of course such can be used by the ultra-men, because the whole fraternity is equally selfish and soulless, as all ultraism is from its very nature; for ultraism would grasp

all power, all influence, all glory, all the booty and spoils; whereas the medium folks are content with portions. The latter give as well as take; the former keep all they get and get all they can—and are then as growlly and savage as before! Ultra-emancipators would be lords over masters; and if they are sceptical about a special providence, they claim heaven as specially on their side—and only wonder heaven does not get as angry as themselves!

Hence, with such, negroism is as white as alabaster; and is made auxiliary to all political, ecclesiastical and secular interests. By it one man gets into the Assembly, and another into Congress; this one intends to be governor, and that president. One speculator, by it, sells lands; another a house for anti-slavery purposes. It obtains subscribers for books; and agencies for men out of employment or wishing to travel. And, on this black ground, frothy chaps figure as orators; and come to be regarded as the first chop philanthropists of the age. And here, even music condescends to furnish quartetters to sing for the good of the slaves, and put money enough into their own pockets to "buy themselves a farm."

When the intelligent reader considers these hints expressed and implied, if, now some few months since the famous meeting recorded in our foregoing chapter, he has lost, rather suddenly, sight of our hero Mr. Frank Freeman, he will not be so greatly

surprised. This "colored gentleman from the South" flamed out quite a sun—and, in truth, a sun where the white suns were only stars, and ill-boding at that: but what has gone with the light? Why, Frank, my friend, rose too far north; his circle was too near the — *pole*; he rose only to go down again! Indeed, rising and flaming and immediately going under the horizon he soon discovered was likely to be his sole movement and business. And you plainly perceive, my friend, the cause of this—do you not?

First, Frank was too honest, too benevolent, too disinterested, too honorable, too religious, according to old orthodoxy—he was not up to the moral movement of his day.

Secondly, Frank was not a—runaway: he did not approve the leg-bail offered as security to masters: hence the runaway negroes, full blooded, and blooded in fractions, hated and deserted him.

Thirdly, Frank wanted a country and a nation: he did not want to be isolated and dependent: he would not beg and cringe.

Fourthly, Frank would not—steal.

Fifthly, Frank would not—murder.

Lastly, and overwhelmingly, Frank was too jet-black.

Reader! after all, abolitionists have poetry lurking in their souls. A story, to produce a good and full effect, must be adorned with beautiful quadroons.

Saxon blood must deepen the modest flush of their bleached cheeks; raven locks must pour a flood of silky hair over their women's rounded and taper shoulders, and over their swelling busts. Sylph forms must glide on small feet and delicate ancles. Your own wives, your own daughters—in all save complexion—must win on your sympathy and love! White men and women must have, not abstract virtues, but material and substantive forms, that may be admired, loved, caressed; and if their like can be found—may be married! The deep coal black—the genuine negro—maugre his soul's excellencies—will not take!

If, then, this book be a hit—(of course in the bookseller—sense, not *at* anybody)—either the public is less poetical than usual, or the book sells on its merits.

Our black man—Frank Freeman—could have plead law, practiced medicine, preached sermons, taught schools, been a candidate; but there were no openings: white persons had monopolized the things: and owing to the unfortunate and perhaps wicked prejudices of the whites, they preferred whites, in all these cases. And Frank had not the bad taste to condemn in our race, what he felt was proper and natural in his own.

He would have been book-keeper, or clerk, or partner in mercantile establishments: he would have

been cashier or president in a bank: he would have sailed a ship, or been supercargo; but some difficulty *unforseen* by the sagacious Doctor Sharpinton, always forbade!

He would have taken half pay, at last, as an agent in the employ of the Philanthropic Society, and similar associations for the good of man: for, after a year and a half, his commission and salary ended together; and new offices were given to white or whitish persons, and offices with larger stipends.

What could be done! As a desperate chance, he finally tried to *borrow* money—not for his own use—but *only* some $5000!—to pay for himself and Carrie! Simple-hearted Frank!—how green! But repulsed in all directions, and often rebuked he betook himself to the Minister of Christ. Sure, hope is in him, "influenced by that gospel which he so eloquently preaches," as Scrawney, now in the assembly, once said. Yet, alas! Dr. Ananias Sharpinton not only bluntly refused all help in the matter, but distinctly stated that he was *conscientiously* and decidedly opposed to having such a man as Leamington paid a dollar, even if the money was in Mr. Freeman's hands!—it would be the utter relinquishment and abandoning of the Philanthropic Society's first and fundamendtal principle; for it would encourage slaveholders in their wickedness, and would acknowledge their right to hold men as pro-

perty! It would do harm, and he concluded his severe rebuke, by saying, "he was surprised and felt a little hurt," at Mr. Freeman's unwarrantable hope and proposition.

At this Mr. Freeman, in turn, was very much surprised and hurt pretty "considerable;" indeed, we are sorry to say,—but it must be said,—Mr. F. became actually very angry; and answered the *divine* so very irreverently—wholly forgetting the color, rank and offices of the Doctor—that a right down quarrel ensued between the parties; hence at some ill-timed thrust at Mr. Leamington, made by the Emancipator, Mr. F. turned in a very menancing way upon him and fiercely told the venerable president of the Philanthropic Society—that he was—

"A HYPOCRITE AND A LIAR!"

On this outrageous insult being offered, the Doctor pointed to the door, and exclaimed quite as angrily and as loudly as Mr. F.,

"Begone out of my house, you *impudent nigger!*"

This most unfortunate altercation, of course, dissolved in an instant, and for ever, the connexion between "the nigger" and the Philanthropic Society! We have no information to be relied on here—yet many suspected the president was glad to be rid of "the second Washington," and the Society never condescended to buy Mr. F. back. Mr. F. had just returned from his European tour, where he had been

made to cut a pretty large figure to the wonder and approbation of the Moral Professors and Artists and Amateurs: but now in about a month after this deplorable rupture of social and official relations, was seen in Chesnut Street, Philadelphia, and near to the principal hotel of that fashionable street—

A pole wound with a painted ribbon of black and white, and a sign with this lettering:

"Frank Freeman, Barber and Hair-dresser."

Under this sign was a smaller—a sheet of black tin lettered in white—

"Mrs. Carrie Freeman does Washing and Ironing. Ladies' Dresses done in the first style."

Hail! Frank! thou art still an honest and good man; but the worldly greatness philanthropism promised thee, has ended

IN SOAP!

CHAPTER XVIII.

THE CONSEQUENCE OF SHAVING A FRIEND.

Of all lounging places in Philadelphia, Frank Freeman's Barber Shop was the place. His rooms were large, convenient, and airy. There was for everything a place, and everything was in its place; for everything a time, and everything in time. Order reigned, all was neat, clean, comfortable. It was cool in summer and warm in winter. The paraphernalia were pre-eminently barbarish. There also you always found the best newspapers and the best company.

When you went in you felt at once homeish, and did not want to go out again—you had half a notion to stay and learn barbering; and on taking the chair to be beautified, the handling was so artistic, so tasteful, so gentlemanly, you wished to be shaved all day; or secretly hoped your hair would grow up

as fast as it was cut off! Frank was just the very dandy!

Freeman's customers were all white folks; but ever and anon came the Rev. Absalom Jones, D. D. —a man of Frank's own blackness—to have his *wig* rectified. What said wig was curled out of, the author never could find out; though he has seen and wondered at it many a time. But it was absolutely a—negro wig! Be it as it may, the class of white gentlemen that *patronized* this shop were Philadelphians, and of the old style; and such did not frown; for Dr. Jones was Freeman's parson, and Frank was a vestry-man!

Frank, moreover, did up and made sleek and smooth a large number of orthodox quakers; indeed, the Hicksites never came, because the real quaker-quakers came—a deadly strife, in friends' style, just then having commenced. But the orthodox sort admired our hero-barber as much almost as they did neighbor Penn; for while Frank was rather too warlike in his sentiments, yet it seemed to them rather on the George Washington principle; and at that they knew how to wink, and so would say while under the lather;——

"Why, Friend Frank, thee after all is nearly a peace man; and thee was very right in not wishing thy countrymen to commit murder and theft."

One day a Friend, (*alias* a quaker;)—and a very large friend he was too, both physically and morally after having been squeezed into the biggest chair—a pretty tight fit—and being tucked around with the largest napkin, evidently desiring a long shave and a long talk, began rather abruptly,

"Thee is really free, isn't thee, friend Frank?"

"I'm no runaway, at least, sir ——"

"But has thee what they call a master, Frank?"

"Do not deem me impolite, Mr. Felix, but why do you ask?"

"Because, if thee wants money to buy theeself, thee can have it."

Frank did not answer; but he very suddenly ceased lathering the great moon of a face that was beaming benignantly upon his own; and before he could stay or intercept it, a tear plumped right down upon the well-soaped visage beneath; on which Friend Felix said,

"Thee need not shave me now, friend Freeman—thee is too much moved—but thee shall have the money, if 'tis ten thousand dollars!"—saying which the quaker, and spite of Frank's remonstrance in a low tone, worked out of the chair; and taking a razor, he went to a glass and commenced the operation himself.

Our barber left the shop, whither, after a while returning self-possessed, he found the friend had

finished shaving, and was now standing with the containing part of his system protruded from between the curves of an enormous coat, and under a hat larger than a parasol, and less than an umbrella; and thus evidently awaiting the barber's incoming.

Motioning Frank to a small room, or office, just now empty, our quaker friend there taking him by the hand, said,

"Friend Freeman, thee is making money, and thee is honestly earning it—but thee needs more, I know: and thee can be free, if thee isn't free, any day. But this land is not thy place. Thee is the very man to aid in founding a new republic—thee should go to Liberia."

"Mr. Felix," answered Frank, "I thank you from my very heart; but I cannot accept your kind offer of assistance, till you know my whole history; and that, if you please, I will tell you to-night at your own house. If after knowing all, you will loan me what money I may require, and on your own terms, I will gladly accept your aid, and will joyously prepare to emigrate to my proper land and home."

"I know some of thy history, and maybe more than thee thinks, Frank; but I would like to hear the whole from theeself to-night; and thee shall have the necessary money, even if thee chooses to stay in Philadelphia; only I advise thee to go to Liberia."

"I have long ago resolved to go there, sir; but I had resolved also never to go till I owed no man in this land—I would go legally and morally free."

"Thee is honest, friend Frank; and thee shall not want friends among my people: and we want *all* thy southern people to be paid for their risks and their losses."

"Excuse me, Mr. Felix!—would to God I had met *you* before—"

"Stay! thee musn't be so vehement, Frank."

"Well—then—I do from my heart thank God, that *all* men called *Abolitionists* are not bad men and hypocrites—"

"Frank!—stay!—thee is too severe!"

"Judge me to-night, Mr. Felix."

"Friend Frank, thee has, indeed, fallen among the north-eastern men, and has some cause for what thee says; but thee is somewhat of a warlike man, thee knows."

"General Washington was a warlike man, Mr. Felix."

"General Washington was — a — lover of his country and people; and so is thee, Frank; and thee is the sort for Liberia, where thee can help to make thy people a nation and be a blessing to all generations."

"I will go, I will!—the Lord willing; and I thank

the Holy One for that land! I thank you and all the excellent Colonization men of the United States for what you have done for my people! Mr. Felix, I am ready to go the moment I am free in the legal sense."

"And God will be with thee, Frank."

"Amen!" answered Frank, episcopally. Neighbor Felix responded in his heart.

The quaker now went home, but when in the street, his eyes became so watery and his nose so troublesome, that he used a vast silk bandana for a whole square. Meanwhile Frank, taking up a newspaper brought in while he was talking with Mr. Felix, went to his wife's apartment; where he, full of joy, began to tell her what had just passed, as she was plaiting and crimping a dress. Carrie had wonderfully improved in English grammar and orthoëpy since her marriage; and mainly because she was determined a little curly headed, round-faced, and soft-eyed ebony cherub (*to her*) should talk like his father; and specially as he looked so much like him now, that Master Edward L. Freeman seemed Mr. F. Freeman thrown into distance by a diminishing glass.

"I knew," said Mrs. F., "God would reward you, husband."

"Help me to be thankful, wife! Only think, little Edward here may live to be Governor!"

"I would rather he became a missionary," answered she.

"It is you God rewards, Carrie!" said he—"not me. Well, let our boy become useful among our people as a free nation, and the Lord may direct how. Suppose I read you the paper, while you work on? I have an hour to spare now—Jerry is in the shop."

"I don't wish to hear the Truth Teller, Frank ——"

"Truth Teller!—I ordered the rascally Slashup long ago not to send it; I told him it was not fit for shaving paper; but the scamp keeps on sending, and I regularly tear it up. No, no,—this is a southern paper—I lately ordered it through the Colonization Society."

Frank now opened his paper—but what!—black broad lines each side the columns! Ah, poor Frank!—thy joy is all dashed and darkened! No wonder thy bosom shakes in convulsion—that cries of an anguished soul terrify thy wife and child! Too true! He *is* no more—God hath taken him! Yes! —it *is* his name—his own loved *name!*—

"Edward Leamington—dead!" ——

The wife, alarmed, picked up the fallen paper—she had learned to read; and when her eyes saw to what her husband pointed, but would not then look at—she threw her arms around Frank's neck, and utter-

ed one of those cries of a wounded spirit we would hear only once!

Again and again, Frank hushing himself and wife, took up the paper to read the column, but "*Edward Leamington—dead!*" was all they saw: those words fixed them into an intent gaze like the charm of a serpent! Those words appalled their souls! Why!—what was this? A sense of guilt! —Conscience suddenly waked to its full energy and loudly accusing! And now—what else could Christians do?—they both fell on their knees—the mother clasping their child—and with sobs and tears, and groans, they prayed God, for his Son's sake, to have mercy and forgive! And when they arose, it was with some sense of forgiveness, and they did—with many interruptions, read the whole; of which the following are extracts.

"SAD NEWS!"

"The Rev. Edward Leamington is Dead!"

* * * * * *

" * * A loss indeed!—a loss not only to his parish, and the negroes of that parish, but to our State! Yes, to our country—to the world! * * The Colonization Society will rarely find such a friend and advocate; and, although the Society must greatly rejoice in the existence of the Branch Society, which arose on the islands through his ex-

ertions, they will bitterly and long mourn the irretrievable loss!

* * * * *

"His disease was hereditary; and he must have died in a very few years more: but it is believed his death was in some measure hastened by a succession of sad events, happening to the family during [illegible] last visit to his native North, one or two years [illegible]. He was mostly confined to his house after his [illegible] till the day of his death. Among other things, he felt keenly the desertion of a man, he never regarded as a slave, but for some reason cherished as a brother—(Here it was a long time before our friends could read further—if the reader has ever been unkind to parents or loving relatives, he can tell, how long.) * * *

* * * * * *

"On his death-bed Mr. L. had a conversation with Mr. H. Wardloe, President of the Branch Society, in which he declared this man was, for many reasons, entitled to his freedom; that he had determined always to set him free, and had most solemnly vowed never to search for him himself, nor allow others to do it. He stated, moreover, that this colored person had entreated permission to repay certain moneys; which, for the sake of Mrs. Leamington and his children, he would receive, provided the man was exempted from the interest. And he assured Mr.

W. that the man would, beyond all doubt, as he obtained the means, sooner or later repay the whole; in which belief, we understand, Mr. W. fully coincides."

Here Frank passionately cried out—"Repay it!—ten thousand times, and feel I had done nothing! Oh! master! oh! my dear master Edward!—come to me, even in the form or manner of the disembodied, and let me ask forgiveness! Miserable idiot! how could I debase myself and kill him, for such accursed hypocrites! ——

"Frank! Frank!"—interrupted his wife, "oh! remember dear master—he never cursed—he forgave—he prayed for people!"

"I will be calm!—I myself deserve to be cursed!" said Frank.

"We have both, dear husband," added she, "done wrong; but we do not merit all your words would say. God is raising us up friends to repay dear master's family. When we forsook—dear—master—Edward!—you never saw *me*. I'm not so good a scholar, dear husband, but I know we shall please dear master more by going to the black people's own land, and doing good."

"God bless you, dear Carrie! God bless you! I know you are right. I will try to imitate dear master Edward; but I'm such a wretch.

"Go to Jesus, dear Frank!"

"I will," replied he, "I will! and do you help me with your prayers."

With this, Frank retired to an inner room; from which he returned after a while, humble, but strong; a penitent, yet a better man. He felt he was forgiven, both by his master and his God.

That evening after tea Frank Freeman went to the house of Mr. Felix in Arch Street—(the author saw his father die there in a *quaker's* house)—Mr. Felix, a quaker in *name*, a true and devout Christian in heart and life. Here Freeman narrated as briefly as possible, all the important and leading incidents of his life, without concealment, artifice, extenuation or exaggeration. And so absorbed did the friend become that he scarce noticed the black man's occasional outbursts; indeed, neighbor Felix, at places, hardly held in himself, and spite of his habitual and conventional equanimity, he would mutter now and then a little indignant word and shed a genuine and scalding tear! Nature is too much for quakerism, or any other ism! At the end of an hour or more, Mr. F. said, however, with an emphasis that scared himself—

"Frank! Frank!—thee is a right noble fellow! Thee is forgiven a thousand times—I liked thy great speech in Boston—but, Frank, when thee goes to Liberia, indeed, thee musn't fight the bad men that steal thy folks!"

"I hope they'll keep out of the way, then—I could'nt promise—"

"Oh! but Frank! God will protect thy people if peaceful and without carnal weapons—doesn't thee think so?"

"We will never fight, Mr. Felix, if the Lord protects and *delivers* my people *without* fighting; but suppose Divine Providence does not so protect us?"

"Oh! he will!"—(Mr. Felix forgot how, in the war of 1812, he left his tools, shovels, and pick-axes, and a basket of crackers and a bag of hams in a certain mill, which things we *warlike* boys used when we threw up the batteries below the city. He said they were *all* there to be sure—and if we *must* have them, he didn't know how to *prevent* our taking them.) "But," continued he to Frank—"thee must not kill, and yet thee must go any how. Frank, does thee ever pray without the book among thy Episcopal friends?"

"Often, Mr. Felix—we have several prayer meetings, which Dr. Jones allows and encourages."

"Well, Frank, we sometimes pray with words of the lips, specially when we feel a solemn impression on our spirits, which we both feel now; before thee goes away then, let us kneel down and thee shall pray and I will pray after thee. God's finger is here, Frank."

Blessed scheme! God's finger does, indeed, point here! And while all the Lord's people continue to pray—the Colonization Society will flourish and do incalculable good. This beyond all doubt is the plan—or one of the plans—where all Christians, however separated by names, colors, dresses and peculiarities, whether in the North-East, or the extreme South, or the far West, may pray together and love one another, and look to God, and Hope!

Reader, join the author in this prayer—

"God bless the Colonization Society."

CHAPTER XIX.

FAREWELL.

Two days after the visit to Friend Felix, a package of letters, postage paid, (and that a dollar,) was brought by the carrier to the barber-shop. The seals showed the writers were mourners. Leaving his shop in charge of quadroon Jerry, a kind of second boss, and just fit for his station, too—Frank hastened into the ironing part of his establishment to read the letters—knowing at a glance whence they came.

The first he opened was a double or triple affair, and signed "H. Wardloe." Here is a condensation of its contents—its essence:

"Noble Frank,—

I did you a *great*, a *very* great wrong—and I am very sorry for it. And yet I always more than half

believed you must be true. God be thanked—that dear Edward redeemed you—how would I now feel, if that infernal dealer had got you!—poor Edward, how he looked when he got my note and bid up the $4,000!

——"You know poor Edward has gone to Heaven! Our editor said you would read that in his columns, a day before any letter could reach you.——We knew you were in Philadelphia—you can't be hid—but you ought to have written to some of us.——Ah! Frank, had you seen Edward go up! We ought to be reconciled, I know, but it is very hard—I don't think I *ever* shall be!——Frank, you meant well when you got Somerville off, but had you known then, what I have since learned, you would have hung him—yes you would—if you had turned hangman yourself! Heaven be praised the awful villain got his due at last! I always felt he'd not die a natural death!

——"I saw the letter you wrote to Edward in Boston, but what was the use of going off that way? Why didn't you let Edward know you wished to stay in the north? Henderson said you'd find them out, though!—

——"Now about the money—don't give yourself one moment's concern that way;—mark it! I tell you, Frank, every dollar you owed Edward, and with compound interest, is paid, and to the last cop-

per: and you'll find the receipts in the enclosure, marked A.

"And Carrie is just as free as yourself—her price is paid, you'll find. But Frank, in enclosure A you'll find a draft on Biddle's Bank—the United States Bank—payable to your order for $5000. And this you shall and must receive, if you don't wish to make your friends angry—the money is for the vast, *vast* service rendered our parish—you know when.

"My niece told me all about Mrs. Freeman—who wished to consult Mr. Leamington and tell him a great secret; but the old lady, your old mistress, died, you know, suddenly, and did not name you in her will; and I never heard this till after Edward's death. Mr. Jenkins, who you remember was drowned in Broad River, near St. Helena, told me that Woburn had pointed you out as perhaps concerned in the plot; and that was the reason I half suspected and feared you! But lately we instituted a rigorous and ransacking search through all the old drawers, and boxes, and books; and sure enough in Mrs. Freeman's old work-stand, that had never been opened since her death, we found in a sort of needle-book this memorandum:—

"'Frank to be free, and his mother too; and because F. told me all that I hinted to Mr. Wardloe and others, &c., &c. If my heirs see this, in case I should not by any accident get F. into my will—

they *must* set F. and his mother free. I shall consult Parson L. when he returns. I might die suddenly, as my father died. SARAH FREEMAN.'

"I did my part, Frank, to reward you by paying to my niece all you owed the estate. But Col. Hilson, Dr. Harrison, Wetherill, Brooksea, &c., insisted on making up a little purse of $5000, which they did in a very few hours. * * *

* * * * *

"And now, Frank, won't you go to Liberia? If so, the next ship leaves Savannah six weeks from to-day. Come, leave your strops and razors to some cowardly fellow, and sail in the next packet from Philadelphia for this port. A good many of us will meet you there; I would not like to have you exposed to some bad fellows—whites as well as blacks—among the islands: you can guess why—the secret has leaked out! Kindly, yours,

H. WARDLOE."

Another letter was from Mrs. Leamington. We give a few lines.

" * * I told uncle I would write about Sarah—your dear mother. She died many months ago, and very suddenly, and full six weeks before we left the north or arrived at Evergreen. And while you now mourn that you can never see her again—yet

you will rejoice your *overeight* had *nothing* to do with her death. God, Frank, is kind to his people, that they may not have over much sorrow!

"*I* know you will go to Liberia; and Uncle W. must think so too, yet he affects to doubt it—he says folks up north will keep you for Governor or something; and that they may go farther and fare worse. * * * Of course, Carrie, you will learn, is to go with you. * * We heard of your marriage; a merry Yankee girl, a near cousin of Mr. Leamington, was there, being in a manner forced to go by her guardian—a deacon or something else, in that Doctor Sharpinton's church. Well, she wrote and gave us such a picture of the lofty Mr. Williams, and his 'disinterested love' towards the preacher, that poor, dear Edward, weak as he was, laughed heartily, and said that Williams ought to have kissed Sally for making fun of such sacred matters. * * I shall be at Savannah when the ship sails with the emigrants. My new maid, Molly Henderson, will go with the company. M. L."

We may readily believe that our two friends, when they kneeled that evening in prayer, could do little else than utter praise and thanksgivings; and that Frank, as soon as he could leave his shop, was on his way to see Friend Felix, and carrying along his package of good news.

After a long and interesting conversation, Mr. Felix said,

"And thee is entirely resolved, then, to prepare immediately to go in the packet for Savannah?"

"We are ready, with your aid and advice, to begin even this very hour," answered Mr. F.

"Well, we will see thy money matters all properly arranged first; and then we will go to Sansom street and have thee enrolled; and then we will set at the packing, friend Freeman."

"When does the packet sail for Savannah?" asked Frank.

"Next week, on third day morning; but we can be ready by that—doesn't thee think we can, Frank?"

"Oh! yes, and I rejoice I shall be able to hear Dr. Jones one more Sabbath."

"Aye, friend Jones," said the quaker, who wished to be witty, "Friend Jones is a great—whig."

"Especially when I have carded and combed him," said the barber; "but who'll do that now?"

"Oh! thee will sell out to Jerry. Jerry is a more natural barber than thee, and was not born to go to Africa. I think I must advance friend Jerry the money ——"

"Only to pay his rent then, Mr. Felix; I shall make him a present of all the fixtures, good will, furniture, and the like."

"Well, Frank, thee is still like thyself, all through. I'll help Jerry the first quarter to pay the rent; but will thee be able to go to bank at ten o'clock to-morrow?"

"Yes; for to-night I will tell Jerry of our changes; and that he is to have the shop now all to himself."

And here Mr. F. bade good night to Mr. Felix, and went home.

On Tuesday of next week, or as Mr. Felix called it—third day—(although he never said first star, second star, and the like, but always called the heavenly bodies by their wicked *heathen* names, *Venus Mercury, Jupiter,*) on Tuesday a carriage stopped before the barber shop, out of which with some hard blowing and rubbing, came forth Mr. Felix; on which Mr. and Mrs. Frank Freeman, and little black Edward Leamington toddling alongside, appeared at the door of the shop.

Soon quadroon Jerry handed out some three or four travelling trunks and a few band-boxes; all which, with aid of the hack-driver, were secured behind and in the body of the vehicle. Then Mr. F. handed in his wife, and with help from Jerry re-packed Mr. Felix; and next, after having lifted in

the seedling governor of Liberia, or Missionary,—who was taken, spite of some little contrary effort on the mother's part, forcibly on to the quaker's lap,—Mr. F. himself entered the carriage; when the driver mounting the box, and Jerry, now head barber, having shut the carriage door and taken his seat with the hack-man, the party was driven towards the Delaware; and soon from Frank and Carrie's eyes for ever vanished—

The Barber's Shop!

On the wharf was gathered a very black cloud, clustering around the Rev. Dr. Jones and his non-descript wig;—said wig that very morning early having for the last time been mournfully—yes tearfully—carded and curled by the Doctor's principal vestry-man—the last official act of his tonsorial life! It was a fitting finale to the episode of his history! And touching and invading the black cloud was a white cloud—a sort-of silvery edging—and mostly in quaker dresses; although many were ladies and gentlemen decked in the reigning modes—and several were persons of wealth and distinction.

The packet ship—(the Wade Hampton, Captain Baker, and his noble mate, Scalinger)—was only waiting the coming of our party, whose preparations had demanded every moment that could be granted; hence, time now only remained for hands to be pressed right and left, and that along a species of

gauntlet-way, from the carriage to the ship; while governor Edward was handed along and over the heads of his friends, being *kissed* by the dark looking women and patted on the neck and between the shoulders by the other sort, till he was held up on deck in his own mother's arms!

Behold! there they stand—the three! Look on that group!—my black brother and my black sister, if perchance, you may read my book! Are these not noble? Imitate them, if ye would be Free in reality as well as in name; and if ye would rank individually and nationally among the Peoples, and States, and Kingdoms of the Earth!

See! the ship is moving! She swings from her moorings! Hark!—the cheering! That group stands proud—but their eyes are swimming in tears! Aye! their hearts are divided—for cords of love had been twining around the good men and women they are leaving! Home is in the distance across the waste of waters—but home is also behind them! Now the canvass rises and spreads wings to the winds; and from the deck a white kerchief is fluttering—and a hat waving—and a child's little hand playfully moving—the first—the last adieu of

Frank and Carrie to the Northern Friends!

God be with you, noble blacks!

We need not dwell on the parting hour from the Southern Home. But, we only say, that spite of all dissuasives and remonstrances, Frank resolved to visit Evergreen. It was a pilgrimage he seemed bent upon if he died in the attempt. The planters, however, determined he should not go alone; and Mr. Wardloe and Colonel Hilson accompanied and stood near, while Frank lingered around three separate spots—the graves!

These gentlemen were wont to speak years after of what they then saw; and always with visible emotion. And they said, when the negro came from his master's grave—they were awed into reverence as if they stood in the presence of some majestic king!

But, reader, that negro was more than a mere king, and deserved this monumental record—

Worthy to Stand
with the
Puritan Fathers:
for in obedience to
God
He went to found a Sovereign People,
and
To Redeem a Continent!

And he had his reward; for he and his beloved

wife lived to hear the Liberian Declaration of Independence; and then honored and beloved, they slept in their Father Land. Edward became not, indeed, governor; but he became what his pious mother ever prayed he might become,

A Minister of Jesus Christ,

and a

Father of Freemen!